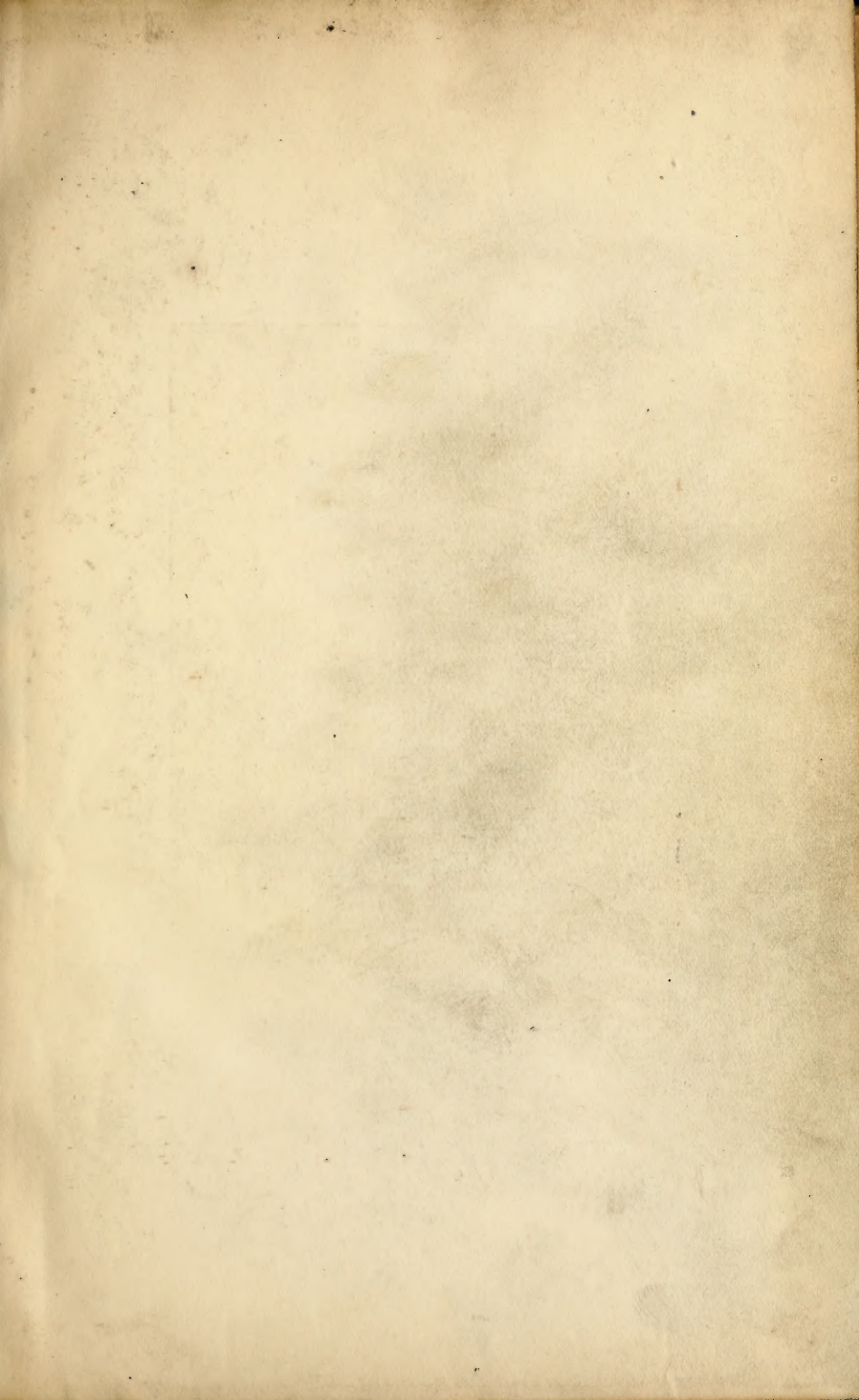
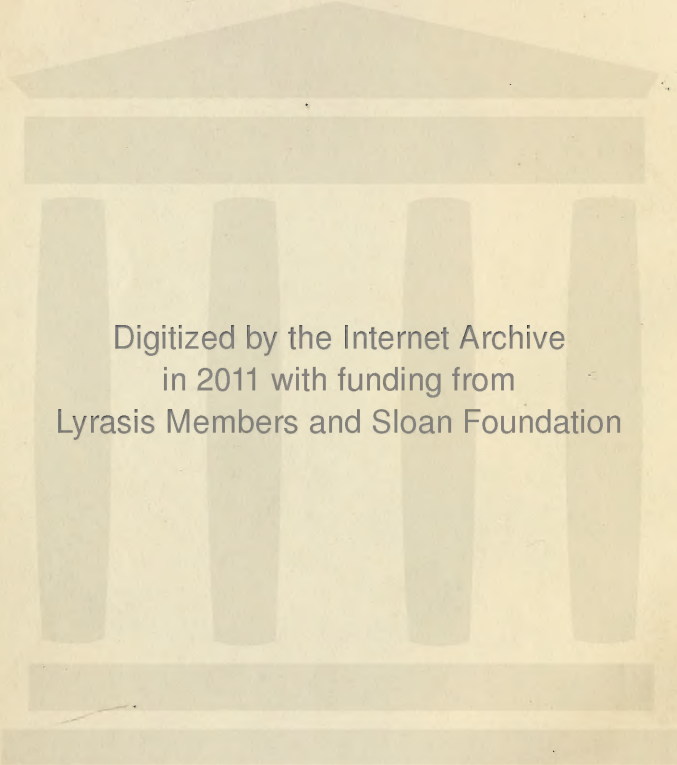


•Ex Libris
Duquesne University:







Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
Lyrasis Members and Sloan Foundation

r 378.05

II 946

v. 13.

Pittsburg College Bulletin

Vol. XIII.

Pittsburg, Pa., October, 1906.

No. 1.

A Skeleton.

Behold this ruin ! 'Twas a skull
 Once of the ethereal spirit full.
 This narrow cell was Life's retreat,
 This space was Thought's mysterious seat,
 What beauteous visions filled this spot,
 What dreams of pleasure long forgot,
 Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,
 Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this moldering canopy
 Once shone the bright and busy eye,
 But start not at the dismal void—
 If social love that eye employed,
 If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
 But through the dews of kindness beamed,
 That eye shall be forever bright
 When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this sallow cavern hung
 The ready, swift and tuneful tongue ;
 If Falsehood's honey it disdained,
 And when it could not praise was chained ;
 If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,
 Yet gentle concord never broke—
 This silent tongue shall plead for thee
 When Time unveils Eternity !

Say, did these fingers delve the mine?
Or with the envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock or wear a gem
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of Truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on Wealth and Fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod
These feet the paths of duty trod?
If from the bowers of Ease they fled,
To seek Affliction's humble shed ;
If Grandeur's guilty bride they spurned,
And home to Virtue's cot returned—
These feet with angel wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky !

The author of this masterpiece is unknown : it was found near a skeleton, but several physicians and assistants, forming a hospital corps, had equal access to the hall in which it was kept. A reward has been in vain offered to any one proving the authorship of the poem.



To Keep America Christian.

[From a sermon by Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, C. S. Sp., President of Holy Ghost College, Pittsburg, at the dedication of the Immaculate Conception School, Youngstown, Ohio, August 26.]

The school that has just been dedicated has received a blessing similar to that received by churches, for in it the divine mission of teaching imposed by Christ on His representatives is to be exercised. And as all knowledge comes from God, so, too, all knowledge, wherever imparted or acquired, should lead to God. The Church in all

ages has fulfilled this mission, not only in the pulpit, but also in the class-room. We can go back over the pages of Christian history and we find that wherever a church was erected, there also was a Christian school established. Down in the catacombs the school stood side by side with the little chapel. In the first centuries institutions founded and fostered by the Church existed in the leading cities of the then known world, and instruction was given gratuitously in all the branches of sacred and secular knowledge. In the Middle Ages primary and secondary schools flourished under ecclesiastical supervision.

Coming down to our own times, we find that the Catholic Church in the United States of America has not been backward in recognizing the importance of Christian schools and in urging their foundation. The last Plenary Council of Baltimore issued special decrees commanding the establishment of parochial schools and the adoption of every possible means to make them equal, if not superior, to the public schools throughout the country. It forcefully reminded the clergy of the duty incumbent on them to watch over the education of children, the faith and morals of teachers and the character of the instruction given.

Education is often confounded with instruction. The derivation of the word would indicate that education means the drawing out of all that is best in the student. An eminent American prelate has truly said: "The end and aim of education is to bring out, to strengthen man's qualities, physical, intellectual and moral; to call into healthful play his manifold capacities, and to promote also with one subordination their harmonious exercise and thus to fit him to fulfill his high and heaven-given mission and to attain his true destiny." To such an education every child is entitled. The three great educational agencies are the home, the school and the church. Each must do its part; each must foster religion, so that the child may be enabled to secure its

eternal salvation, in comparison with which all worldly aims are of only secondary importance.

The enemies of Christianity would banish all religious training from the school. They would have all schools merely neutral. But no school can be practically neutral, for the children brought up in a so-called neutral school will not only be deprived of religious instruction, but will even be subjected to influences that are hostile to their very faith. The late Cardinal Manning, writing in 1883, said: "Let no one be deceived by thinking that secular and religious education can be reconciled. They are mutually exclusive. We have to choose between them." In 1884 the English Bishops, in a joint pastoral, wrote: "We have already declared that education without Christianity is impossible." The Austrian hierarchy expressed itself thus: "The secular school can only meet the wants of a family without religion; it can never satisfy a family with religious convictions." * * * The American hierarchy in 1884 legislated: "We order and decree that Catholic parents must send their children to the parochial schools, unless they otherwise provide for their Christian education." Pope Pius IX., in a letter to the Bishops of the Catholic world in 1849, tells them: "Be vigilant in everything that regards schools and the instruction and education of children and youth of both sexes, for the modern enemies of religion and human society direct all their artifices to pervert the minds and hearts of youth from their earliest years." * * *

These decisions, decrees and teachings of the hierarchies of so many countries and of the great Popes of the last century are conclusive. Rome has spoken. Loyal Catholics need no other argument. They will educate their children in their own schools, colleges and universities, and if they cannot leave them much of what the world calls wealth, they will at least bequeath them the precious legacy of a Catholic education. Such an education will be imparted in the magnificent structure that has been blessed to-day. * * * If the children

in this school and in all the other Catholic schools throughout the land receive a truly Catholic education, the cause of Christianity will go on triumphantly. For our only hope of making and keeping America a Christian nation springs from the maintenance of our Catholic parochial schools, our Catholic colleges and our Catholic universities. Catholic education, the spirit of sacrifice, the cross of Christ have always been the civilizing influences in the world. By these means, and by these alone, can the world be regenerated ; and by them do we, both priests and Bishops, hope, as our saintly Pontiff, Pius X., now gloriously reigning, to restore all things in Christ.



Mission Work In West Africa.

Progress In Southern Nigeria.

By Rev. P. A. McDermott, C. S. Sp.

Those who have been interested in the development and extension of our African Missions, within the colonies and Protectorate of the British Empire, and many who have heard and read of Calabar, and Onitsha and the Niger Missions, will often, since last I wrote to you, have asked "What has become of

THE SOUTHERN NIGERIA MISSIONARY

who represented to their apostolic charity this poor but interesting mission?" and "What progress has he been making with his 'Nigerians'?"

Well, thanks be to God, and through the instrumentality of the Faithful at home, without whom it would be impossible for us to work, the Mission is in a prosperous state. You have read in the daily papers of wars and military expeditions, and the extended punishment of rebellious tribes in Northern Nigeria and in the

interior of Southern Nigeria. You have read the recent sad accounts of the massacre (even cannibalistic) of some of our white officials. All these tidings must have impressed the people at home with the deplorable fact that here and there, even in this Protectorate, so carefully administered by its admirable staff of officials and commissioners, the savage instincts of these poor, benighted, and degraded people will still occasionally burst forth and suddenly manifest themselves. But I am glad to be able to tell you that there is nothing of this wild, barbaric spirit in the neighborhood of those tribes with whom we, Catholic missionaries, have cast our lot, and settled down to live out, in their midst, our short lives, and die of the inevitable fever! On the contrary, our work is extending on every side—and so is our influence.

Last year I told in your hospitable columns that scarcely a week passed but

SOME CHIEFTAIN FROM THE INTERIOR,

or hinterland, came into our Central Mission at Onitsha to ask us, to implore us, on bended knee, to come and open a school in their village, or in their country. And, in most cases, with what motive? These chiefs realize the turbulent spirit of their retainers—for whose insane conduct they are held primarily responsible. Often these outrages are unpremeditated acts of violence which they deplore, and are unable to repress. But of one thing they have now become assured from their experience of other tribes and other places; that wherever a school exists, wherever the white "Father" comes to visit the children regularly—even if he does not permanently abide therein—there settles down at last the reign of peace; they are no longer afraid, even of themselves.

And indeed, such has been the fortunate issue in every case in which, without fear or trouble, without anticipation of, or worry about, possible uprising and massacre, without accompaniment of other safeguard than our Cross and our Breviary, and oftentimes without

even a box of European provisions, we have gone forth into the unknown villages where the maxim guns played havoc about a year ago—villages whose chiefs were made hostages for the good behavior of their brethren. You should see the gleam of joy and satisfaction that lights up those rugged facts when

THE "BIG FATHER"

says "Yes," after a long "palaver." And on, they go, rejoicing and speeding back to tell the expectant ones at home that the "Father" is coming. It is then they set to work, as they never have done before; the mud is gathered, and mixed and kneaded; the bamboos are cut; the "tietie," or native rope, is prepared; the joists are hewn from the stout "rocco" trees in the inner forest depths, on the banks of the deep creeks; and, as if by magic, the schoolhouse is erected, the teacher's house takes shape, and a small, neat bungalow, for the occasional visits of the Father, is raised in some shady nook, away from the populous districts and from all proximity to the haunts of the Ju-Ju-men or of the noisy dancers. Then at last, they breathe in peace and confidence and security. They feel as if they had a guarantee not only against administrative punishment and against the possible raids of neighbouring enemies, but even against themselves.

Let me give, therefore, a brief and simple statement of the school work accomplished during the past year, as illustrative of the progress made—a progress which the Government now more than ever realizes to be one of enlightened civilization and genuine pacification, more potent even than that of sword or maxim gun. In November last we received a

NEW PREFECT APOSTOLIC

in the person of the Very Rev. Father Joseph Shanahan, C. S. Sp., who had hitherto been one of our youngest missionaries. He was not yet ten years a priest, but he had gone through the invaluable training of professorship

at Rockwell College, Ireland. He was scarcely four years in Africa, but, without being ill a single day, and with a hardy, iron constitution, with a cheerful, untiring spirit, he had gone up and down the Niger River, in through Southern Nigeria and up through Northern Nigeria—in that short space of time, and was just brought down to fill the difficult post of Nsube when he received word from Rome that the Holy See had called him to take the place of the valiant and lamented Father Lejenne. That was some months ago—and yet what has he done during that short space of time? There were at that time but two of our schools is the whole Protectorate acknowledged by the Government as assisted schools, liable to receive wretched and inadequate grants according to examination results. Alas, that is the sole extent of the assistance our assisted schools may expect! It is, however, something. One of these was at Onitsha Wharf, and the other was at Calabar, where the school was founded exactly three years ago by your humble servant. Now—after five months' work, after

JOURNEYS INNUMERABLE,

after "palavers" interminable, after sacrifices indescribed—we have been able to place twenty-four schools, containing a total population of 2,010 children, on the official list of Government schools. Everybody is at work; nobody is exempt. The Brothers, the Fathers, the Superiors themselves, are sitting on the hard, hard bench of the humble teacher.

Now one of these schools, just officially raised to the rank and the responsibility of a Government school, is the one, here at Onitsha (Pagan) town, over which I preside as manager, and in which, though an old professor of philosophy for 17 years, I take my daily exercise of elementary teaching unfolding to the smaller ones the intricacies of English spelling and pronunciation, from "c-a-t" to "h-a-t" or "m-a-n," and solving for the larger ones the complex mysteries of fractions and

decimals, while describing to their wondering imaginations the greatness, the power, the wealth, mechanism of the White Man's Empire, with its oceans, its continents, its islands, its cities, and its commerce.

Where I had 60 but a year ago, I have now 220 ; where there were but two black teachers there are now five—Brother David and myself, and three black teachers; where we had boys scarcely able to pass the Second Standard of the Code we now have boys in the Fourth Standard, able to tackle compound numbers, and able to write to their benefactors at home, as they have frequently done, a fairly correct, and a surely interesting letter. All this has demanded hard, incessant,

PATIENT, PERSEVERING WORK, blended all the time with the unavoidable running after the lost sheep, with catechism for the children and for the aged dying, with a growing work on the first Friday of the month (which the big boys never miss), with daily attendance on the sick, and daily washing of sores and ulcers, and with daily work in the garden.

And then, the worry of paying the teachers, the worry of paying for medicine for the sick, and, alas, often, the worry of having to face an empty larder for the morrow ! “Brother,” I must say, “have we got anything to eat tomorrow?” The face glum, the lips pursed, the eyes on the ground ! No immediate response ! “Well, have you got some yams?” “All right ! *Fou-fou* and palm-oil chop tomorrow ! Perhaps some rice, eh ? ” Yes.” “Good ! We’re all right yet.” And oh ! when we get a leg of goat—then we’re happy. And, thank God, we need never repine. Providence never goes back on us—never forgets us. Oh ! Blessed Providence, especially for the poor, far-off missionary, that has’nt got even the poor-law guardians nearer than 6,000 miles. And yet, never was life happier or more cheerful. Here, indeed, we have the privilege of reversing the first Beatitude and of saying “Blessed are the wealthy in spirit”—enjoying the wealth of contentment, the wealth

of hard work, the wealth of apostolic labor, the wealth of participation in the Divine Mission of Christ Himself. "Go back," said He, "and tell your master that (I am the Messiah, because) the poor have the Gospel preached to them." But it does not take the missionary, especially in Africa, long to realize that there are other missionaries besides himself—not on the immediate field of work, but back of him,

IN THE SILENT QUIET CHURCHES.

where the fervent pray for him; back of him in the humble homes of the poor, where the daily penny or sixpence is laid up for him; back of him in the recesses of the convent, where the nimble fingers work for him; back of him in the workshop, in the factory, in the counting-house, in the office, nay, in the farmhouse, where the humble artisan, the poor working girl, the busy clerk, the wealthy merchant, or the big-hearted farmer are all in their turn, all in their own ways, all according to their own means, thinking of *him*, poor exile, their "trustee," their representative, their deputy in the apostolate, imposed upon all, and making out in their minds the part of their wages, the portion of their abundance, or the mite of their necessity and sacrifice, to send off for the furtherance of the great, great work of salvation! And let none at home say "nay" to this perpetual voice of God calling to their hearts—of God Who has died for these poor wretched souls—of God who is hungering after these lost and abandoned children, as the father did after the Prodigal Son. This "burden"

THE WHITE MAN'S APOSTOLATE.

is, indeed, a mystery—just as was the mystery of even Our Lord's own ministry (apparently so barren) during His lifetime! But it will one day be cleared up for us when the tribes shall all have come back to the one fold in the fulness of God's own time. Happy those who will help to hasten that time!

But enough of digression. I must now return to my

school, and—after stating that it is with the stray shilling, the odd, odd pound, the more frequent penny, that I have been not only able to keep head above water, and equip my school, and put a roof over our head, and pay my enlarged staff of teachers, and get my daily supply of medicine for others, and food for myself (besides enlarging and extending the work all around)—I must send, as

A PROOF OF THE WORK BEING DONE,

and satisfaction given, and results achieved, a copy of the official reports made not only by the Acting Director of Education, who came up recently to examine our schools, but also of his Majesty's Chief Representative in this Central Division of Nigeria, who, himself a cultured, trained, and experienced man, was astonished to see what had been silently and unostentatiously accomplished for the good of these children, of whom, while making good Christians, we made, at the same time, good citizens of the Empire.

These reports will speak eloquently for themselves, and they will be to our friends and benefactors, of whom we are but the trustees, the best evidence that their contributions and donations, often the fruits of sacrifices and privations, are not sent out to us in vain. His Majesty's Inspector of Education for Southern Nigeria, Mr. M. L. Phillips "Visited the R. C. School, Onitsha, and examined all Standards. The results were very satisfactory." H. M. Divisional Commissioner for the Central Division of Southern Nigeria, Mr. W. E. B. Copeland-Crawford, reported: "I would congratulate the Rev. P. A. McDermott on the success of the school, to which his untiring efforts have so largely contributed." I may add that every single day we pray both at Mass and in the school and at catechism in a most particular manner for our benefactors, and that every child baptized who is able to say the Rosary is marked off for one special Mystery, and with that Mystery in his thoughts says each night a decade of the Rosary for his benefactors.

October Musings.

The gentle Autumn sun has gone to rest.

A pleasant mist is rising from the moor.

The cowbells tinkle in the distant West

And drowsy breezes play about the door.

A stroll along the valley, 'neath the shade

Of rustling leaves of ev'ry tinge and hue :

How swiftly all their flame and splendor fade !

We're speeding to our dissolution too.

I ramble through the orchard, gaunt, severe :

Its ruddy fruit is garnered long ago.

Ah ! when the harvest of my life is near,

A golden hoard may angels' records show.

For all, an end must come—and sunset glow

Must yield to wint'ry night, sepulchral gloom.

For all, an end—that's but a sleep, we know,

For spring-time follows Winter, life the tomb.

J. F. MALLOY.



Early Autumn.

Keats, the poet of Nature in all her moods, calls Autumn "the season of mists and mellow fruitfulness," because, in this season, the air is often filled with a light and cheerful mist, and the fruit becomes ripe and mellow.

What a difference between early Spring and early Autumn ! The season of Autumn lacks the sound of many songs, the hum of insects, and the fresh green of the fields and forests. All this is compensated for by the beautiful scenery of meadow and orchard and wildwood.

Many artists and poets consider the landscapes of Autumn fairer than those of any other season. From the crest of a hill one may see skirting the horizon a wide expanse of almost leafless trees, divided here and there by a

babbling streamlet. To the south, mayhap, is a large farm, whose ripened fruit glows like so many specks of ruddy gold. Far in one corner of the empty corn-field before us is the pumpkin crop piled up, as yellow and inviting as anyone could wish. Away to the north, on the slope of a hill, is a golden carpet formed of myriads of vari-colored leaves, which glisten in the light of the setting sun.

At this season, a field is light green in color, showing by its stubble that a good crop has been harvested. The stream runs along, leaping and laughing, and tearing off pieces of grass from its banks.

A forest is a gloomy place now. The bright berries are all gone, the nests are empty, and the songs of their feathered inhabitants are hushed. But one good thing remains, and that is the nuts. Now is the time to gather them and eat your fill. The squirrels know this, for Providence is very kind to them.

For all these reasons Autumn is a season that everyone can enjoy.

EDWARD CLAIR,
Freshman Scientific.



“Lead, Kindly Light.”

“ . . . On a voyage, where calms prevail,
And prison thee upon the sea,
He walks the wave, He wings the sail,
The shore is gained and thou art free.”

The providence of God illumines and, in its light, makes intelligible, the vast panorama of human history. It flashes order, purpose, into apparently chaotic and lawless events and leads all toward the realization of an eternal plan.

In every individual, but more especially in men of genius, there is some motive principle, some mainspring of action which, if discovered, will make consistent lives,

in appearance, decidedly the reverse. Not knowing this, we can never hope to adequately understand a man's character and life ; knowing this, we may rationally expect to attain to a just knowledge of both. Thus the "Noverim me, noverim Te" of St. Augustine disclosed his life and character and the aim of all his labors, as does also the "Ad majorem Dei Gloriam" that of St. Ignatius, and, in our own days, we find an exemplification of the same in the "Lead, kindly Light" of John Henry Newman.

I wish to speak of this remarkable hymn particularly in connection with the life of its illustrious author.

Above all, this hymn was the expression of a lifelong experience. In every age, there have been men who, from the earliest dawn of reason felt to their very fingertips that they were called to the accomplishment of some great work in the world and the years were passed in expectation or in abortive efforts first at one thing, then in another, until, in the fullness of time, their destined pathway opened before them. Among these, we must class Cardinal Newman. From childhood, he felt but with an ever-increasing conviction, as years passed away, that he had a mission. Before his majority, he knew that it was to be religious ; in early manhood, he felt an interior call to lead a single life, as he himself tells us in his Apology, though as yet he knew not why. Thus, step by step, he went forward, led as we read in the Apology, by a Providence which he sensibly felt to be guiding his steps. This was that Kindly Light of which he speaks in his immortal hymn.

A time of trial however came on when that light apparently deserted him, though at the same time, strange to relate, the consciousness that he had a mission, a work to do, greatly increased in strength. He himself tells us the state of his mind and the events immediately preceding the writing of this hymn.

He had gone to Italy in company with his friend, Hurrell Froude. On the way and while there, he became

more than ever persuaded that a special providence was conducting him, though he knew not whither. This persuasion appears more or less in all the poems he composed at this time. To quote a few examples :

"Nor meanest chance, nor place, nor hour,
Without its heavenward bent"
"So now, whene'er in journeying on I felt
The shadow of the Providential Hand,
Deep, breathless stirrings shoot across my breast
Searching to know what He will now reveal."

How he received these indications of the divine Will is well shown in the following, composed at an earlier date :

"The flame, the storm, the quaking ground,
Earth's joy, earth's terror, nought is thine
Thou must but hear the sound
Of the still voice divine."

While in Rome he visited Cardinal (then Monseigneur) Wiseman to whom, on taking leave, he said : "We have a work to do in England." "I went down," he continues, "to Sicily, and the presentiments grew stronger. I struck into the middle of the island and fell ill of a fever at Leonforte. My servant thought that I was dying, and begged for my last directions. I gave them, as he wished ; but I said, I shall not die, for I have not sinned against light, I have not sinned against light.'"

. . . Before starting from my inn, (for Palermo)
. . . I sat down on my bed, and began to sob bitterly. My servant . . . asked me what ailed me. I could only answer him, 'I have a work to do in England.'"

*

*

*

In the straits of Bonifacio he was becalmed for a whole week. The motionless, lifeless sea stretching away "into the dim distance" beneath a sky unstirred by a single breeze, well bespoke the inertia, the aimlessness and utter helplessness of that master spirit whose

keen vision could no longer penetrate the gloom that had settled down upon it. Then it was that he broke forth into that cry that has thrilled so many thousands of souls," "Lead, Kindly Light!"

Few are its words. Even the thoughts are few. But both words and thoughts are supremely noble and grandly human. They lay bare the workings and the anguish of a lofty soul that has at last, through the way of the cross, reached the bedrock of religion,—the knowledge of its own utter incapacity to shape its course aright save when assisted from above. The prayer, too, of the great Christian Ajax is for light.

"Lead, Kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on!"

Intellectual pride and self-sufficiency are crushed and broken. Self has surrendered unconditionally.

"Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene, one step enough for me."

Full recognition of this inward change and of his former state of mind are present. He confesses his former pride and its power and implores forgiveness for the past.

"I was not ever thus nor prayed that Thou
Should'st lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years."

The depths are reached and now humbled and repentent, at the remembrance of the light which had shone before him so often in the past, he rises on the strong wings of hope. The Miserere gives place to the Benedictus; the wail dies away in a note of triumphant expectancy.

"So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,

O'er moor and fen, or crag and torrent, till
The night is gone :
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile."

The popularity of this hymn after the lapse of some three score years, far from abating, has rather increased. Among the Protestants of Newman's generation and among those of today, it is widely sung. Its immortality is assured. The author attributed its success particularly to the versification and the music. In addition to the intrinsic merits of the piece itself, the most potent factor, I think, in its continued popularity among non-Catholics is, that it voices a need which they of all men most keenly feel. True, the versification is plaintive, sad, touching, harmonizing perfectly with the sentiments expressed. The music too is indeed beautiful, pathetic. But they do not account for the influence exercised by the hymn.

Few, indeed, had seen as far or thought as deeply as Newman in religious matters. But many were following him afar off, and a vast number, perhaps all of them who were sincere, felt an absolute necessity of guidance. To the great majority of men, to be tossed about by every wind of doctrine is to be ever wretched. To those sincere souls in uncertainty, "Lead, Kindly Light," was and is both inspiration and petition. Following this Light, they will find its source and fulness, as did its illustrious author, in the Catholic Church.

From the writing of this hymn, we may date the beginning of Newman's conversion. Ten long years, however, were to intervene, during which he had indeed to pass o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent. "When, at last, his conversion was complete, we might well have applied these, his own words, to himself in all their fulness :

" A soul prepared His will to meet,
Full fix'd His work to do;
Not laboured into sudden heat,
But only born anew."

I must not neglect to pen a word about "Lead, Kindly," in relation to those of the true Faith. To a non-Catholic, it is a prayer, though they may scarcely be conscious of it, for the attainment, the possession, of the truth; to a Catholic, it is a petition for a deeper appreciation of the truth and a fuller realization of it in his own life. It is a *Veni Sancte*!

This Light led Card. Newman not only to the truth, but to such a grasp of it that he became one of its greatest champions and defenders. The thoughts contained in the "Lead, Kindly Light" seemed to be ever before his mind and in his heart. The epitaph, which he selected, and which is now engraved on his tomb, tells how fully his prayer was answered.

"Ex umbris et imaginibus in Veritatem."

Cards of Sympathy.

WILLIAM V. CALLERY.

The Alumni and Faculty of the College regret the early demise—at the age of forty-one—of one of the past students of the institution, who had been very prominent in social and financial circles, W. V. Callery of Ellsworth Avenue. Leaving here, he attended and graduated, in 1886, from Rennselaer Polytechnic Institute of Troy, N. Y. Entering business with James Callery & Co., leather merchants, he gradually became a leading financier in over twenty prominent corporations. He was a director of the Diamond National Bank, the Consolidated Ice Co., and the Pittsburg Union Stock Yards Co., and President of Bellevue and Allegheny Land Co., Union Bridge Co., Thirteenth Street Bridge Co., and the Pittsburg Provision and Packing Co. These occupations prevented his self-care in the first stages of illness. Mr. Callery belonged to several clubs, but never entered politics.

The obsequies occurred from Sacred Heart Church.

DANIEL C. CAWLEY.

Mr. Cawley was considered one of the leading citizens of Allegheny, being favorably known in college and business circles. He was several years President of our Alumni Association. His business transactions were chiefly in real estate, but he was one of the best known metallurgists and chemists in this district: he was for some time Secretary of the American Natural Gas Co. On Wednesday, October 10, his decease bereaved six children and the mother, Mary A. McGreevy Cawley. The funeral took place from St. Andrew's, Fr. Danner, C. S. Sp., representing the College.


THOMAS G. BISHOP.

Only 21 years of age, Thos. Bishop of Forty-fifth Street passed calmly away at his home, after a brief illness. He is remembered from his student days here—September '01, to June '03—as a genial youth of refined and elegant manner, scarcely expected, however, to rise as rapidly as he did in railroad circles. He was a model youth, member of the K. of C. and C. M. B. A. Fr. Giblin, C. S. Sp., represented the College at the obsequies in St. Mary's Church, Lawrenceville, on October 5.

PAUL CURRAN.

Another delicate youth always, Paul Curran passed away on September 8, at Portland, Oregon, whence his remains were borne to his home, 607 Marion Avenue, Allegheny, and thence to St. Peters for the funeral obsequies, at which Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, C. S. Sp., assisted.

A very beautiful letter from the Sisters of St. Vincent's Hospital, Portland, where he was being treated for a sudden attack of appendicitis, portrays his piety and resignation before his demise on the feast of the Nativity.



Pittsburg College Bulletin

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

| | |
|--------------------|------------------------|
| EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, | J. R. COX, '07. |
| ASSISTANT EDITOR, | C. A. FEHRENBACH, '07. |
| EXCHANGES, . . . | P. G. MISKLOW, '07. |
| LOCALS, . . . | J. A. CARLOS, '08. |
| ATHLETICS, . . . | T. F. RYAN, '08. |
| ALUMNI, . . . | T. A. DUNN, '09. |
| SOCIETIES, . . . | G. L. KING, '10. |
| CONCERTS, . . . | R. A. BROWN, '09. |
| BUSINESS MANAGERS, | M. J. MINICK, '07. |
| | J. H. MCGRAW, '10. |
| | C. A. CLEAR, '11. |

PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

□VOL. XIII.

OCTOBER, 1906.

No. 1.

EDITORIAL.

Federation.

At the first meeting of the Allegheny Co. Federation after the National Convention at Buffalo, the report of the delegates was made by Rev. Thomas Giblin, C. S. Sp. It aroused remarkable enthusiasm among the delegates. Of course, the Catholic Press gave long accounts of the Convention, but a delegates report is always interesting. The assemblage at Buffalo included Archbishop Messmer, Bishop McFaul, Bishop Colton, Bishop Hoban and Bishop Canevin; the sermon preached by the Bishop of Pittsburg is considered a masterpiece. The Mayor of Buffalo and many notables spoke. Cardinal Merry del Val wrote a splendid letter in the name of the Pope.

Mgr. Falconio, many Archbishops and Bishops and M. Ersberger of the German Centrum also wrote encouragingly—Archbishop Glennon had written to expect him if he could possibly come, but he failed to attend.

There are eleven strong state federations. The movement is active in forty-two states: there are 400 county federations: over a hundred parishes are also affiliated. The great changes in the Constitution are that parishes must henceforth join the county federation instead of the National Federation directly, and that any individual may become an associate member by subscribing for the literature of the organization at fifty cents per year.

The Resolutions have been much commented upon. They deal with Socialism, Divorce, Education, Sunday Observance, Public Plays and Posters, Immigration, Catholic Literature, etc. The National Secretary of the Bill Posters' Union has written in commendation of the Federation Protest regarding posters. The President of the United States put the Chairman of the Federation Executive Board as Chairman of a National Committee on more stringent divorce laws. He has also invited the National Secretary of the Federation to visit the White House to discuss with the Chief Executive upon the Resolutions drawn up at Buffalo. Federation's chief aim at present is to regulate the appropriation for Catholic schools. This must take time and delicacy of procedure, but it is absolute justice. It is given in Germany, Belgium and elsewhere; the people of the United States will scarcely refuse any justice which is made clear. The more the Federation is strengthened by new societies and parishes, the more power it will have in obtaining justice and making Catholicity appreciated.



LOCALS.

Professor Chambers has reorganized the Elocution classes again, and inspires as much confidence as ever—rather more each year by his ability and devotedness.

The debates are already attracting deep interest and, as well, doubtless help to form capable speakers. It therefore, is a mistake for such students as can assist, to fail to do so on these Sunday evenings.

The Field Day has been omitted this year entirely.

VISIT TO THE EXPO.

Thanks to the kindness of Manager Fitzpatrick of the Pittsburg Exposition, the students attended the Expo in a body. It gives some clever glimpses of the city's art and industry, but possibly the chief attraction is the wonderful musical treat afforded by the presence of such directors as Creatore, Damrosh, Sousa and the rest. One of the most remarkable exhibits was the electrical filtration of water. By a comparatively cheap machine, the water is so treated that the bacteria are killed, then eliminated—not left dead in the liquid, as by most machines, and finally the water is aerated and thus loses the insipid taste which is so noticeable in distilled water. Of course, the exhibit of the Weather Bureau, in charge of Mr. Ashley, was of deep import to science and industry, as also to social life. Professor Ashley's explanations were more than scientific enough to demonstrate that a weather bureau is not the joke popular fancy would feign imagine.



ALUMNI.

The glories of commencement past, Messrs. Jaworski, Dekowski, Morales and McGuigan entered on their year's novitiate in the solitude of Cornwells.

Our Seminarians are ever loyal to their *Alma Mater*. We have recently received visits from Messrs. J. O'Connell and John McKeever, who are approaching the term of their theological studies at Baltimore. Messrs. Bejenkowski, Gwyer, O'Shea, Keane, Merz, and Killgallen, of the class of '05, who are still classmates at St. Vincent's Seminary, all paid their respects at the College before leaving to enter on their second year's theology. Messrs. T. Coakley, R. Hayes, and J. Ryan write from time to time letters teeming with interesting news about the Eternal City.

There are now ten Americans at the Senior Scholasticate of the Holy Ghost Fathers at Chevilly, near Paris. Messrs. Fandraj, '03, and Fullen, both of last year's staff, are the latest arrivals there. They were welcomed by their former comrades in true French style.

The Faculty receives strong support from the Alumni. Six priests and six laymen, all graduated in recent years, are members of the staff.

Of the graduates from the Commercial Department, Charles Swain holds a responsible position with the Westinghouse Company in East Pittsburg.

William Owen Walker has married Mary Louisa Hasson of Oil City, Pa. The ceremony occurred at St. Joseph's, on October 10. The bride belongs to a family very prominent financially.

Max McClafferty is now Vice-President and Wm. H. W. McClafferty, Secretary and Treasurer of the H. L. Cochran Co., manufacturers of fire-proof doors, shutters, etc.

Thomas A. Curran has entered the Larney-Barr Jewelry Co., in the Fulton Building.

When John Murphy graduated here a few years ago and left for the seminary of St. Paul diocese, he had some local reputation as a runner, jumper, pole-vaulter and

hurdler, but he has developed. The Gaelic Athletic Association held a meet at the Chicago driving park and, before 3,000 spectators, John was proclaimed the champion or best all round Irish athlete in Chicago, winning first place in four events and second in two, also lowering two records for the State of Illinois.



ATHLETICS.

Foot Ball.

The neutral attitude of the College Faculty and Athletic Committee towards Rugby foot ball has had the effect—whether desired or not, we are in no position to tell—of practically eliminating the old college game as far as the students of our *Alma Mater* are concerned. Perhaps it is just as well. No one can deny in the face of published statistics, Rugby, always a dangerous sport, has of late years become positively unsafe. Some of the highest educational authorities in the land have repeatedly inveighed against it as demoralizing, and the number of parents who object to their sons playing it, is daily increasing. Laudable efforts have indeed been made during the past year to do away with some at least, of its objectionable features. How far these efforts will be successful cannot be predicted. Rugby is on trial this season, and if it does not clear itself before the last whistle blows on Franklin Field, only one verdict is possible.

If the new rules fulfill the predictions of their framers, we can safely say that 1907 will see the Red and Blue giving as good an account of itself on the gridiron as in the days when it made the best of them bite the dust.

But some one may say: Why not give the new rules a trial ourselves? We admit that it does look a little like holding back and letting the other fellows do the experimenting with a view to turning their success

or failure to our advantage. Our policy has not indeed the boldness of the lion to recommend it, it savors rather the wisdom of the serpent—the safest, if not the sanest, policy in the end.

Association Foot Ball.

Although the once familiar sight of six or seven Rugby elevens drilling on the campus is not seen this year, still the hundreds of students are not without wholesome out-door exercise. Three or four foot balls are kicked about and scrambled for unceasingly during every recreation hour, and association or socker, the *real* game of foot ball, bids fair to come into its own again.

Tennis.

The founders of the College Tennis Club are well-pleased with the success of their efforts. The interest in the gentlemanly sport both amongst the new and the old members, is intense, and the Court is never deserted. President Ryan issued a call for new members some weeks ago, and many more than could be admitted applied immediately. Preparations are under way for a tournament to decide the college championship. Ryan and Gwyer, the present champions in the doubles, are practising hard to retain their title.

Following are the members:—T. Ryan, '08, President; H. Malone, '07, Vice-President; J. Gwyer, '08, Secretary and Treasurer; P. McGrath, J. McGraw, G. King, A. Szabo, T. Laux, B. Swint, W. Hoeveler, M. Mulvihill, W. Jacobs, R. Bisi, J. Egan, J. Creighton, G. Quinn, C. McGuire, H. Lawler, F. Schwab, and F. Neilan.

The Minim Reserves have organized a team this year. Many games are scheduled, but only a few could be played so far owing to the inclemency of the weather. They defeated the Parnasus Colts on the college grounds 10 to 0, and drew a game with the Seneca Indians 5 to 5 on the home grounds. V. Mulvihill is Captain and a

very able player. The following are on the list of players:—Parker and Crehan, ends; Darby, Ruettgers, Esser and McCarter, tackles; Yates, C. Gutwald, Dunn and Buerkle, guards; R. Gutwald, center; Cronin, Carroll and Sullivan, half-backs; McCrory, full-back; V. Mulvihill, quarter-back.

The Minims.

The chief objections to rugby apply in the case of the heavy-weight athletes backed by a good purse and determined to win by fair means or foul. These often become hardened bruisers; but for a whole-souled, harmless boys' game, see the Minims.

As in former years, our gallant Minims were anxious to put in an appearance on the College Campus this year. With an enthusiasm but seldom surpassed, they set about practising, fully confident of duplicating their record of the past two years.

Rev. Father Sonnefeld has again acceded to the request of the Minims to act as manager. With untiring energy, he has once more collected a sturdy lot of players. Nearly all of last year's team are again in the line-up. The addition of Gannon, Callahan, Dietrich, Linnerman, Horstkamp and E. Degnan has greatly benefited the team. Tom Lawlor has been elected Captain.

The prowess of the College boys has been demonstrated in the games already played. The Pequots of Allegheny were cleverly handled on September 25, being the Minims' first victims. The game ended with the score of 6 to 0.

Mt. Washington Iroquois, who suffered defeat last year, came, on September 27, fully prepared with a reinforced team to down the Minims. With the score in their favor, they left the field when the College boys were but three yards from their goal. They refused to abide by the decision of Referee Keating.

The Junior Commercial, though outweighing the Minims, were cleverly defeated by the score of 11 to 0, on October 2.

The Penn Athletics were the next victims. The score, 28 to 0, gives evidence of the superior playing of the Minims. Other games were won by forfeiture from St. Mary's High School and Joliet Junior elevens.

Although a difficult schedule has been arranged, the Minims are confident of winning the majority of the games.

Following is the line-up of the Minims :—Captain T. Lawlor and J. Monahan, ends ; A. Szabo and J. Smisko, tackles ; W. Carroll, E. Dednan and T. Quirk, guards ; T. Gillespie, center ; T. Callahan, quarter-back ; Horstkamp, Linnerman, Dietrich, Gannon and J. Gillespie, half-backs ; Scanlon, full-back.

*

*

*

Although the College has no big team this year, big games occur regularly on the grounds between well-trained and seasoned athletes. The Lyceum eleven play all their home games on the campus—the only available grounds in this part of the city. They also practice several evenings each week and never fail to attract a large crowd of admirers.



Of Local Interest.

THE OPENING DAY.

The school year opened auspiciously on Tuesday, September 4. Over a hundred new students registered during the first week. The "old familiar faces were seen again in commendable numbers. The newly inaugurated Scientific Course has been taken up by a large number.

THE FACULTY.

Following their conservative policy, the directors of the College have but made few changes in the staff. Rev. Fr. Rumbach, who for nine years did valuable service as Professor of Classics and Modern Languages, has been transferred to the Apostolic School at Cornwells, Pa.. Rev. Fr. Eisele, who has laid the foundations of Latin in many a youthful mind, has taken up parochial work in Detroit. Messrs. Fandraj and Fullen sailed on August 30 for France; they will complete their theological course in the Senior Scholasticate at Chevilly, near Paris.

They are replaced by Messrs. Schwab, Kolipinski, Simon and Pobleschek, of the class of 1905, who lately made their religious profession at Cornwells. Other acquisitions are Mr. Burns and Mr. White, who are employed in the Academic Department.

MUSICAL.

During the past few years, interest in music, both vocal and instrumental, has been steadily increasing. Last year a number of splendid vocalists was discovered; and in the first few weeks of this year a movement for the organization of several quartettes was set on foot. One of these quartettes was heard at a Wednesday Mass, and many were the expressions of pleasure heard afterwards. A Saengerfest is planned for the near future.

THE RETREAT, AND AFTER.

Three days of the first week of October were given up to a spiritual retreat. The conduct of the student body was edifying. We were usually fortunate in having for the preacher of the retreat Rt. Rev. J. A. O'Gorman, Bishop of Sierra Leone, West Africa. His earnest exhortations made a very good impression.

After the solemn benediction which brought the exercises to a close, the students assembled in the Hall to thank the Bishop and present their offering for his mission. There was a short program of music, in which

the College orchestra under the direction of Prof. C. B. Weiss, made its initial appearance, and Masters Corcoran, Sanderbeck and Staud participated with great credit to themselves. Then Mr. Edw. F. Jackson, of the Senior Class, arose, and in the name of the students addressed Bishop O'Gorman, as follows :

"At the close of our retreat, we wish to give some outward expression, some tangible proof, of the feelings with which you have inspired us during its course. We have listened with profound respect to your instructions. We have been deeply impressed by your forcible presentation of the great fundamental truths of our holy religion. We have approached the holy sacraments, and enter anew on our duties with a deeper sense of the serious meaning of life, and a steadfast resolve to fulfill its solemn obligations in accordance with the principles of faith.

"We have heard of your scholarly attainments and great administrative ability. We have been told of your zealous labors in the formation of young priests in the American province of this illustrious society. We have heard of your apostolate in desolate and inhospitable Africa. One and all, we appreciate the honor you have conferred on us by your visit, and the zeal with which you have labored for our sanctification during these days of grace.

"Our gratitude, however, is not satisfied with mere verbal expression ; but we beg you to accept for your struggling mission, a little offering to which each of us has contributed his mite. It is a token—feeble, but sincere—of our interest in the work to which you have devoted your life, and of our desire that the faith we prize so much should become the heritage of the benighted children of Sierra Leone.

"In conclusion, Right Reverend and dear Father, we wish you God-speed in your noble work, and length of years and usefulness in the vineyard of the Lord."

The Bishop then made a feeling reply to the students' address. He complimented the musicians on their excellent showing, and thanked the boys for their contributions, which amounted to a neat sum. Finally he asked the President to grant them not merely the half-holiday that is usual after the Retreat, but a whole day off. Rev. Fr. Hehir graciously complied, giving Monday, October 8, as a free day. The Bishop is spending a few weeks as guest of the College.



Among the Boarders.

Millard still loves Newcastle and wit.

If you intend building coke-ovens, apply to Barney McGuigan for pointers.

Philosophy is an inexhaustible well of delights for the intellect of David Murphy.

John Egan is a welcome acquisition among the Seniors. His impromptu piano recitals are attended by select and appreciative audiences.

Tom Murray bolds his own.

Deacon Darby helps him.

Daley is still remembered in Fayette Co.

Two steady customers in the room adjoining the stationery are Richey and Dove.

The Huckestein cousins are inseparable.

Wittman's angelic smile is infectious.

Demure Hubert Kirschner has talent in the use of water-colors. The contents of his portfolio have elicited many compliments from admirers of his art.

The Creamer twins show us how they do things in Hollidaysburg.

Herr Meyer and Count Panayottis are a picturesque pair. Their animated debates at table are a source of merriment to their neighbors.

Cump, Shea, Walsh, and Ditz are recent arrivals among the sedate Seniors.

Handball is a favorite sport with the Juniors.

Carroll, Locke, Horstkamp, Cronin and Parker are adepts in handling the little rubber sphere.

Jimmie Dunn is growing.

George Parker is not—yet.

Nick Cronin has turned over a new leaf.

The Gillespies were among the first to return. These young sons of “Bosting” do much to keep up an *esprit du corps* among the Junior Boarders.

Springdale sent us two good specimens in Esser and Heidenkamp.

Maroney and Hoeveler find “steady boarding” more to their taste than “dodging.”

Bisi can make the piano talk.

Crehan “stands high” among his classmates.

Buerkle and Burns are stars of the Grammar Class.

What’s the matter with the Minims?

PITTSBURG COLLEGE

OF THE HOLY GHOST,

BLUFF AND COOPER STREETS.

Conducted by Members of The Holy Ghost Order.

Comprises Five Departments of Studies.

THE COLLEGIATE—

imparts thorough instruction in Sacred Scripture, Church History, Modern History, all the branches of Philosophy, Latin, Greek and English Languages and Literatures, Oratory, Rhetoric, Mechanics, Calculus, Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, Solid and Analytical Geometry.

THE ACADEMIC—

leads up to the College Course and gives students sound training in the Evidences of Religion, Latin, Greek, English, Historical English Grammar, Literature, Roman, Grecian and United States Histories, Arithmetic, Algebra and Plane Geometry.

THE COMMERCIAL—

gives a broad, thorough and up-to-date practical training for the responsibilities of business life. The Course includes instruction in Christian Doctrine, Higher Accounting, Book-keeping, Business and Office Practice, Stenography, Typewriting, English Language, History, Geography, Civil Government, Commercial Law and Correspondence, Arithmetic and Rapid Calculation.

THE SCIENTIFIC—

is well equipped with Chemical and Mechanical apparatus. The Course comprises Chemistry, Physics, Astronomy, Zoology, Botany and Geology.

THE GRAMMAR

prepares pupils for the Academic, the Commercial or the Scientific Course.

EMINENTLY QUALIFIED INSTRUCTORS

give lessons in

VOCAL MUSIC,

THE ORGAN, PIANO, VIOLIN

And Other Wind and String Instruments.

Instruction is given in all the Departments, without extra charge, in German, French, Polish, Spanish, Italian—also in Elocution and Gymnastics.

A spacious campus affords the students abundant opportunities for wholesome recreation.

REV. M. A. HEHIR, C. S. Sp.

President.

Around you are the companions with whom you associate daily, whose character and disposition are as familiar to you as your lessons ; you know their good qualities ; you know their faults, their genius, and their stupidity ; but with knowledge "for," and "against," you must only act for their better development.

Almost all the boys in college wish to please everybody, but sometimes they find it rather difficult because of the endless diversity of the dispositions of students ; they have for some a feeling akin to brotherly affection, for others feelings bordering on dislike.

Why does dislike spring up among Christian college boys ?

The reasons are almost as various as the characters, but those which strike the close observer as paramount are ; jealousy because of greater scholarly ability, and the power of some to become more popular than others.

If you happen to be one of the bright boys do not for one moment imagine it is due to yourself ; thank God for it, and instead of holding yourself aloof from your less fortunate rival, go and shake him by the hand and cheer him up ; do not make him look small in the eyes of his companions by jeering at him or smiling your triumph.

If you have a rival to popularity with the rest of the college, get the popularity of that rival first, because if you slight him or ignore him, you may betray a streak of something which should not be in a popular idol, and turn the tide against yourself.

Always have a kind word and a helping hand for your college companions, whether he be on a higher, or a lower step of the ladder than you ; remember you were once a beginner yourself ; treat those below as you used to wish to be treated, and those above as you hope to be treated ; let college spirit eliminate class distinctions ; college spirit places all in one large class, where one may help the other.

Above all, respect and obey the professors whom God has placed over you ; any boy who attempts to

foment an ill-feeling between a professor and his class is a coward of the lowest order and should be branded and held as such until he changes his tactics.

In society never permit any person, no matter, who, or where to say anything deteriorating about your school, any more than you would permit them to say it about your home ; defend the high standing of your college against all comers same as you would defend your baseball honor on the diamond.

Always be a college gentleman, cheerful, polite and obliging ; never be awkward ; the college does not teach awkwardness ; don't be forward, nor backward ; let your good manners, your powers of entertaining, bring you to the front always, but do not be foolish enough to ascribe the social triumph to yourself, but turn the credit back upon the college which gave you the culture to make you a social success.

Through life let your dealings with your fellow-men be similar to those you had with your college chums, but have the finish and polish which comes with college graduation and education, always have the glad hand, the cheerful smile and the helping hand for all of your fellow-men, and "never knock when a man is down ; pick him up.

You never know when you may be in need of assistance yourself ; man as man needs the help of his fellow-men, give yours to everybody and everybody will give you theirs ; you know how it is, boys, if a fellow treats you right, you can't "turn him down," so treat everybody right and nobody can turn you down.

If you can say a kind word, or do a charitable act, say the word ; do the act, you will be happier, your neighbor may have been put on the right road to success by your almost careless word or act of kindness.

Poetry always places the mantle upon all subjects where love and duty are the watchwords ; in this instance it has not failed.

Bury deep in your hearts these few words, and true college spirit will be the outcome :

“ If any little word of mine
May make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine
May make a heart the lighter,
God help me speak the little word
And take each bit of singing
And drop it in some lonely vale
To set the echoes ringing.”

“ If any little love of mine
May make a life the sweeter,
If any little care of mine
May make a friend's the fleeter,
If any little lift of mine
May ease the burden of another,
God, give me love and care, and strength,
To help my toiling brother.”

JAMES R. COX, '07.



Government Ownership of Railroads.

The present is a time that can indeed be styled the monopolistic age. The main object of every large industrial concern is to eliminate all competitors and establish a monopoly. Some of these concerns have grown so large and influential that, in addition to extorting from the common people and trampling upon their liberty, they freely exercise the power of their ill-gotten gold among the money-loving gentlemen who have a voice in the legislation of our country. One of the most oppressive of these despotic monopolies is the railroad “trust.” This combination has attained such alarming proportions that deep-minded men express grave fears as to the ultimate outcome of its almost unlimited power.

One of the means proposed to better existing conditions is the operation of all railroads by the Govern-

ment. The demand for reform has become so imperative that some new condition will, in the course of time, by necessity force itself upon the country. The movement to inaugurate government control of railroads is at present being widely discussed, and there is a probability of its being made an important issue of the coming Presidential campaign. However, while in full sympathy with the honest citizens who are being made the victims of cruel oppression and most wicked extortion by the giants of finance who control the railroads of the country, I consider that any plan favoring the operation of the railroads by the Government should meet with stern and emphatic disapproval. And this state of mind has not been brought about by any fear of the domination of Socialism, but by the fact that the adoption of such a system means the admission by the Government of inability to cope with the power possessed by some of its subjects; the railroad magnates. This acknowledgment can but entail disgrace to the liberty-loving population of America, for the greedy capitalists, if given the opportunity, would soon control the Government in the same disgusting manner as they do the field of industry.

Socialism and Anarchy are not to be dreaded so much as the evil of monopolies. Were it not for the latter, the former would not exist. If our citizens had not been robbed of the rights to which all are entitled by the Constitution, the Government to-day would not have to deal with such a monster as the railroad "trust." If the crafty rich men had been treated the same as the honest upright workingmen, better conditions would now be prevailing. But such has not been the case. A millionaire, for instance, is permitted to lock himself within his mansion and defy the authorities who seek an explanation of his evil conduct; while, if workingmen attempt to resist their tyrannical employers, the militia is called out, and they are shot down in view of their hungry wives and children.

Some affairs of our country are indeed in a very bad

condition and demand reformation, but, if we are to control the railroads, or any other monopoly, we can not do it by placing their direct operation in the hands of the Government. For, should this be undertaken, it would necessitate the expenditure of vast sums of money in order to secure control and the people would be burdened by the taxes of an abnormal public debt. In addition to this, travelers would be obliged to pay the regular railroad rate which the Government, for a number of years, could ill-afford to lower. This is simply pouring oil upon the fire. The avaricious capitalists would, in the meantime, devote their time and money to securing the entire control of the Government. In fact, the establishment of such a system is but the equivalent of donating the complete executive power of the United States to a few railroad officials. The expenditure of such enormous sums as would be required to secure control of all railroad property, would so impoverish the Government, while at the same time enriching the capitalists, that not only the people, but the Federal authorities as well, would be obliged to bow in humble submission before the power of accumulated wealth. Let the millionaires thus control the country and America, the home of the free, will become a nation of slaves.

There is a remedy, however, probably the only one, and, if once put into use, it will be found to be effective. It consists in the application of the penalty prescribed by the law to everyone who is found guilty of criminal offence, to be a millionaire or a pauper. Let the Government teach the guilty money-kings that the penitentiaries were constructed for them as well as for the poorest criminals and a radical change will shortly be effected. It will not do for men like Bryan to rise in favor of Government ownership of railroads. We must have men at the head of our country who will not hesitate to enact and especially to enforce laws that will bring capitalists to the realization that they are subject to and not masters of this great republic. When such a state of affairs is brought

about and the guilty ones are resting securely behind iron bars, our nation will be free from an evil that, if not soon exterminated, will dash the "cradle of liberty," into an abyss of despotism.

P. G. MISKLOW, '07.

Another View.

Among the many great questions brought prominently before the people of the United States, of late, is the subject of Government ownership of railroads. This matter has been considered and discussed to some extent, especially among Socialists, for a number of years, but the recent speech made by Mr. William Jennings Bryan, at a banquet given in his honor, in New York, has been the means of arousing a more general discussion, and as a result it has become an issue to be settled, perhaps in the near future, by the vote of the people.

By "Government ownership of railroads" is meant, the transferring of the complete management and control of all railroads throughout the country from the hands of private individuals and corporations into the hands of the Government. There can hardly be anyone who fails to realize, in some degree, that a movement of this kind must needs bring about great changes in means of transportation ; and, as the question is of consequence to each and every citizen, the writer attempts to state a few brief reasons in favor of a more reliable administration.

There are very few things more necessary to the public than proper means of travel. For many years, railroad companies have been kept busy devising plans for looking after the wants of the people in matters of transportation. As far as rapid transit and personal comfort are concerned, the present system is quite satisfactory ; but, alas ! superfluous cash receipts and undue influence have led the owners of our railroads, in their greed for more gold, to consider the necessities and rights

of the public as of secondary importance.

The American people, who are always on the lookout for justice, are beginning to question the authority of the railroad corporations. The high rates of passenger travel, and the enormous amounts charged for hauling freight, have stirred up protests on every side. Moreover, a number of complaints are being made continually on account of the unfair treatment of their patrons by these companies. To become familiar with these grievances, one need only transact business with any of the railroad companies and, in a short time, he will have learned that he is dealing with magnates, endowed with too many privileges, and exercising too much authority over the public.

With railroad officials, as with other trusts and corporations, when business is on the increase, and too much money accumulates, an independent and indifferent spirit is soon shown to those with whom they deal. Not only this, but graft and bossism creep in among the heads of the various departments, as was made public recently, regarding some railroad officers who had been long esteemed for upright conduct both in public and private life. Such incidents as these awaken the people to the fact that a change of system is needed to remedy existing evils.

When we stop to consider present conditions, does it not seem fitting to agitate the question of reform? The advocates of Government ownership are of this opinion, and they intend to test the sentiment of all voters, probably, in the next political campaign. Opposition may be expected from different sources, and for various reasons. Some will consider the loss that would be incurred by the States now receiving high tax receipts from these corporations. Others may say that we have no right to hinder any citizen or number of citizens from furthering their own personal interests so long as they keep within bounds of the law. But, objections, such as

these, avail little when the American people believe the railroad authorities are tampering with them.

Without entering into further details on the subject, it may be plainly seen that the matter of transportation, extending so widely, and pertaining to so many, should not be left under the control of a handful of money-grabbers. If the railroads were owned by the Government, the public could expect fair play. There would be little danger of corruption, and all the wants and demands of the people would be dealt with as the United States Government is wont to handle civic affairs.

H. MALONE, '07.



Logic and Rhetoric.

Logic, as it is derived from the Greek word *logos*, which means word or thought, may be called a science or art of thought and words, for these constitute its subject-matter. Various definitions of it have been handed down since the times of Plato and Aristotle, but as it is generally understood today, Logic is best defined as "the science which directs the operations of the intellect in its knowledge of Truth," or simply, the science of judging correctly.

That Logic is a study of great importance, can be easily seen from the mere definition, for it has a relation to every other science, being the first part of Philosophy, which investigates all things. However, as Logic is a science dealing not only with thought, but also with language, which expresses thought, we necessarily find its relation to Grammar especially intimate; and that part of Grammar, with which Logic is most intimately connected, is Rhetoric.

Rhetoric, like Logic, may be called an art or a science, but since it is chiefly learned by practice, it is more commonly defined as the *art* of speaking correctly

and persuasively. Moreover, as we know, the rules of Rhetoric are changeable, to suit the times and people. This is allowed to an Art. Were it not, we should have the same style of writing and speaking today as they had at the time of the foundation of Rhetoric. A science, however, depends on unchangeable laws and is attained principally by study. Hence, we see that Rhetoric is primarily an art, secondarily a science.

Logic essentially has to do with thought and consequently, the first thing we find treated in it, is the idea or the simple representation of a thing made in the mind. From ideas and their divisions, the study advances to terms or words, which express the idea, and from these to argumentation. From this, we see that primarily Logic is a science, proceeding from established laws or first principles, ideas and thoughts, upward to the special application of them. But, as Logic is productive, it is also regarded as an art.

Our distinction, so far, shows that Logic is primarily a science, secondarily an art, while Rhetoric is primarily an art, secondarily a science. Let us now see their relation to each other by comparing them.

Logic, as we have already said, is a science relating primarily to thought. In our every exercise of thought, we apprehend, judge and reason. From these acts, we have the general division of Logic into Simple Apprehension, Judgment and Reasoning. But Logic could not end here, for our thoughts must be expressed in words. Consequently, we say that Logic is secondarily related to language and grammar. On this account, then, we find the sub-divisions on words, propositions, and syllogisms. Hence, we see, that Logic carries us from thought in its simplest form to speech, and includes, to some extent, the aims of Grammar and Rhetoric.

The art of Rhetoric, however, as it relates primarily to words, teaches us the best methods for communicating thoughts. Its principles are deduced from the greatest literary works. By analyzing and initiating these,

delicacy and correctness of taste, which enable us to see the beauties and faults of language, are attained. It begins with the last part of Logic, having for its primary object, expression of the Truth to others, in which it puts Logic into practice.

Logic and Rhetoric, therefore, we may say, are related as parent and child, or as science and art, for Rhetoric can rightly be called the concluding part of Logic since its principle object—clear and exact expression of thoughts to others—can only be attained by a knowledge of Logic by which we are able to express clearly and exactly these thoughts to ourselves.

F. J. STACK, '07.



Church Extension.

It is evident to anyone who observes the life of the Catholic Church that there has been a wonderful awakening of missionary movements within the past few years. And more especially are the signs of this awakening seen in the American Church. That it was not evident before was not due to any lack of zeal, but rather to the fact that the energies of the faithful were run into other channels. However, as the spirit of the Church is missionary, it is but natural that its workings should ever be manifested on wider and wider lines. The religious condition of America has brought this about. The country used to be spoken of as Protestant, but Catholics are now numerous enough to make themselves felt and to exercise a great influence on the morals and customs of the people at large. Their energy, progress, and love of God are shown by the magnificent churches and institutions they have erected and by the self-sacrificing practice of their religion. Yet, side by side with grand displays of power and activity, there are evidences of needed enterprise and, many children of the

Church—or, who should be her children—are in spiritual destitution. This condition prevails in many of our Western and Southern states and it needs but scant explanation.

Among the earlier settlers of these vast territories there came many Catholic families. These gradually separated and, having no pastors with them, became indifferent to the practice of their religion. Then came mixed marriages and the infidelity which commonly follows. Many, however, retained some of the principles of their early faith, and their children, now more scattered, still clinging, perhaps, to the name of Catholic have little knowledge of their religion and scarcely practice it at all. Some of them have been visited by missionaries from time to time whilst others have not assisted at mass nor received the sacraments for years. Even the sick and dying have been deprived of spiritual consolation. They cried for bread and there was none to break it to them. Truly their condition has been deplorable. The sects, seeing an opportunity to increase their numbers from these stray sheep, long since inaugurated a system of establishing meeting houses in every out-of-the-way place. The settlers, idle Catholics included, flock into these conventicles to hear flimsy preachings under the guise of truth. In this manner a great many of the ill-educated whose forefathers were, perhaps, children of the martyrs, are ensnared before they realize what is being done. They readily take the gold brick offered them thinking it is salvation.

However, this state of affairs is not to continue. On the 18th of October of last year, a few ecclesiastics and laymen gathered in the home of the Archbishop of Chicago and, after having taken into consideration the unhappy state of the scattered brethren we have mentioned, recognized the necessity of prompt action. Full of zeal for the glory of God and burning with Christian charity, they at once organized a Catholic Church Extension Society. The time was ripe for such a movement

and its object commends itself to every American Catholic.

The general object, as the Society itself states, is "the cultivation of the missionary spirit." The particular objects are thus presented in its prospectus. It says, "there are many places, hundreds, thousands of them, where little churches are needed. The faithful in these localities are too poor or too few to build by themselves at present. This Society would aid them by gifts or loans.

"In other places well nigh as numerous, priests are needed, yet local support is totally inadequate. The Society would like to supply at least a part of their salaries.

"Schools are the great need in some sections. The Extension Society would like to help to build and, where necessary, help to support them.

"Many little churches lack vestments and sacred vessels. Many rich churches discard what would serve the former. We would supply the poorer without robbing the richer.

"Business men are unanimous in stating that there are no safer investments in the country than loans to Catholic parishes; yet in how many cases are parishes and dioceses unable to obtain money at rates in proportion to the security. The Society would like to change this state of affairs.

If the objects of Catholic Extension, thus succinctly stated, be even partially accomplished, the results will be incalculable. Our religion saves: Where there are priests and churches, the spiritual bark will soon be within reach of all our people. How far that has been from being the case in the past is sadly evident. Bishops could not do everything with their limited resources and many souls were hard to reach. Take an example in the West. The diocese of Bishop O'Reilly of Baker City, Oregon, embraces seventy thousand square miles—a territory half again as great as our own State of Pennsyl-

vania. For this vast area, he has but fourteen priests—an average of one priest for each five thousand square miles. The bishop himself has not even a residence. He lives in a hospital, in very meagre surroundings. His cathedral is a tumble-down shack, there being but one fairly good church within his diocese. His annual income is but three hundred dollars. Truly the age of missionaries is not yet past. We can scarcely imagine the hardships entailed by such conditions. Did we but faintly realize what these ambassadors of Christ daily undergo, what would we not do to relieve them? Even nearer to us, in Nebraska, one priest up to the present year attended seventeen different missions. He is now called elsewhere, and has not been replaced—the bishop having no one to send. What will become of the souls in these missions, if a pastor be not supplied? They are, indeed, sheep without a shepherd. For cases of such exigency, the Catholic Extension Society will act immediately, provided, of course, it is supported by the Eastern Catholics whom God has blessed spiritually and temporally.

An insignificant sacrifice here and there will strengthen the hands of the extensionists and enable them to realize their far-reaching projects. The future is big with hope, and those in the van of the movement are full of the energy and enthusiasm of the young life that pervades it. The time is most auspicious and, beneath all this stirring of Catholic energies, there is a divine hand guiding and shaping the work of the Church.

The West has manifestly before it a mighty future; so has the South in its measure. In them Catholic Extension must lay foundations widely and solidly. Its opportunities are numerous and success will surely crown its efforts, for it has the spirit that sees and understands—the need of the age and country.

It is not a work that springs up and proves its worth in a year or two, although it has already accomplished

much. Give it time to develop and then judge it by its fruits. It must in any case prove a strong stimulus to the cultivation of the missionary spirit and to the increase of apostolic vocations. The seed has been sown and the harvest but depends on the watering of the growing crop.

“The desolate land will now be tilled which before was waste. And they shall say, indeed, that this land is become as a garden of pleasure. Of the final success of Extension, Catholics in the East need entertain no doubts. A movement so holy and so necessary must appeal to every generous heart. It appeals even more efficaciously than other beneficent and praiseworthy movements, because of the unequalled nobility and appositeness of its object, which is the preservation of the one, saving faith in the homes of our scattered American brethren.

E. A. M.



Child's Life of Christ.

The Vincentian Missionaries of Springfield, Mass., engaged, at her own price, the services of Mother Mary Loyola of St. Mary's Convent, York, England, to write a book entitled: “Jesus of Nazareth: The Story of His Life; written for children. The author is famous as a writer for children. Cardinal Gibbons has written a beautiful preface to the work and says it will make a powerful impression on the minds of children and that he would like to see a copy of it in every family in the land. It has 32 steel engravings and four colored pictures of scenes in our Lord's life: there are four hundred pages, well bound, at 90 cents.



Latin America.

Latin America is the title applied to all those parts of North and South America in which the English language is not predominant. These countries were discovered, conquered and colonized principally by the Spaniards, and for a long time they flourished under Spanish dominion, doing much towards making Spain a world power. The retrogression of that nation began with the loss of its possessions in the Western Hemisphere. After securing their independence, the people of Latin America began the establishment of home rule, the majority taking as a model the great republic of the north.

The life of these republics, however, was not destined to be so vigorous, neither were they gifted with such prosperity nor inclined to advance with such rapid strides as their illustrious prototype. Ere long contending factions sprang up, rebellions broke out and the Latin republics began to tremble at the knees. As a consequence, at the present time, the Latin American States, with a few exceptions, are veritable hotbeds of insurrection and, were it not for "Uncle Sam" and the "Big Stick" continual disorder would be the inevitable outcome of their rebellious nature. As conditions stand, their destiny is problematic.

The American colonies, although being a great commercial benefit to Spain, were a continual burden upon the government of that nation. No effort was spared to bring about a peaceful subordination that would be profitable to both parties. The Colonists, however, seemed to be contented with nothing but rebellion; and Spain, after attracting the attention of the civilized world by the alleged resorting to most cruel and inhuman methods of subjugation, was forced by the intervention of the United States to relinquish all claims to its colonial possessions in America.

So much for the Spaniards who have been relieved of a very undesirable responsibility, namely, the preserva-

tion of peace among the inhabitants of these countries. The United States has taken the burden from the shoulders of Spain, and has not only accepted it willingly but purchased it by the blood of her loyal sons. True, our citizens have large commercial interests in Central and South America, but it is almost certain that they would remain practically undisturbed in any event. Some contend that we have assumed the responsibility of all American States by the Monroe doctrine. This famous document, however, is entirely beside the question, having been designed solely to prevent further encroachment by European powers upon American soil. The object at present is to preserve peace among the factions contending for supremacy in the government. In so doing the United States is in grave danger of committing the identical faults which brought about such contempt for the Spanish nation among the powers of the world.

Of course all the Latin American republics are not troublesome, the chief offenders being Venezuela, Columbia, the States of Central America and Cuba, lately in the throes of insurrection. But there is a certain unrest visible in each and every one of them. They evidently consider the United States, not as a protector but as a giant who is liable at the slightest provocation to bear down upon them and deprive them of their liberty. The Pan-American conventions have greatly aided in the counteraction of this opinion. The one recently in session at Rio de Janeiro has especially been fruitful. The United States was exceptionally fortunate in being represented by the able diplomat, Secretary Root, who so admirably expounded the policy of this country, thereby enlisting the friendship of the Latin Americans and convincing them of the national desire that prevails in this country for the continued freedom and independence of the South American republics. Following the conference, Secretary Root made a triumphal tour of the Southern Continent, everywhere being received with unreserved hospitality ; and, if appearances count for anything, he

has renewed the shaken confidence in our intentions of the Latin American people.

Granting all this, it certainly will require something more than diplomacy to keep order in some of these countries. The well known adage, "The mice will play when the cat's away," can well be applied in this case. As long as the "Big Stick" is in use, there will be peace in Cuba, Venezuela, Columbia and Central America; but as sure as these countries are left to themselves, there will be revolution and destruction of property. Judge Taft may cool the fiery temper of the Cuban insurrectionists, and we may send our most polished diplomat upon a tour of all the other countries if we so desire, but if we wish the fruits of his mission to continue we will do well to station a few ten-inch guns or a detachment of marines before every harbor.

The Cuban people are indeed very ungrateful towards their powerful protector and benefactor. They have, at the price of American blood, been freed from the yoke of tyranny and placed among the nations of the world with an iron-bound guarantee of no European intrusion, and still they are not satisfied. They rise one against the other and entail upon the United States the expense of quelling an insurrection. At present, they are dealt with by the good-natured Taft, but, in the future, although it now seems improbable, they may have to contend with an American of the same disposition as that attributed to Weyler. And should Americans, in an effort to preserve peace, resort to force of arms, it is doubtful whether or not they would be more successful than were the Spaniards in the same undertaking. For these Latin Americans will not advance to the open and fight to the death, like the haughty Southerners of '61; they will carry on a guerrilla warfare that may continue for years.

There is some hope in the annexation plan which consists in the forming of one great nation out of all the American republics, but this too is not without difficulties. This consolidation would bring with it no as-

insurance of the perfect unity which prevails among the states that are now under our flag, for it is extremely uncertain whether or not the burning thirst for disorder, which some of these people now possess, would be quenched by any such Union.

As previously stated, there is much doubt as to the ultimate outcome of the Latin American squabbles, and it is the cause of no small concern to this country. As long as we have statesmen of the calibre of Root, Taft and others, such affairs may pass on quite smoothly, but the advent of a new administration may bring about a radical change in the treatment of the matter. We must be ever on the alert and prepared to quell rebellions and patch up the difficulties of contending factions, if we are to continue in the attitude we have assumed towards the Latin Republics of America.

P. G. MISKLOW, '07.



Classic Sporting Editor.

Students of the Classics recall that Pindar, the greatest lyric poet of Greece, whose home Alexander the Great spared when he destroyed all the rest of Thebes, wrote much poetry which never came down to us, although it is traditional that he wrote nothing commonplace. However, it is strange enough that all we have from him are the *Epinicia*: these he composed in commemoration of the champions in the public games. There were four chief sets of games—and his four books celebrate victories won respectively in these—the *Olympian*, *Pythian*, *Nemean* and *Isthmian*. Now the College wits queries if it were not appropriate to entitle Mr. Pindar the sporting editor of the Ancients.



Pittsburg College Bulletin

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

| | |
|--------------------|------------------------|
| EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, | J. R. COX, '07. |
| ASSISTANT EDITOR, | C. A. FEHRENEACH, '07. |
| EXCHANGES, . . . | P. G. MISKLOW, '07. |
| LOCALS, . . . | J. A. CARLOS, '08. |
| ATHLETICS, . . . | T. F. RYAN, '08. |
| ALUMNI, . . . | T. A. DUNN, '09. |
| SOCIETIES, . . . | G. L. KING, '10. |
| CONCERTS, . . . | R. A. BROWN, '09. |
| BUSINESS MANAGERS, | M. J. MINICK, '07. |
| | J. H. MCGRAW, '10. |
| | C. A. CLEAR, '11. |

PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

VOL. XIII.

NOVEMBER, 1906.

No. 2.

EDITORIAL.

The American Academy.

The much applauded and much berated action of our Chief Executive in the matter of English spelling once more accentuates the need of something in our land and for the English language like the French Academy. We have nothing of the kind in this Nation or in England: we are a new Nation and thus are so far excusable; England is not. But there is, apparently, little to be expected from her in the matter, although our Grammar is far more a matter of exception than of rule. We have no real authority for spelling or pronunciation and the whole matter is an abomination to any foreigner

attempting to learn English language, and yet we want to spread it and make it popular !

The French Academy is a noble organization which regulates all such matters authoritatively in French. The chief literateurs of the land usually consider a seat therein as their highest ambition. The Mazarin Palace of Paris witnesses its sessions twice weekly when it sits as "the highest authority on everything appertaining to the niceties of the French language, to grammar, rhetoric and poetry and its publication of the French classics." It comprises forty members, each elected for life, at the demise of some member or other, by the votes of the others. There are always applications in waiting and these the head of the Republic must approve before they are valid for nomination. Most of the official works depends upon the Secretary who is a preeminent scholar. Cardinal Richellieu, who paved the way for the glorious Court of Louis XIV. and the ascendancy of France, founded the Academy. It has some imitations, but nothing to equal it. Who shall found the American Academy? It is now time and a necessity as well as an ornament, and ours is the land or organization.



Our Cathedral and Non-Catholics.

One important phase of interest in connection with our newly-consecrated cathedral is the impression made upon non-Catholics. That impression must be splendid. First of all, there is to be considered the sublime edifice itself. That alone concentrates and recalls, as a monument of colossal proportions, all other ideas and sentiments relative to the matter. It betokens the growth of Holy Church, the loyalty, devotion and generosity of the faithful and the admirable quality of reliable executive administration. St. Paul's Cathedral is a recognized master-piece of architecture, a marked and welcome im-

provement of local property and by far the noblest church ever erected in the State of Pennsylvania.

The assembled crowds on the beautiful day chosen for the solemnity of consecration formed but a slight proportion of the hundreds of thousands who learned details otherwise than by sight. Everyone knows the essential facts, "all about the new cathedral," as the newbies would say; everyone knows that no debts remain hovering over the work; everyone knows how the tickets of entrance went like hot-cakes and how all was order, respect and reverence outside, all devotion, prayer, adoration and sublimity within. All have learned about the imposing gathering of ecclesiastical dignitaries, such as Pittsburg never before witnessed and their procession from Duquesne Gardens and back, morning and evening. Their distinguished air of dignity and responsibility went far to enhance the removal of St. Paul's from this great city's industrial center to the center of culture and affluence.

How the local journals vied with one another in the presentation of fine literature for the occasion—leading articles, editorials and photogravures! Much of the press production would recall a comment of the late world-renowned scientist of Ireland, Mgr. Malloy, who remarked that we often read articles in our daily papers as fine and efficient as anything ever composed by Addison. Then, the Mayor of the city, addressing the guests at the afternoon banquet in the Gardens, expressed himself in language honorable to himself and the circumstances.

The people of our Nation especially cherish success and progressiveness and, as other grand cathedrals are now in course of erection in several of our principal cities, the result on the non-Catholic mind cannot be other than favorable to the Church.



College Journalism.

With much regret we must acknowledge that a comparatively small percentage of students take an active interest in College Journalism, and that a much smaller number realize the enormous amount of energy and time that is expended by those actively associated with the publishing of a college magazine. The college paper is eagerly read by everyone and severely criticized by some, but there are few, exceedingly few, who are willing to devote any of their spare time to its publication. This state of affairs is by no means local, as the leading college papers testify to the contrary. And all this in the face of the well-known fact that a very large number of successful graduates were, during their college course, intimately connected with their respective college papers. Writers of good prose are in such demand and poets are so rare that the staff will never reject a worthy contribution. There is no better means of improvement in English than that a writer be permitted to inspect his composition after it has passed through the press. Therefore, get busy, ye scribes of self-conscious attainments, heretofore unpublished, and cultivate your literary inclinations by proceeding without delay to make yourselves acquainted with the public.



V. Rev. J. T. Murphy, C. S. Sp.

The results of the first term examinations were proclaimed on Tuesday, November 13th, in the college hall. The following students obtained first place in their respective classes: A. G. Johns, J. F. Carroll, C. A. Mayer, T. J. Szulc, J. A. Mahon, L. A. Ivory, G. P. Parker, R. C. Gangler, J. H. Cooper, T. H. Skarry, C. E. Clair, B. H. Swint, O. H. Steedle, G. A. Ditz, F. J. Mueller, G. Widman, J. J. Markman. When the honor cards awarded had been distributed, Francis J. Stack, of

the graduating class, read, in the name of the students, an address of welcome to the Very Rev. John T. Murphy, President of the College from '86 to '99, and recently appointed provincial of the Holy Ghost Fathers in the United States. Father Murphy made an appropriate reply, and promised to manifest all his old-time interest in the welfare and success of the college.

PROGRAMME

| | | |
|--|----------------------------------|--------------------------|
| Overture | Welcome | Orchestra |
| Duet (Piano) | Serenade <i>Spielman</i> | Rev. John Griffin |
| Chorus | Let Us Pause in Life's Pleasures | Juniors |
| Recitation | The Octoroon | Joseph J. Creighton |
| Vocal Selection | Twilight | <i>Abt</i> |
| | J. F. Corcoran | G. Ley |
| | E. A. Mertz | C. A. Sanderbeck |
| Duet | (Violins) The Charm | <i>Deems</i> |
| | F. J. Stack | C. J. McGuire |
| Waltz | Golden Sunset | <i>Hall</i> Orchestra |
| Address of Welcome to the Rev. J. T. Murphy, C. S. Sp. | | |
| Finale | Two-step Medley | <i>Wenrich</i> Orchestra |

Address of Welcome.

Very Reverend and esteemed Father: The students of Pittsburg College bid you a hearty welcome in their midst. The news that one was about to visit us who had held for thirteen years the high and responsible office of President of our *Alma Mater*, caused us all the greatest pleasure. This pleasure was emphasized when we learned that you were coming in the capacity of Provincial of the Religious Society to which the destinies of higher Catholic education in Pittsburg are committed.

We have heard of your zeal and untiring efforts in the face of apparently insurmountable difficulties, in placing this institution, so dear to all of us, on a solid basis, in raising its standard of instruction until it was on

a level with the foremost seats of learning in the land; in transforming, magic-like, an unsightly hill-side covered with unsightlier tenements, into a large and beautiful campus, the envy of all the recreation-loving youth of Pittsburg, and our special pride. We have heard of your accomplishments as a scholar and teacher, from those whose privilege it was to sit at your feet, and of your eloquence in the pulpit and on the lecturer's platform, the fame of which is spread far beyond the limits of your sphere of action and the remembrance of which is still fresh in the minds of thousands. We have heard, too, of what you accomplished in Ireland and in England, in the service of God, and that you abandoned the congenial field of education, to take up, at the summons of obedience, the arduous task of presiding over the American province of the congregation of the Holy Ghost and directing and furthering and spreading its labors for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

We express the hope that you will make our *Alma Mater* a special object of your solicitude, since so many years—we do not hesitate to say happy years—of your life were spent within her walls, and that the number of your visits to us may be in proportion to your interest in us and the eagerness with which we shall ever look forward to them.

That it may please God to bless you with health to wear the honor conferred on you for many long years to come, is and shall be the prayer of the students of Pittsburg College.



Entertainments and Debates.

Entertainments and debates prove an interesting and useful feature in the training of the college student. The presence of a critical audience is an incentive to careful preparation; it spurs the ambitious student to direct his attention to the culture of his voice, the practice of

appropriate gesture, and the acquiring of a graceful and becoming pose ; it inspires the musician to interpret his piece in accord with the spirit of the composer, and it necessitates, on the part of the debater, accuracy of statement, fluency of speech, clearness in argument and readiness of retort. The audience, too, are instructed and pleased. The germs of lessons are sowed, that produce, sooner or later, a rich harvest of ideas.

Though we have had few entertainments thus far, we wish to compliment the members of the orchestra, the debaters, the singers and the elocutionists, on their performance thus early in the year ; we look forward to many enjoyable gatherings on Sunday evenings during the dreary winter months.

As each class takes its turn in contributing the numbers of the programme, we hope that a friendly rivalry will be established, and that the members of each class will show their interest by being present to encourage the performers.

Selections by the Orchestra : March, *Philippiens, Stone*; Waltz, *Take Me on the Rollers, Smith*; Medley, *What's the Use of Knocking When a Man Is Down, Bryan*; March, *Sir Nigel, Venuto*; Intermezzo, *Pola, Johnson*; Medley March, *Cheyenne, Valenstyne and Gumble*; Medley March, *Sympathy, Schwart*; Caprice Characteristic, *The Corn-Cracker, Meacham*; Waltz, *Golden Sunset, Hall*; Medley Two-Step, *Noodles, Wenrich*.

Instrumental Solos and Duets : Piano Solo, *In the Cloister, Lange, C. J. Staud*; Piano Solo, *La Sorella, J. P. Egan*; Piano Solo, *Plantation Airs, G. I. Zsatskovich*; Mandolin Solo, *Not Because Your Hair Is Curly, E. F. Jackson*; Violin Solo, *Medley of National Airs, Foster, W. F. Maroney*; Duet for Violin and Piano, *Je Suis Le Petit Tambour, David, Rev. John Griffin and J. P. Egan*.

Vocal Selections : Greetings, *J. F. Corcoran and C. A. Sanderbeck*; Face to Face, *J. J. Millard*; The King of the Deep Am I, *J. F. Malloy*; Dear Old Land, *P. J.*

Dooley; Duet, National Airs, E. F. Jackson and G. L. Zsatkovich; Chorus, Hard Times, Masters Buerkle, Burns, Carroll, Dunn, Esser, Heidenkamp, Locke, Parker, Scanlon and Schaub; What's the Use of Anything, G. L. King.

Recitations: A Dream, E. F. Jackson; Mark Antony over the Dead Body of Caesar, J. N. Whelan; The Progress of Madness, J. J. Cain; Cripple Ben, S. G. McLaughlin; Bernard's Revenge, G. P. Angel; My Bread on the Waters, E. J. Mertz; The Octoroon, J. J. Creighton.

Debates: Resolved, That the Government Should Own and Operate the Railroads; Chairman, T. A. Calnan; Affirmative, J. A. Carlos, C. F. Fehrenbach; Negative, J. R. Cox, M. J. Brennan.

Resolved, That the People of the United States make Material Interests Paramount; Chairman, C. A. Mayer; Affirmative, J. J. Millard, E. M. Kehoe; Negative, R. V. Conway, G. J. Bullion.



EXCHANGES.

As the new scholastic year goes onward, our *Sanctum* is once more enlivened by the arrival of Exchanges — to each and every one of which we extend a cordial welcome.

Our most frequent visitor, *Notre Dame Scholastic* is deserving of the highest commendation. In a recent issue, in the discussion, "Is Brutus a Patriot" the writer shows a very exact acquaintance with the work of Shakespeare and sets forth an admirable portrayal of Roman character in the person of Brutus.

The *Xavier* for October approaches the standard of excellence in college journalism. "Lest We Forget," is an able defense of the rights of John Barry,—Father of

our Navy. Articles of this sort would be very useful among those who read only newspapers and such sentiments as the one mentioned contains should be infused into every Catholic bosom. The author of "The Apostacy of France" shows an intimate knowledge of French affairs.

Holy Cross Purple contains many interesting articles, one, "The Place of Aubrey de Vere," being especially noteworthy; the editorials are cleverly written and enlivened with a true college spirit.

S. M. I. Exponent is, as usual, extremely attractive both inside and out, every contribution being of lively interest.

The *Courant* is a very entertaining publication but it does not attain the literary standard expected of an institution like W. U. P. Fully realizing, however, that the staff is laboring under difficulties, we hope to see the latent ability, which we well know is somewhere in the University, displaying itself in future numbers of the *Courant*.

The prize essay on "The Blessed Eucharist," in the *Marquette College Journal*, is well worth a prize.

Georgetown College Journal is an ideal specimen of literary ability, replete with meritorious articles and conveying to all the exalted tone of such a University.

P. H. S. Journal deplores our lack of a joke column. Such a column as bears absolutely no interest beyond a specified number of class rooms, and very little therein, as is the case in the *Journal*, is less creditable than none.

Other Exchanges received of which space does not permit extended mention, are:—*Ave Maria*, *Spectator*, *Loretto Magazine*, *Victorian*, *The Collegian*, *Augustinian*, *Nazarene*, *Niagara Rainbow*.

To My Muse.

Exalted Muse, come, I implore,
My charming love to be once more
And spread thy sweetness o'er this desert waste.
Although my heart has been remiss
I know without thee naught of bliss ;
Retrace, I pray, thy fickle steps in haste.
Grieved at thy flight, remorse is mine ;
Shall I be doomed fore'er to pine—
A parchéd reed exposed to with'ring air?
Whilst thou hast flown, sweet nymph, afar
To reign in peace where naught can mar
Th' entrancing splendor of a queen so fair.

PHIL. G. MISKLOW, '07.



The Gospel and Rhetoric.

That the Divine Word of Sacred Scripture should be filled with sublime rhetoric is not surprising. All creation bears the impress of the hand of the Creator and is, in its various phazes of beauty and power, a conglomeration of figures of infinite perfection.

Famous men have often derived power from scriptural figures. We all remember Bryan and his Cross of Gold Speech at the Chicago Convention. Lately, "Uncle Joe" Cannon, anxious to deny Roosevelt's democratic policy, said that satan led Christ to the top of a mountain and promised Him the earth, though he never owned a foot of it, and that thus Democracy was claiming more than it possessed.

A Lay of Rest.

O'er the campus e're you wonder,
Pause awhile, I pray, and ponder
On the pleasure there is yonder,
 ' Neath the shade tree, son of rest !

Baseball now makes one so weary,
And to study is so dreary
That I make this little query,
 Dearest brother, son of rest !

Will you please attend our meeting,
And, with others I'm entreating,
Welcome all with tender greeting
 ' Neath the shade tree, son of rest !

Come there, brother, never fearing
Any knocker's vilest jeering ;
For in language most endearing
 We'll converse, dear son of rest !

While this lay of rest I'm singing ;
How I wish the bell were ringing
To an end the Greek class bringing,
 Dearest brother, son of rest !

P. M.



PITTSBURG COLLEGE

OF THE HOLY GHOST,

BLUFF AND COOPER STREETS.

Conducted by Members of The Holy Ghost Order.

Comprises Five Departments of Studies.

THE COLLEGIATE—

imparts thorough instruction in Sacred Scripture, Church History, Modern History, all the branches of Philosophy, Latin, Greek and English Languages and Literatures, Oratory, Rhetoric, Mechanics, Calculus, Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, Solid and Analytical Geometry.

THE ACADEMIC—

leads up to the College Course and gives students sound training in the Evidences of Religion, Latin, Greek, English, Historical English Grammar, Literature, Roman, Grecian and United States Histories, Arithmetic, Algebra and Plane Geometry.

THE COMMERCIAL—

gives a broad, thorough and up-to-date practical training for the responsibilities of business life. The Course includes instruction in Christian Doctrine, Higher Accounting, Book-keeping, Business and Office Practice, Stenography, Typewriting, English Language, History, Geography, Civil Government, Commercial Law and Correspondence, Arithmetic and Rapid Calculation.

THE SCIENTIFIC—

is well equipped with Chemical and Mechanical apparatus. The Course comprises Chemistry, Physics, Astronomy, Zoology, Botany and Geology.

THE GRAMMAR

prepares pupils for the Academic, the Commercial or the Scientific Course.

EMINENTLY QUALIFIED INSTRUCTORS

give lessons in

VOCAL MUSIC,

THE ORGAN, PIANO, VIOLIN

And Other Wind and String Instruments.

Instruction is given in all the Departments, without extra charge, in German, French, Polish, Spanish, Italian—also in Elocution and Gymnastics.

A spacious campus affords the students abundant opportunities for wholesome recreation.

REV. M. A. HEHIR, C. S. Sp.

President.

Pittsburg College Bulletin

Vol. XIII. Pittsburg, Pa., December, 1906.

No. 3.

Reflections.

If thou beest burthened with sorrow and strife,
Or even enjoying the flowers of life,—
Pause, in retreat, from the wearisome trend;
Speak with thy spirit; reflect on its end:
Remember thou art but a pilgrim alway—
Nearing the goal of thy wand'ring each day.
Know thou art one of a numberless throng,
Plodding a way that is narrow and long.
Heed not the one who would lead thee astray,
Stripping thy soul of its beauteous array.
Think of thy God, Who is reigning above—
He, the all-merciful, infinite Love.
Lift up thy heart to the One ever giving
Life to the dead, Himself to the living.
Fly to the Virgin all-spotless, imploring
Aid for a sinner, the Savior adoring.
— Cast out the idols and burnish the throne—
Lovingly call Him and make Him thine own!

PHIL. G. MISKLOW, '07.

Lowliness and Success.

"Lowliness is Young Ambition's Ladder."

Brutus, in *Julius Caesar*, Act II., Scene I.

"Success in every venture" should be the motto of every young man. Although many obstacles confront him, he should never falter in the journey onward and upward, nor grasp for things that tend to draw him gradually from the path of righteousness. Things veiled in the appearance of utility should not be accepted, as they would ultimately ruin him. Useful things should not be ignored; nevertheless, he must determine positively that they are really beneficial before accepting them. In himself, the power of distinguishing the useful and the base is not always to be found; he must receive willingly the advice of those who have traversed the path before him, as experience has proved to be the best teacher.

Lowliness is the foundation of true success. A young man must not profess to be thoroughly acquainted with the intricacies of any line of business, if he hopes for success, as self-esteem is a very poor incentive. Such a person does not desire the advice or favors of men who have braved the difficulties and reverses of business life; yet men who know the troubles to be coped with, hesitate to render assistance to those who need it most but foolishly refuse it. This is true not only of business men but also of those pursuing the professions. A young lawyer or doctor must not think that he knows all about law or medicine, simply because he has received a diploma in either branch. Such an opinion is very detrimental to a young man, regardless of his position in life. There are always friends at hand ready to give advice when it is necessary. If this kindness is appreciated, they are satisfied; if it is ignored, they will hesitate to give counsel when it is requested.

Integrity in an unassuming man is always respected; the boastfulness of a light-minded man is detestable. The former is strengthened by lowliness: the latter

seldom admits of any connection whatever with lowliness. A young man possessing integrity commences at the foot of the ladder and works upward gradually, utilizing every available means of reaching the top honorably. Every rung is regarded as instrumental in the success attained and, therefore, he will not "turn his back to the ladder, once the utmost round is reached, and scorn the base degrees by which he did ascend." In reality, every rung is a friend and, as such, the honest man regards them, attributing to each, individually, a great part of his success. Parents, guardians, teachers, and, in fact, all superiors, are rungs of the ladder of life. By these the right path is pointed out: by these, its summit is reached in triumph. Should they then be scorned for having brought honor and glory to the young man? Should not the greater part of the honor and glory be attributed to them?

To self-esteem may be attributed, in a great measure, the failure of many men in professional life. They pursue their course regardless of the friendly admonitions bestowed upon them by those who know the result of such a disposition. For a time, the path is rosy; but the brilliancy, as seen through youthful eyes, fades rapidly when circumstances appear most promising. The labors of many years are blasted by false opinions originating in the mind of the self-confident practitioner. He perceives something to be amiss, but will not attribute it to his own lack of discretion or ability. Failure, with such a person, is brought about by ill-luck or the jealousy of others. Inefficiency is not considered for a moment. In such a case, failure is more disastrous than if it had befallen a more liberal-minded man, as the latter will view it in an impartial manner, placing the blame upon himself but resolving, at the same time, to make another attempt, with the determination to turn failure into success, relying upon the assistance and encouragement of friends. Such a spirit manifests very little pride or self-esteem and, therefore, is deserving of success, as the

will co-operates with talent. He does not possess a good opinion of himself; he may force others to have a good opinion of him by performing honorable and praiseworthy deeds.

'Tis true, however, that lowliness has a twofold signification, humility and meanness being infinitely distant. To the virtuous man we attribute lowliness as a virtue; in the dishonest man it is one of the chief causes of his dishonesty. The success attained by an humble man may truly be called success, in the broadest sense of the word. No remorse, no prickings of conscience, no knowledge of false pretence, can alter the unalloyed joy of victory. They are not in the man and, therefore, cannot shatter that which he has honorably procured. There is a vast difference, however, between the success of honorable men and that of dishonorable men, as the end in view is in keeping with the character of each. The honest man seeks success in business but is ever ready to sacrifice it, if success in the life hereafter is jeopardized; the man of mean disposition thinks only of worldly success and the fickle honor attending it. If he thought otherwise, he would have a more complete idea of success and the means of attaining it. He would not then scorn the humble associates of his younger days, nor would he refuse to share the fruits of victory with the "base degrees" by which he did ascend.

JOSEPH B. KEATING, '07.



Authority and Tyranny.

"The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins remorse from power."

Brutus, in Julius Caesar, Act II., Scene I,

These lines, taken from Shakespeare's Julius Caesar, like many other of the great dramatists' maxims, convey to the mind of the observant reader much food for thought. Those familiar with the play will know that they were spoken by Brutus when soliloquizing on

putting Caesar to death. How much they applied to Caesar is not altogether known from the play, since Shakespeare gives meagre pictures of the personal character of Caesar; but Brutus was, evidently, of the opinion that, if Caesar were given greater hours, he would have more opportunity of abusing his greatness.

The word, *greatness*, means magnitude of power or excellence of some kind. We find it applied now, as in all other periods, to people of all ages and in various stations of life who have acquired the title, because of their genius or general ability in one way or another. In most cases, the name is well earned; but, sometimes, it is bestowed upon people with much recklessness. This is especially true in the higher stations of life. Almost any man in a position of state or of authority is decorated with the title. Although, as stated above, the attribute of greatness is rightly applied to all classes, our subject has special reference to the higher ranks of life and of these we will speak principally, in consonance with the quotation above.

But what is meant by the abuse of greatness? It is nothing more than the wrong use of power. Men in authority frequently fall into this fault. The charge is often laid to those holding political offices of influence, and justly too, for who has not read, time and again, of the base frauds, tyrannical assumption of powers, denial of others' rights and grafting schemes of men whom the people place in positions of trust to represent them? Those who report to crimes of this kind, abuse their power to the fullest extent, and are deserving of the greatest condemnation. They should be ostracized from all good society.

A deplorable abuse of greatness we find among kings and rulers who exercise a tyrannical authority over their subjects. This despotic use of power is generally the result of selfishness in some shape or form; for, when one becomes a tyrant, he merely gratifies his own peculiar whims, and ill-directed desires of ambition. History is

replete with striking examples of such men among the ancient Roman emperors, many of whom had recourse to most barbarous and cruel crimes in order to satisfy their love of pleasure or high station. In every instance, these men were despised by the people in general. Invested with power, when they could win the respect and admiration of all, and become truly great, their vanity, or beastly passions, depraved them to such an extent that often the Hand of Providence was necessary to check their abuses.

In the words of Brutus, we have said that greatness is abused by disjoining remorse from power. This is a self-evident fact, when we consider that remorse, which, in this instance, may be taken to mean feelings of compassion or tenderness, is a quality which we naturally look for in all men, no matter what may be their station in life, or how depraved in character. Like everything else intimately connected with human nature, it is not in the same degree in each individual. Some display more signs of it than others, and here may be asked, just how, and when should compassion be shown. We may say it can well be shown at any time, and always, since it includes love and respect for our fellowman. Much of the wickedness and crime committed in the world would be eradicated, if people, when tempted to do evil, would only reflect on their relationship to others. Indeed, it would be difficult to think of a virtue more worthy of practice. Did not the great love and compassion of our Lord for men have great influence in drawing around Him the Jews and early Christians when He was on the earth?

The question of the manner in which compassion ought to be shown, depends on circumstances, but in this some people are deceived. Very frequently men in authority are obliged to act most austere and with apparent want of remorse in order to carry out their duties of office. This is sometimes so strictly or severely put in practice that people regard it as an abuse of power, when

in reality it is merely exercising the laws of fair play in governing properly. If a judge on the bench were moved by every pitiful plea, what kind of justice would we have? Were such to happen it would really be an abuse of greatness, for then, in the words of Shakespeare, affection would sway more than reason. The same applies practically to all influential positions; hence, the great necessity of taking into consideration what is demanded by duty.

We can justly concede, then, that Shakespeare is right when he says that greatness is abused by the removal of remorse, since it is fitting that all men should be imbued with compassion and love for their fellowmen. Moreover, we ought to recognize the fact that, when there is a real abuse of greatness, there is always some evil behind it. And again we should be considerate with those holding the reins of power whose actions appear remorseless when they are really praiseworthy.

H. H. MALONE, '07.



The Profligate's New Year's Dream.

(RICHTER)

Jean Paul Frederick Richter (1763-1825), the author of the "Dream" translated below, is considered the greatest German humorist. The son of a poor school master of Wunsiedel, Bavaria, he had to struggle for many years with extreme poverty, until in 1808, the famous Prince—Primate Van Dalberg, gave him a pension of a thousand florins. His writings are characterized by originality, delicacy and depth of thought, mingled with a dreamy sentimentality, which lends them a peculiar charm. In the form of his writings he never did full justice to his great powers. His style lacks directness, precision and grace—defects which made him very unpopular with Goethe and Schiller. The splendor of Richter's genius, however, makes it easy for us to forgive him these defects. Few writers, if any, have presented more fascinating pictures of childhood and youth, of friendship and love. He loved nature deeply, and tries to make us love it, too, by descriptions glowing with all the color and radiance of the real world.

Richter is deeply religious. To him "visible things were but the symbols of the invisible, and in the unseen realities alone he found elements which seemed to him to give significance and dignity to human life." Richter's masterpieces are *Titan* and *Flegeljahre*. Some of his random sketches, like "A Profligate's New Year's Dream," and "Henry, or the Double Oath of Amendment," are found in every German Reader, and have been universally admired. The irregularity and complexity of many of his sentences make translation no easy matter. Readers of Father Sheehan's Works will have noticed his predilection for the great German humorist.

An old man stood in the New Year's night at the window and gazed with a look of deep despair up at the ever changeless, ever youthful, sky, and out over the still, pure, white earth, whereon there was none so joyless and so discontent as himself. To his grave, which stood open beside him, he was bringing nothing but errors, sins and disease, a wasted body, a desolate soul, a poisoned heart and an accumulation of remorse. The fair days of his youth appeared as spectres before him, and bore him back again to that bright morning when his father first placed him at the cross-road of life, which branches off to the right, into a tranquil land full of light and harvests and angels—the sunlit-land of virtue; to the left, into noisome caverns, distilling poison, full of hissing serpents, and black oppressive vapors—the dismal abode of vice.

Ah, me! the serpents rankled in his breast, and the drops of poison were on his tongue—he knew now which road he had chosen.

Knowing not what he did and with unspeakable grief, he cried out to Heaven: "Give me back my youth, O father, place me again on the cross-road, that I may choose otherwise!"

But his father and his youth had long since departed. He saw will-o'-the-wisps dancing on the marshes and dying out among the headstones in God's acre, and he said: "These are my sinful days!"—He saw a star fall from Heaven, glimmer in its fall and vanish on the earth: "That is I," said his bleeding heart, and the

serpent's teeth dug deeper still into its gaping wounds.

His glowing fancy showed him prowling forms on the neighboring roofs, and the wind-mill raised menacing arms as if to crush him; and the solitary corpse in the morgue gradually took on his own features.

Suddenly, in the midst of this tumult of jarring emotions, music for the New Year flowed down from the tower like a distant chant. He was deeply moved—he looked around the horizon and over the wide earth, and he thought of the friends of his youth, who now, happier and better than he, were teachers of the world, fathers of happy children, men blessed of God, and he said, “Oh, I also, like you, could pass this first night in peaceful slumber, if I had willed it—I also could be happy, dear father, had I fulfilled your New Year's wishes!”

Whilst thus feverishly reviewing the days of his youth, it seemed to him as though the corpse in the morgue which had assumed his features, rose up, and he saw himself in all the bloom and vigor of long ago. He could bear the vision no longer and buried his face in his hands—hot tears gushed from his eyes and fell hissing into the snow—he softly sighed over and over again, hardly knowing what he said, “Come back to me, O youth, come back to me!”——and it did come back to him; for on that New Year's night, he had only dreamed thus fearfully,—he was still a youth; but his errors had been no dream. He thanked God that he, still young, might turn back from the foul ways of vice, and walk the sunny path which leads to the smiling land of harvests. Turn back with him, youthful reader, if you, too, have gone astray. This frightful dream will in future be your judge; but if you shall one day cry out piteously, “Come again, O beautiful youth,”—it shall never come back to you!

C. F. FEHRENBACH, '07



An Experience With the Fairies.

"Mike Mahony is dead." This was the sad news which had spread through the farms about Ballybunion and caused many a lamentation. Mahony, who was one of the oldest and best known residents of the district, while returning from market, had fallen from his side-car in a runaway and his injuries proved fatal.

'Twas now the eve of his burial and friends for miles around had come to attend the wake and do everything possible toward consoling the relatives in their loss. The little cottage was crowded to its utmost capacity. As each visitor arrived, he entered the room in which was the corpse and, after offering up a prayer for the departed soul, mingled with the people in the other rooms. Here and there, the men and women were lauding the good deeds of the deceased, and everyone showed his deep sorrow and regret.

Toward midnight, many of the visitors returned home. A sufficient number, however, remained to look after the house and keep anyone from getting lonesome. The men soon gathered together in a room and, with their *dudeens* lighted, were, in a short time, interested in a conversation which in some way led to story-telling. One and all were interested, and each of the older men took his turn at relating some experience of his life.

Some had encountered ghosts on their way, others had seen the fairies enjoying their revelries in an old fort, while many of them had seen the wee-folk about the cliffs and Leik Point. Each story seemed to recall a similar and more interesting one to some auditor. Besides the story itself, the individual peculiarities of the narrator and his manner of describing and explaining all tended toward increasing the interest, which was never lacking.

Story after story, and tale after tale were related until finally an intermission was called by the women serving a lunch. Only then did a friend and myself remember

that we had proposed to depart for home at half-past twelve. As it was, we took our departure at 2 A. M.

In our journey homeward, we passed many of the scenes referred to in the stories, each of which brought back to our excited minds the story, so realistically, that, neither of us would have been taken unawares, had some spectre arisen from a fence post and stopped us, for truly, we scanned everything along the way, with a constant expectancy of some such happening. All went well however, until we arrived at a large field, in which, one of the story-tellers said, a man at one time had been killed by an unknown species of spectre.

In the middle of this field was a heap of rocks, which had been thrown together when the field was cultivated. We were proceeding rapidly across the field, in strict silence, when suddenly my friend halted and bade me lie down. This done, he directed my gaze to the rocks. At first, I could distinguish nothing extraordinary; but, as I continued to look, I saw two dark things slowly appear above the heap and in a short time disappear. The story of the man murdered in the field, which at first we had disbelieved, came to our minds in all its horror. Without stopping to reason or investigate, our immediate conclusion was that they were either human beings or spirits with evil intent. Both of us were trembling, as our nerves had been highly taxed throughout the journey.

After a little parleying, we became normal once more and, with our fear lessened, we decided to advance, for we stood an equal show with them, if it came to a fight. Nevertheless, we intended to take every precaution possible for our own safety. For a weapon of defense, I picked a hard-head: my friend, more fortunate, found a broken scythe.

It was a delightful morning of July. The warm zephyrs arising from the Gulf stream came up the Shannon seeming to make everything feel healthful. A full moon was reflecting light on the earth, but very often was hidden by the clouds which crossed its path. Every-

thing was beautiful, but the fort before us, which then kept our minds so occupied that nature's beauty offered us no charm.

With weapons in hand, we began the advance on all fours, since in this way we expected to proceed unnoticed. Silently and cautiously we crawled along, while the ground was darkened by clouds, resting whenever the moon came to view, and at all times keeping our eyes on the mound, over which every few minutes the unknown things continued to appear. The nearer we approached, the more excited we became, but by desperate and hard work and the shadow of the clouds, we continued to advance slowly until we were about five yards from the heap. A dark cloud was surrounding everything with gloom, and we felt sure that our approach would be unobserved. But suddenly the dark things reappeared. In our excitement, thinking that we were detected, we immediately jumped to our feet, prepared for the worst, but—nothing happened.

Just then, the moon in all its effulgence came from behind the cloud and there before us, we saw the tops of two old shrubs which, when erect, appeared above the rocks, but, when bent by the breeze, could not be seen. Disappointed and somewhat chagrined, we put the scythe to its right use and hastened homeward, quite cured of all fear of fairies or other kinds of spectres.

F. J. STACK, '07



Material Interests—and Others.

To say that the people of the United States make material interests paramount, is simply to affirm the foreign accusations which American sensitiveness is justified in refuting. We know that every country must engage in some material industry because the life and exist-

ence of a country is dependent on it. This is especially true of our own country and, when we consider our natural resources and the energetic race which is colonizing and developing the country, it is not surprising to see material industry so progressive. It could not be otherwise. The country is new. It offers opportunities along the industrial lines that are so vast, they have given rise to a material progress, the like of which no nation can boast. This we admit and feel proud and justified in so doing, but when in view of all our progress, we are called materialists, we cannot but disprove and condemn this false opinion.

We do not worship the "Almighty Dollar." Although it plays a prominent part in the business life of the American people, that is common, for we are a business race. But the "Almighty Dollar" is not held as a sacred trust and placed above honor, justice, or personal rights. No man can do it—and if he tries, his character and name shall fall before the just condemnation of the public.

The "trusts" and "graft systems" which have affected certain parts of our country, we do not hesitate to denounce. This tendency of lawlessness, especially among the rich, has affected the progress of every people during their national existence. But who can say such methods are popular and common to the American people, for do we not make public and punish the crimes of those who abuse public confidence and rights? It is due to our fighting spirit for "reform in everything" that we have exposed the trusts and graft cases of the country. And when some people hear of these seemingly "terrible" things, they imagine that the whole of American life and politics are corrupted, and our democracy doomed to failure.

In the recognized need of material progress, we are accused of an advancement which is detrimental to our intellectual progress. Our efforts and success in behalf of literature, science, and art, compare well with our ma-

terial progress. Our intellectual advancement is due to educational earnestness and activity. The necessity of education is recognized and the efforts made by our people in its behalf are noteworthy. It is unnecessary to speak in detail of our public school system which reaches every child in the country, or of our parochial schools which educate our Catholic youth. We support more academies, colleges and universities than any other nation.

Our educational and social advancement is furthered by the philanthropy of some great American citizens; great, not because they possess the means of philanthropy alone, but because they recognize the need and value of true generosity by endowing our people with such institutions as further their intellectual and social advancement.

It is false to good principle and justice to accuse such men of furthering their own selfish and material interests by endowing us with colleges and libraries, building model tenement houses and public playgrounds, bestowing conservatories and art galleries upon the public. Do these further our material interests? Rather increase and elevate our intellectual, social, and even moral standard. Why do they not satisfy their philanthropic ambitions in material interests by building the Panama Canal, enriching our State Treasury, or buying the railroads and giving them to the public? No, these are problems of political import.

No better example of material progress, as opposed to an intellectual advancement, can be found than here in our own city which is recognized as a typical city of American interests and life. Here we have the greatest workshops of the world and possess both the labor and the capital of the country. And to these material interests and their progress is opposed an educational, religious and social advancement which is attracting not only national, but even foreign comment.

Our secular and Catholic institutions of learning are based upon a broad scale. They not only teach the fundamental principles of knowledge but even the classics, the sciences and the arts.

The labors of our people in behalf of religion, and the success attending them, are noble and inspiring. We were lately much concerned in the consecration of our grand Cathedral Church, a temple worthy of our religious interests and faith. Who can say that building stands but as a mere representative of one and a half million dollars? Rather the embodiment of beauty and truth itself. We may have called upon the talent of the world to plan its construction and help beautify it, but this was in proof of our knowledge and appreciation of the highest and noblest forms of beauty and art. Still they say we are materialists.

Our social prestige has not waned during our material progress. We have here social, athletic, and civic associations of more than local prominence and interest. We enjoy numerous choral unions which have received highest awards, not only in national, but even foreign competition. We support an orchestra of national repute—an argument which alone proves our social advancement and musical taste. For the past four months, we have listened to daily concerts in the public parks and to what kind of music? Certainly, not rag-time. That a few singing rag-time, does not prove we all chose to hear it.

It is characteristic of the American people that they have been ready to devote their attention to whatever required it, and in our marked progress of material interests, we have not neglected literature, science and art. As we have the greatest examples of material progress, so also have we tokens of our intellectual progress which can be justly compared to those of foreign countries. Our artists and musicians are receiving universal recognition for their talent.

Does all this not speak in favor of our intellectual advancement, and show we have other interests than ma

terial interests which demand and receive our attention? It certainly does and forms but a link in the chain of evidence that proves we *do not* make material interests paramount.

R. V. CONWAY, '09.



Society and the Professional Man.

When the curtain of college life falls and shuts from the view of the young graduate his beloved *Alma Mater*, he steps from the formal, theoretic life of the student to the practical, real side of life.

Almost without exception, every student who has labored long and consistently with his text books has some ambition, some goal to which all his energy, all his intellectual ability, has been bent.

New and perplexing are the problems which confront him, not soluble by the laws of Euclid and his text books, when the drama of real life begins.

The test which is of paramount importance to him is—how he is going to succeed.

Here he is liable to start on the wrong road, he imagines that his success lies in his associations, his place in society.

In America, where there are no titles of royalty, the greatest dignities are those conferred on the learned, on the professional men, and the man with M. D., L. L. D. and D. D. is given precedence in the opinion and esteem of a free people.

Society welcomes with open arms all the recruits it can muster from the ranks of professional men, gives them the places of honor and distinction in its midst and bestows all the dignities in its power upon them, because their titles of learning give the company to which they belong a certain supremacy over those who have no titled members among them.

Our young men, noting this enthusiastic treatment accorded to the learned man, begin to think their road to success and the greatest success comes through social triumphs and pleasures; so they throw themselves into the social whirl, to get all that is in it; they soon learn to love society and to be its subject, instead of holding themselves aloft and being masters of society, because of their acknowledged superior abilities.

Thus brilliant young doctors, lawyers and others of the professional world have absolutely sacrificed everything dear to them to be leaders in society, but found that then years of training were for pursuits where the brain, the soul shone resplendent, not for good looks, fine clothes and etiquette; and, being out of their sphere, they have made miserable failures of themselves and many end their career jeered and mocked at by society, spurned by the common people for their dissipation and die in poverty and despair.

The best road to success in life is to hold yourself aloof from the common everyday actions of common everyday people, make those around you wake up and notice they have in their midst a singular original man, one with an intelligence of his own, one with a will that does things worth doing. Do what is right, no matter what society says or does; it may be augured that you dare oppose its sway, but, if the manliness is in you to hold out against its taunts, you will finally be its master, its idol; never go with the mass, because it is the mass; follow only truth and justice, and if all the world stood opposed to these two, still continue on; because these two giants have adamant shields strong enough to protect all the followers under their care, and, in the end, you will be the professional men whose memory will live, whose deeds will be recorded, and whose names will be emblazoned in golden letters in the hall of fame.

It really makes one feel sad to see the low degrees to which some of the most enlightened young doctors and lawyers have fallen "just to be sociable," "not to hurt

their friends feelings," but they should have thought of themselves; more than their feelings are hurt, their lives are wrecked and wretched, and their deaths may be far from happy.

If you speak to those who are acquainted with men on the professional side of life, they will admit the genius of this and that man, but they generally end up into an opinion that if he would give up this or that vicious habit he would be one of the leading lights, the bright stars of the present generation. They can not break the chain of habits which encircles them and must die mediocre men, because they allowed themselves to be led by the wiles of society, wiles they were never made to encounter and which they cannot resist.

Learn from the lives of truly great men what it means to be great and in what greatness consists; learn from Christ, from the Apostles and his Saints; act within the narrow limits they have marked out; follow the profession to which God has called you; then you cannot stray; then you cannot fail; success built on this world is not success, but like the house built of straw—weak and short-lived; the only success is the success which leads to God.

JAMES R. COX, '07.



The Effect of Music.

The people of Pittsburg and vicinity have unusual opportunities for hearing good music during all seasons of the year. Music, as it is rendered by the various bands and orchestras which visit the Exposition each summer, is undoubtedly beneficial to all who care for and are able to appreciate good music. At this annual display, lovers of music have an opportunity of hearing the best music conducted and played by such masters of their art as Sousa, Herbert, Damrosch, and others, world-famous bandmasters and their bands.

While the best musical attractions of the summer are at the Exposition, the winter season seems to develop music and the music-loving spirit in all quarters. The Pittsburgh Orchestra affords many a pleasant evening to the people of the two cities. Then, too, the programmes of the organists at the Carnegie Libraries are replete with the best selections from the old masters. In addition to these public recitals, private musicales and entertainments, in which the musical programme forms an important part, are constantly held in various communities. All of these entertainments furnish amusement and recreation for many inhabitants of the two great cities.

It may be said that the love of music is inherent in all. It is very seldom one encounters a man who has absolutely no ear for music or power of appreciating to some extent a well-played selection.

Some prefer popular music to what is called classic music, because they do not understand and therefore cannot appreciate really good music. If those who hold this opinion would only make a study of music and learn to understand the thought expressed by the Composer, their pleasure would be immeasurably increased.

For, after all, musical compositions, like books, are only the highest sentiments and feelings of master-minds expressed in writing for the benefit of all. As we study the works of great authors, so we should study the works of great Composers. We read books in order to form an acquaintance with the minds of great authors; so, when a musical composition is understood and well-played, we experience the same feelings which the Composer experienced.

As poorly written books have an evil influence on the reader's mind, so also badly constructed, and as is often the case even with good music—badly rendered music, has anything but a pleasing effect on the listener.

Musical compositions are like books in still another way. A piece is published and often becomes immediately popular. It retains this popularity for one or

two seasons perhaps; then, unless it is an exceptionally good composition, it is never again heard.

Much popular music of the day is little more than trash, trash of that kind which blunts the finer feelings and renders the listener as well as the player incapable of appreciating good music.

As an art, music has always held a high place. It develops in us the love of the beautiful—in all things, it inspires us to worthy thoughts and deeds, and furnishes for us many of the real pleasures of life.

P. J. DOOLEY, '07.



The New Year.

The New Year comes with verdant hope;
It promises a wider scope
Of good and true and noble deeds—
'Tis Resolution sows the seeds.

Yet years may come and years may go—
The multitudes scant progress show:
A bold exception he shall be
Who can resolve right steadfastly.

But if, when willing, weakness reigns,
To will not were to kiss our chains.
Let's muster all the will we can—
Encouraging our fellow man.

New life we've spurned these many years;
We've sowed in sin and reaped in tears.
Ring out the old, ring in the new:
Put off the old, put on the new.

ANON.

Pittsburg College Bulletin

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

| | |
|--------------------|------------------------|
| EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, | J. R. COX, '07. |
| ASSISTANT EDITOR, | C. A. FEHRENBACH, '07. |
| EXCHANGES, . . | P. G. MISKLOW, '07. |
| LOCALS, . . . | J. A. CARLOS, '08. |
| ATHLETICS, . . | T. F. RYAN, '08. |
| ALUMNI, . . . | T. A. DUNN, '09. |
| SOCIETIES, . . | G. L. KING, '10. |
| CONCERTS, . . | R. A. BROWN, '09. |
| BUSINESS MANAGERS, | M. J. MINICK, '07. |
| | J. H. MCGRAW, '10. |
| | C. A. CLEAR, '11. |

PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

VOL. XIII.

DECEMBER, 1906.

No. 3.

EDITORIAL.

Roosevelt at Panama.

Mr. Roosevelt's recent visit to Panama, although it is severely criticized by some newspapers and magazines as an improper precedent for the President of the United States, was nevertheless a triumph for the American Nation; it proved to our Southern neighbors that all they hear about our strenuous democratic ruler is not all yellow journal talk.

Mr. Roosevelt's actions and speeches were highly creditable to the nation he represented; he was graceful, diplomatic and scholarly in all his dealings with native people and officials; to the Americans laboring in the canal zone, he was a spur to urge them to put forth great-

er efforts in the completion of the great waterway; he was an example for the revolutionary disturbed Central States, demonstrating to them the fruits and blessings of peace and contentment, and showing them the qualities of a popular idol of a free people.

He went into the minutest details of even the laborers, not with the superintendents and foremen, but with the workmen themselves; the knowledge he gained about the work is of immeasurable value to the Senate and people; his coming message to Congress will be a treasure of detail about this immense cut through a continent, details which all the committees which have been appointed, or which may be appointed, could never gather; because his popularity and his dignity gained what no other could obtain.

The Panama Canal was pushed by Roosevelt after the French resigned the task as an impossibility; he has watched its progress with extraordinary interest, and we feel, we know, when Theodore Roosevelt puts his shoulder to the wheel, there will be no let up, no lack of interest until the work is completed and when the two oceans meet on the Isthmus of Panama, the raging waves after rushing together in a great hurrah for Roosevelt will calmly settle down in peace under his guidance and the protection of the American Eagle.



The Subway.

Pittsburghers are greatly interested in the proposed, but problematical, subway to the East End district, as it will be the first step in the matter of relieving congestion of traffic and passenger inconvenience between the city and its leading suburb.

Of course, it is natural that opposition will appear to granting a franchise to the company, not because it is not a much needed improvement, but because some people favor elevated roads while others are interested neither way, because the schedule of the present company which

alone interests them, is giving excellent service and adequate return to the city.

Leaving aside the question of franchise and companies, we presume all admit, that if the situation is to be relieved, and if it cannot be relieved by the present system of service on the public thoroughfares, then the most practical, most beneficial to the business people and to traffic, will be to build a Pittsburgh Subway.

The company which we know to be equipped, both financially and mentally, for such an undertaking is the one operating in Pittsburgh at present; the people have confidence in it, even though they do at times grumble when they become "strapholders" on their way home from work at night, but "with all its faults, we love it still."

The editor hopes ten years hence to welcome his friends at the subway fountain at Market Street and Fifth Avenue, and enjoy a good cigar and soda in peace unannoyed by hustling crowds, coal wagons, farmer freight trains, etc., and be able to take a Pittsburgh Railways Company car to Luna, Schenley and Highland Parks, without stoppage and bell jangling in the way.

J. R. Cox, '07.



ALUMNI.

The Alumni are pleased to see Father L. O'Connell, '92, Rector of the Epiphany.

They also rejoice to see Father W. McMullen, '91, placed as First Assistant at the new Cathedral.

Ralph Hayes, of Carnegie, and James Ryan, of Indianapolis, past students, received each 2 gold medals for superior merit in their studies at Rome.

Dr. R. J. Lawlor, '91, of Cleveland was here for the Smoker and to meet Father Murphy.

Rev. William Stadelman, C. S. Sp., '92, former Professor here and now on Mission work at Belmead, W. Va., has just published a clever and devout booklet on "Eucharistic Elevations of the Soul," which has received flattering comment, in the Catholic Press.

George and Edward Curran announced the opening of their new Gents Clothing and Furnishing Departments at 617 Penn Avenue.

Receptions to Father Murphy.

Several Receptions have recently been tendered V. Rev. Father Murphy at the College. One consisted of clergy belonging to the Holy Ghost Order in this district; another of the secular clergy mainly composed of former graduates from this institution. The last was by the Alumni in general, determined on by a Board of Officers at Fort Pitt Hotel, and at which over eighty Alumni met, participating at the same in a Lunch and Smoker.

The Smoker held by the Pittsburg College Alumni on the evening of December 4th, was a very successful affair. Good cheer abounded and mirth was unconfined. The College Orchestra, under the direction of Prof. C. B. Weiss, discoursed a choice selection of classical and popular airs, and James P. Dunlevy and Frank McDonough entertained the company with songs, stories and recitations. At the lunch, Rev. W. J. McMullen and E. G. O'Connor voiced the delight all experienced in welcoming Father Murphy back to Pittsburg. The honored guest of the evening, in an eloquent reply, expressed his joy to be once more amongst them, and congratulated them on the success they had achieved since he had met them last.



EXCHANGES.

In the *Dial* for November, the connection of the orator with the poet is cleverly put forth. The intimate relation of one to the other is poetically exemplified by the following quotation: "The poet rides the Pierian steed for the pleasure and exhilaration of his flight; the orator harnesses the winged courser to his car of practical utility.

The *Collegian*, from the land of sunshine and terrestrial disturbances, brings with it the cheering atmosphere of its surroundings. "The Yellow Peril from a Commercial Standpoint," is an up-to-date aspect of an important and delicate question. The writer depicts the appalling conditions that must necessarily ensue from a conflict between white and mongolian labor.

St. V. C. Journal is with us again and although edited in the presence of "dusty chairs" and "rusty mental machinery," we feel assured is as bright and cheerful as ever.

St. Joseph's Collegian has a literary department of the finest order. A splendid review of "Kelinworth" strikes our attention as being an arduous achievement. Such a task bespeaks close study and a well-balanced sense of criticism.

The *Spectator*, for November, abounds with the hypocrisy and mud slinging so characteristic of Lutheranism. Having no valid arguments to advance in favor of its "champion of truth, "courageous soul," and "noble hero," Luther, the *Spectator* proceeds as usual to assail its peaceful neighbors with cheap and mouldy falsehoods concerning the Papacy and Catholicism. It states that Luther received "incomprehensible aid" from Henry VIII., ignoring a well-known fact that Henry was among the first to denounce the actions of Luther and that he received from the Pope the title, "Defender of the

Faith," for so doing. His connection with the so-called Reformation followed the Pope's refusal to divorce him from his lawful wife. And again: "The world will ever hold the 31st of October, 1517, in reverence." Lutherans are about the only ones who reverence this day and we would like to know when the word Lutheran became the synonym for world. Some, we believe, are so blindfolded by ignorance that they can see none but the members of their own insignificant sect. Wake up, please! 'Tis said that the Pope inflicted tortures and punishments upon Luther and even attempted to take his life. Bosh! From what adulterated source of imagination did some one glean this bit of information? *Spectator*, the world is not sleeping. It is well-nigh time to cease such senseless routing, which never has nor can ever in the least affect the Catholic Church, neither can all your eulogistic outbursts change, if such is your aim, the notorious reputation of Martin Luther. Had you treated of Luther's sensual ambitions, his connections with divorce or his qualities as a frequenter of the wine cellar, you would then have had something to talk about. The following is an example of composition in the *Spectator*: "The great work (Luther's) of unfolding the truth, so long hidden by ignorance, and again permitting it to be revealed to the world in all its *truth* and purity."

The *Solanian* contains an authentic account of Luther and his religion, "diametrically opposed to the teaching of Christ." Nice work, *Solonian*; the right article, at the right time and, best of all, on the right side.

P. G. M., '07.



ATHLETICS.

Roller Polo.

On November 26, the Captains from the teams of the Inter-Scholastic League held a meeting at the office of

Mr. R. Guy, of the *Gazette-Times*, for the purpose of organizing a Roller Polo League. Those present unanimously voted their approval of the new movement.

The meeting was then adjourned and a short visit paid to Mr. Moser, who has kindly placed the Traction Rink at the disposal of the players. It is his intention to show that the game of Roller Polo can be played in this city and by Pittsburgers themselves. He has also secured a coach, Mr. Sipe, from the Niles team of the Inter-State League, who will put the boys through the various ins and outs of the coming popular game.

The season opens December 14th and closes March 25, and the games are to be played on Mondays and Fridays of each week.

The Inter-Scholastic Roller Polo League is composed of teams representing Pittsburg High School, Shadyside Academy, Allegheny High School, Wilkinsburg High School, East Liberty Academy, and Pittsburg College.

There are quite a number of good roller skaters in the College, and we feel assured of having a crack team representing our institution. As Polo differs very little from hockey, the puck-chasers will make good eligibles for the team.

In practice, all the candidates show a quick aptitude for the new game, but the most promising are Gwyer at goal; Mulvihill and King, half-back; Brennan and Toohill, first rush; McGraw and Miller, second rush; and Cauley and Ryan, center.

FOOTBALL.

The Freshmen.

Our Freshmen Team has just closed a very successful season. Out of the seven games played, our boys carried off victories for five and lost only two. They showed their finest form when they defeated the Tarentum H. S., the team that made such creditable showings against Indiana Normal, Kiski, E. L. A. and W. & J. Academy. Although the Freshmen had games arranged with Kiski

and Indiana, they were forced to cancel on account of the examination programme being rearranged. The Thanksgiving game was cancelled by Connellsville H. S. and the Bluffites lined up against the strong Scottdale team whose goal line was not crossed this season.

Throughout the season, the playing of all the boys merited much praise. Too much cannot be said of Frank Neilan's fine work as full-back. Ditz and Miller were excellent guards and won praise for themselves in every game they played. Creighton and Egan were also strong on the line. Tucker at right end showed his ability both on the defensive as well as on the offensive. Murphy at quarter directed all the plays with remarkably good judgment, forming good interference and making long gains on quarter-back runs. Gwyer at left-half was also a strong factor in the scoring for the College, and his lack of weight did not handicap him, but together with his swiftness, often enabled him to wriggle through the line or dodge around the end for long gains. McKnight, who met with an accident in the beginning of the season, figured in the latter hard battles of his teammates and made up for the part of the season he was unable to play. And last, but not least, comes Captain Lally who trained his players in the art of clean and manly football; and often during a game a splendid play by Lally, who could play any position on the team, greatly encouraged his players.

At the annual post-season meeting of the players, John Gwyer, '08, was unanimously chosen as Captain to lead our boys to victory next season. The record of the season is as follows :

| | | |
|----------------------|--------------------------------|------------------|
| P. C. Freshmen..... | 14—South Side Reserves..... | 0 |
| P. C. Freshmen..... | 6—Kenwood..... | 0 |
| P. C. Freshmen..... | 0—McKeesport..... | 21 |
| P. C. Freshmen..... | 6—Tarentum H. S..... | 5 |
| P. C. Freshmen..... | 29—Carnegie Tech Reserves..... | 9 |
| P. C. Freshmen..... | 64—W. U. P. Freshmen..... | 0 |
| P. C. Freshmen | 0—Scottdale H. S..... | 11 |
| <hr/> | | |
| Total P. C..... | 119 | Opponents.....37 |

Hockey.

Owing to the dissolution of the Inter-Scholastic Hockey League, we will not be represented by a team at the Duquesne Garden this winter.

Miscellaneous.

As Winter approaches, the students one and all turn their attention to the indoor pastimes.

The billiard and pool tables, as well as the ping-pong tables, are never idle during recreation hours, and one can always find a line-up waiting.

Would it not be a good idea to form a pedro, or a euchre team among those more sedate students who delight in trying conclusions with one another by "sitting in" at a game?

T. F. RYAN.

Fine Record Made by Crack P. C. Minims.

Young Champions From the Bluff Go Through Another Season Without Losing a Game.

[Pittsburg Post]

For the third successive year the Pittsburgh College Minims have closed their season without a defeat to mar their brilliant record. The new rules did not phase the plucky collegians, for they soon mastered all the fine points laid down, and that with splendid recruits. Almost daily practice, with able coaching, produced steady team-work and superb interference. Taking advantage of the forward pass, they soon were able to execute clever trick plays, which rarely failed, often netting many a long run and many a touch-down.

The backs could always be depended upon to gain the requisite number of yards by their terrific line plunges. On the defensive the tackling of the Minims was most sure, while their line always proved a veritable stone wall. The fleet-footed ends followed the ball at all times, recovering it on punts and on fumbles. Quarter-back Callahan ran the team with remarkable coolness and

precision, and time and again carried the ball for long gains. His forward passing was most accurate.

This year's schedule was the hardest the Minims have ever completed. Out of the 19 games played, 17 were won, the others being tied. They ran up the exceedingly large total of 302 points, whilst their opponents totaled but 12, on two touch-downs and a safety.

The only game protested was that with Mt. Washington Iroquois Greys. The Manager of the Minims wishes it made known that the Greys cannot claim their victory, since by leaving the field after a decision of the referee, they forfeited the game. Every member of the College team merits praise, as each one did his utmost to fill his position creditably.

From the record of the Minims we conclude the fact that they are the undisputed champions of their class. Following is the record :

THE SEASON'S RECORD.

| | | |
|-------------|-------------------------------|------------------|
| Minims..... | 6—Pequots..... | 0 |
| Minims..... | 6—Wash. Iroquois Greys..... | 0 |
| Minims..... | 6—Joliet Juniors..... | 0 |
| Minims..... | 11—Junior Commercials..... | 0 |
| Minims..... | 6—St. Mary's H. S..... | 0 |
| Minims..... | 28—Penn Athletics..... | 0 |
| Minims..... | 21—Wilkinsburg Colonials..... | 5 |
| Minims..... | 0—Pastime Juniors..... | 0 |
| Minims..... | 25—Junior Commercials..... | 0 |
| Minims..... | 10—St. James' Cadets..... | 0 |
| Minims..... | 11—Junior Commercials..... | 0 |
| Minims..... | 34—Crafton Victors..... | 0 |
| Minims..... | 12—Central H. S..... | 0 |
| Minims..... | 5—Junior Classics..... | 5 |
| Minims..... | 43—Penn Athletics..... | 0 |
| Minims..... | 20—Academics..... | 0 |
| Minims..... | 17—S. H. Preps..... | 2 |
| Minims..... | 33—Junior Classics..... | 0 |
| Minims..... | 3—Sheridan..... | 0 |
| <hr/> | | <hr/> |
| Total..... | 302 | Opponents.....12 |



LOCALS.

Prof. Eng. 4th Ac.—“Can anyone give me an example of ellipsis?”

Pupil.—“Coffee, Fritz.”

Prof. of Eng. Freshman Class.—“Does anyone desire further elucidations of the subject?”

Pupil (after lengthy pause).—“What time is it, Father?”

For all municipal matters relating to the Sophomore Class, see the Mayer.

Senior.—“I notice your friend, Frank, is absent today.”

Junior.—“Yes, sick, I guess, Too (h) ill to come.”

When a song is wanted our friend, King, is always on deck.

The Freshmen are unanimous in their good opinion of a gentleman named Gazeau.

Senior.—“Come on, get out of my way, young fellow.”

Junior.—“Oh, excuse me, I hadn't senior.”

The Freshman line-up was a mighty combination with a Lock (e) on it.

The pool craze has seized the Juniors; the “poet laureate” of that class is the latest to fall victim to its subtle spell.

We hadn't noticed it before, but a couple of new “hills” have sprung up around the College this year—Toohill.

At last reports the Sophomores were still wrestling with the “intrigacies” of “trig.”

The Freshmen are wondering what in the world that

man, Socrates, did anyhow, that he had to make such an "Apology."

On a certain occasion, the Latin professor of the First Academic saw the pupils had considerable trouble in properly rendering into English a difficult passage. With knitted brow, he bent his eyes, thoughtfully fixed on his book. After a few minutes' silence, a pupil snapped his fingers; the professor looked up quickly, thinking the pupil wished to ask some question about the text. "Well, he said. Can't you do it, Father, was the surprising question.

Merry Christmas, comrades.

JOHN DIMLING,
President.

FRED. FICHTEL,
Vice President.

CHAS. E. SCHUETZ,
Cashier.

Western Savings & Deposit Bank

531 Smithfield Street, Pittsburg, Pa.

Accounts of Individuals and Corporations Solicited.

4% Paid on Time Deposits 2% Paid on Checking Accounts.

JOHN EHRLINGER,

PRACTICAL CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

Cor. Van Braam and Edna Streets,

Bell Phone 2261 Grant.
P. & A. Phone 1919 Main.

PITTSBURG, PA

COLLEGE SHOES

All young men appreciate

"Snappy Shoe Styles." ... Our \$3.50 Specials.

Schmidt's Shoe Store,

614 Smithfield Street,

Pittsburg, Pa.

Liberty can only exist where there is law and obedience to laws; lawlessness is tyranny.

Our first obedience and duty belongs to God; not being directly under His dominion, we must respect and obey His representatives, whom he has placed over us to protect our liberty and our freedom, and so long as those who are our superiors by right of authority from God follow the correct dictates of their conscience and administer justice fairly, we sin by opposing or deposing them; we must consider well before we proceed against them, even though we imagine we have grievances, because sometimes the dictates of the evil one whisper rebellion against lawful authority into our ear in order to take us under the yoke of his tyranny.

Here and now images of the great men who have fallen victims in the cause of Liberty rise up before us; Socrates died for Liberty of thought and speech; Brutus died for the liberty of government, and Christ died for liberty of conscience.

The claim that Brutus died for Liberty may be contested, but from what history tells us, from what we know of the character of the man, from his real love, personal affection for the man he murdered, we can only conclude that he died not because he was ambitious, not because he was jealous of Caesar, but that he died for Liberty.

The cases noted are individual cases; those in which real liberty was maintained and for which liberty their champions died; we will now review national, political, religious upheavals in the cause of liberty.

The French Revolution furnishes an excellent example of the misuse, the diabolical use of the word Liberty to further the interests of a few corrupt, greedy politicians, who promised liberty to a nation through the murder of its children, the destruction of its institutions and the overthrow of its government. Could Liberty ever come through blood, blood spilled without cause or warrant and only because certain blood was dangerous to

the ambitious ones? No, never! Blood is precious. The shedding of human blood is a crime and Liberty can never receive its baptism in gore. Peace only can bring true liberty.

The Irish people in their attempt at gaining freedom shed blood, but it was shed to save their children from going to the altar to be sacrificed to tyranny. This was a just shedding of blood, or rather a shedding of corrupt gore from the veins of their persecutors, and when theirs flowed, it ascended to God as a sweet ambrosia, and placed on the heads of those whose lives were sacrificed a martyr's crown.

Americans, in 1776, fought for the same liberties as the Irish, and succeeded, thank God, in gaining it—by what sacrifices we all know well.

Personal liberty is a rare gift, and why?

Personal, individual liberty is only gained by a free conscience, because to have it we must obey God and His Laws; if we break His Laws, then we lose Liberty; in fact, we cannot have it, since we all break the laws of God in a greater or less degree, and our measure of liberty, is only more or less as our perfection in the service of God is higher and more perfect.

Let us all strive to be free!

Liberty of thought and speech is the most sought after and most valued possession of public life in the world today; at every turn man flaunts before everybody his freedom of action and speech, yet at the same time, he forgets that, if he does not speak and think honorably, justly and purely, he loses for himself, liberty and freedom which the world grants and accedes to him; so on all sides, liberty is only in the individual; only in his idea of proper living and when he sacrifices his conscience, his love of God and law, he loses liberty, and when a great part of humanity does the same, then comes the ruling of tyranny and oppression and the letting of blood.

Liberty, in our institutions, customs and laws, may

be written in every line, in every word of our Constitution, but unless we follow those laws, obey and respect them, we have no liberty; we must keep in our hearts and souls, liberty of feeling and expression.

Again, we may be oppressed on every side, by every means of torture, but so long as we keep ourselves free from regret and sorrow, we are free, and no one, no power can rob us of Liberty.

Liberty, thou priceless boon, never shall we sacrifice Thee, so long as God is our Ruler and His Laws our Guide.

J. R. Cox, '07.



The Blind Organist of Munich.

A LEGEND.—ADAPTED.

I.

It was Christmas Eve. The devout people of Munich were assembled in St. Lucy's convent chapel for the midnight mass. The Archbishop rose and blessed the people three times, but still the services did not begin. Then came a message that Master Rudolf, the old organist, was ill, and unable to come. Disappointment was pictured on every face.

Rudolf was blind, and had been blind for many years, but nowhere could there be found one who could play so grandly as he. And he was always loyal to St. Lucy's. The Archbishop of that old Bavarian town had promised him a much larger salary than St. Lucy's paid him, but even this, poor as he was, could not draw him away. So the Archbishop came to St. Lucy's to hear him.

A few moments of suspense passed, and then a commotion was heard at the door of the church. Every countenance beamed with joy as the cry was heard,

“Master Rudolf is here! Master Rudolf is here!”

The doctor had warned him and his daughter had pleaded, but he would have his own way; a few of his friends tremblingly carried him to St. Lucy's, that he might once more play upon the organ he had always loved. "It will be the last time," he said.

The Gloria and Credo had come and gone, and now it was time for the Consecration. The old hands of Master Rudolf seemed endowed with new and wonderful power. From the organ came such heavenly sounds, it seemed as if an angel had taken his place. Thrilled with the glorious strains, strains of joy and peace, the worshippers bowed their tearful faces before the Christ-child held aloft by the priest. The Mass was almost over and the triumphant notes were gradually dying away, when suddenly they stopped, with something like a sob.

Master Rudolph was dead.

II.

The next Christmas had come, and the organist of St. Michael's came to St. Lucy's and offered to play at the midnight Mass. He had been jealous of Master Rudolf's power, and now the good sisters of the convent wondered that he dared to play on the organ that had been, as it were, part of Rudolf. But they consented, and the Mass began. Until the sanctus, the sounds were soulless and mechanical, and the people were disappointed. But when the Consecration came, the music was changed. It was the same sweet, heavenly music that was heard the year before, and some said it was even more beautiful.

After the Mass, the Archbishop summoned the organist.

"Master Rudolf always made me *come* to hear him. Now, are you going to do the same, or will you come to the Cathedral next year?"

The organist promised to go, and added, "I don't

want to play on that organ again. It is too old, and does not do credit to my playing."

But the pallor of his face told that he had other motives for not wanting to repeat the experience.

III.

One more year had passed. The sisters could find no one to play at the midnight Mass. The Mother Superior asked Rudolf's daughter—now a novice in the order—to play. At first she demurred, but was finally persuaded to play. The music was very sweet, but it was not like that of Master Rudolf.

It was the time of the Consecration, and lo! from the organ came that glorious song which was heard twice before. The young organist, terrified, stood beside the organ, while the sweet strains continued to issue from it. "Do you not see my father?" she whispered; but though none else saw him, all felt it was he.

Those who had gone to the Cathedral anxious but to hear St. Michael's organist came away disappointed. But those who went to St. Lucy's came away happy, telling of the wonders they had heard. All agreed that since old Master Rudolf was a saint during life, he certainly was a saint in Heaven, and God granted him the grace to come and play on his beloved organ Christmas night.

EUGENE J. LEY,

Freshman Scientific.



The Day of the Race.

It was in the month of January. The long looked-for day had come. It had proven an ideal one for ice-boating. The air was crisp and biting; the cold of the previous fortnight had frozen the large expanse of water to a depth of two feet, so that the surface was a glass-like

sheet of ice enjoyable and reliable. The wind was steady, though blowing at the rate of forty miles an hour, driving the recently fallen snow before it, thus clearing the ice.

In spite of the cold and sharp wind, fully two thousand people braved the elements in hopes of witnessing a spirited race between well-matched yachts, the pride of D——'s sportsmen. They were not disappointed.

Eight boats were entered for the race, and of these but two, being disabled, failed to complete the five-mile course.

During the first four miles, all the boats held their own. At the beginning of the fifth, honors for first place were about equal between the "Winona" and the "Swan-hill;" but, in tacking, the former gained the advantage and finished in the lead, winning by only a boat's length. The others were not far behind. The winning yacht had been sailed by my two most intimate friends, Ted Becker and Al Schaefer, who were also the owners.

The half-frozen crowd gave vent to their joy by rending the icy air with shouts and huzzas for the winners. Needless to state that my congratulations were of the heartiest.

After a hasty but joyous luncheon, my two friends and myself boarded the successful yacht to hurry to our respective homes, which were some thirty miles north of the race-course. The wind was increasing and snow-clouds were gathering, which threatened a severe storm.

We were soon on our way. Sailing with the wind, we made splendid progress, scarcely taking notice of the beautifully snow-covered shore. We were recalling the pleasant happenings of the afternoon which had proven so successful, when suddenly, shrill cries of "Help! Help!" reached our ears, borne towards us on the raging wind. Turning in the direction from whence the shouts

came, we saw a boat capsize some five hundred yards in our rear.

Al, who was at the rudder, immediately tacked about, and in a few minutes we had reached the scene of the accident. A ghostly sight met our eyes. The two who had been in the boat were now stretched unconscious upon the ice. They had been hurled from the boat and landed on sharp edges of ice, which deeply cut their faces and hands from which blood was flowing profusely.

Ted and I attempted to stop the bleeding, but in vain. In the meantime, Al prepared our boat, making it as comfortable as possible with the few blankets and the straw which we had with us. Placing the two unconscious young men aboard the boat, we began a race for life or death. The nearest doctor was at a town fully fifteen miles distant. Directing our course for that place, we gave full freedom to our faithful "Winona," and the good boat, without a mishap, covered the distance in nearly twenty minutes.

Fortunately, the doctor was at home, and in a very short time, we had the injured under his care. Blood was still flowing from the wounds, but was soon stopped. The doctor found that one of the men had broken several ribs, his comrade the right arm. He brought them back to a state of consciousness by administering warm drinks.

We learned from the sufferer, and that to our astonishment, that the ill-fated yacht was none other than the "Swan-hill," which had run so gallant a race with the "Winona." Gaining strength, the older of the two, with an occasional groan, informed us, as follows, concerning the accident.

"After the race which you so gloriously won from us, we had given a number of friends a little pleasure-ride, and were on our way home, when the frightful accident befell us. We were going along at a rapid rate, when on a sudden an air-hole appeared in the ice, and before we could steer clear of it, our boat had plunged,

hurling us upon the ice. The shouts for help, which attracted your attention were given as soon as we realized our hazardous condition." The young man, having completed his description, sank down upon his pillow entirely exhausted.

The good doctor would not permit us to depart without partaking of some warm refreshments. In all, we were at his home about two hours. But as we still had some distance to go, we dared not linger longer, although we would have liked to have remained with our newly-acquired friends, the sufferers. Consequently, amid expressions of gratitude on the part of the injured, and assurance from the doctor that his patients would soon be able to return to their homes, we once more boarded our ice-yacht and continued our journey homeward, fully confident that we had performed our day's work well.

The faithful "Winona" had won two races; out-sailing her worthy rivals in the afternoon's regatta race, and capturing for her owners the much-coveted cup, and, later on, cheating Death of two victims by hurrying the badly bruised and injured young men to the doctor's care.

FRANCIS X. ROEHRIG, '07.



Warren Hastings.

At the time Warren Hastings landed in Calcutta, in 1750, historians tell us, India was ruled by a dynasty of Mogul emperors. This dynasty began with Baber, in the sixteenth century, and constituted the strongest and most enduring power that up to this time held sway in that rich, resourceful land. The Mogul emperors held supreme dominion over the vast expanse of territory stretching from the Indus and the Himalayas southeastward to the Ganges and the sea, including a great number of districts,

provinces, subordinate chiefships, and petty kingdoms. This imperial jurisdiction flourished for about one hundred and fifty years directed by the descendants of Baber. A sudden break was occasioned however, in 1710, by the death of the powerful monarch, Aurungzebe. Incompetent successors caused a rapid decline in the power of the crown, and the crafty English traders, in the confusion of affairs that followed, seized the opportunity of relieving the Indians of their immense country and its boundless source of treasures by placing it under the control of the British Empire.

Warren Hastings, destined to be the much criticized, yet able and admired, governor of India, and whose character we will now consider, was born at Daylesford, in Worcestershire, in 1732. Although Burke and the other prosecutors describe his origin as low, obscure and vulgar, it is a decided fact that the blood of a good and ancient family coursed through his veins. The manor at Daylesford was occupied by persons bearing his name during the reign of Henry II., but the great civil war of the seventeenth century entailed a great loss upon the family, and so much suffering and misery ensued, that the homestead was sold, in 1715, by the great grandfather of Warren Hastings. A few days after his birth, Hastings' mother died, and about a year later, he was adopted by an uncle, having been cruelly deserted by his father entirely without means of support. He was first placed in a charity school by his grandfather but, at twelve years of age, fortune favored him with a course at Westminster at the expense of the uncle who had taken him in charge. Faithful application to his books resulted in his promotion to a king's scholarship, in 1747. The sudden death of his dutiful and affectionate uncle left him to the care of a distant relative, a director of the East India Company, whose sole ambition was that his youthful charge discontinue the pursuit of knowledge and distinction at the university and immediately undertake the task of mastering accounts at Christ's Hospital as a

preparation for a journey to Bengal, where employment awaited him as a writer in the Company's service. Thus it happened that after being tossed about from his earliest days, enduring untold hardships, Hastings sailed for India, in 1750, at the tender age of seventeen years. At the time he arrived in Bengal, the East India Company was beginning to interfere systematically in the quarrels of the country. Macaulay relates that, after keeping accounts for two years at Calcutta, he was despatched to an inland town called Cassimbazar close by Moorshedabad on the Ganges, where from accounts he seems to have been engaged in the silk spinning industry. In 1755, he was promoted to the Factory Council. Having been taken prisoner with a number of others engaged in a quarrel with a native prince, Surajah Dowlah, he was released as security and immediately began communications with the British at Calcutta. His next venture was in commerce, at which he proved a complete failure and, after undergoing many strange incidents and perilous adventures, he returned to London, in 1764, at a time when Bengalese affairs were in a state of complete disarray. Hastings remained in England from 1764-'69 and very little is known of his actions during this interval. He possessed very little money when he arrived and, in a short time, he was confronted by financial embarrassment. He embarked from Dover in 1769, after having borrowed money for his outfit.

In 1772, Warren Hastings assumed the governorship of Bengal. From this time, his fortune turned out quite different to that of former occasions. After two years of strenuous and diligent work, he was promoted to the office of president and governor of Bengal, an appointment which he received chiefly on account of the ability which he had shown in the reformation of the Company's Administration at Madras. His position was greatly enlarged, a few years later being transformed into a governor-generalship, which position he held for a period of thirteen years.

It was during this extended tenancy of office that so many serious and malicious charges were made against the character of Hastings. True, they were not based on groundless suppositions. The actions of Hastings were open to criticism, but, before forming an adverse opinion, it is well to consider the state of affairs both in India and England. No governor-general of India has since held office so long; none of his successors have been confronted with such enormous difficulties as those prevailing in India in his time; none have surmounted so many obstacles under such a great responsibility, receiving so little support and encountering such powerful and vexatious opposition, both in England and India. The cause and consequence of his many complex transactions have been more widely discussed and less thoroughly understood than those of any man who held a similar office. The confusion reigning in India and the jealousy prevailing in England account for the majority of the accusations against his political complications.

The widespread influence of Hastings was materially diminished in India by the announcement, in 1782, of the resolution of the House of Commons advocating his dismissal. The hour was at hand. His political star was rapidly waning; a career of hardships and trials was drawing to a close,—a career which could have been endured only by a man of the calibre of Warren Hastings. Rashly and unjustly criticized by people who would probably have dropped dead had they encountered the same circumstances, as did Hastings in India, he did not hesitate to face his accusers in England. The high honor and esteem in which he was undoubtedly held by all classes of Indians was attested to by the many farewell addresses delivered and the universal expression of regret that prevailed at his departure from India, in 1785, circumstances which forcibly contradicted the opinion of his character current in England. He left India, the possessor beyond a doubt of the highest reputation as a statesman and an administrator.

Arriving in England, in June, 1785, he was accorded an apparently cordial reception by a host of his enemies. A short while later, Edmund Burke began the famous agitation for impeachment of Warren Hastings, governor-general of India. In May, 1787, attended by a large number of members, Burke, before the House of Lords, formally impeached Warren Hastings under the charge of high crimes and misdemeanors in connection with his administration of affairs of India. This trial is recorded as the most famous occurrence of like nature in the annals of English history. All the wealth, power, eloquence and influence of a mighty nation were brought to bear against a solitary individual standing defiant before the royalty and a vast concourse of distinguished personages assembled in the House of Lords. Sheridan delivered, against the conduct of Hastings, one of the most eloquent speeches ever heard in England. Were Hastings really and truly guilty of the charges preferred against him, he would have been immediately convicted, such was the overwhelming hatred that prevailed. But he was not convicted. The trial continued at intervals during seven long years and the majority of his accusers having withdrawn from public life, justice triumphed and our hero was almost unanimously acquitted, in April, 1795, after having been rendered practically penniless by the enormous expense of the trial.

Following his restoration to public favor, Hastings was granted a pension of £ 4000, for a period of twenty-eight and one-half years, in addition to a large payment in advance and £ 50,000 as a loan free of interest. This resulted in the accomplishment of his life-long desire, the purchase of the Doylesford estate where, for many years, he devoted himself to a life of retirement and comparative obscurity. In 1813, the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him by the University of Oxford. In 1814, his name was added to the list of Privy Councillors. In 1818, his health began to fail and, the infirmities of old age having made themselves ap-

parent with advancing years, his soul took flight from its mortal coil on August 18, 1818, after a painful illness of six weeks. His remains were interred in a vault of Doylesford Church and a bust with an inscription, in Westminster Abbey, commemorate the life and career of a man who by sheer force of character and administrative abilities worked his way from a lowly position to a rank of high honor and importance, the value of whose labors his country was slow to recognize and appreciate, accepting the benefits, but disliking the ways of his too masterly activity.

P. G. MISKLOW, '07.



Eloquence Is Mightier Than the Sword.

It is an undisputed fact that eloquence possesses a power that cannot be comprehended. The influence which an orator exerts at times over the minds of men is indeed marvelous. There is no other power which human beings are capable of using that has done so much good for mankind in general. No fair-minded person will dispute this fact.

Eloquence has been defined as that power which a speaker uses to make his hearers think as he thinks, to feel as he feels, and to determine as he has determined, that power which transfers the passions or sentiments with which he is possessed into the breast of another. The ancients, who lived principally by the sword, represented eloquence as lightning bearing down every opponent; the power which has turned whole assemblies into astonishment, admiration and awe; the power that is described by the torrent, the flame, and every other instance of irresistible impetuosity.

Two arguments would seem to favor the sword. The first is that of the capture of Jerusalem from the Saracens by the Crusaders. Of course, eloquence could

not have subdued the Saracens, but it was eloquence that stirred the Crusaders to action. And even then the sword was of little avail, for it was not long after that the Saracens again took Jerusalem and they occupy it to the present day. A nation or people cannot be said to be truly conquered who must be continually subdued.

The second argument is that the sword has a power which eloquence does not possess, that of destroying human lives without deriving any benefit therefrom, except the glory derived from the shedding of blood that all savages enjoy, or the joy that the wild beasts of the forest feel when some traveller falls a prey to their ferocity.

The sword has a brutalizing tendency, whereas eloquence has a very high aim. Eloquence uplifts the heart to noble deeds. It exerts its greatest power in the cause of justice and humanity. In such cases, it has resulted in wonderful influence for good. History furnishes many examples. Books have been written solely to relate the magnificent achievements of famous orators.

Demosthenes, a Greek, gave proof of the awful power of eloquence when he spoke against Philip of Macedonia, who wished to destroy Grecian liberty. And, again, going at the head of an embassy to Thebes, which city was an ally of Philip, he made such a powerful address that Thebes forsook Philip and united with the Athenians against the common enemy of Grecian liberty.

Rome, too, had powerful orators whose voices effected far more for the city than the swords of the soldiers. Cicero was the greatest. His oration against Verres, who had tortured a Roman citizen within sight of the City of Rome, was so strong that Verres did not wait to be sentenced, but went into voluntary exile. His greatest oratorical effort, perhaps, was his orations against Cataline, who formed a conspiracy against Rome. Through Cicero's efforts the conspiracy was suppressed, and Cataline himself fell in battle.

England also had men whose powers of eloquence did more for their country than her greatest generals. Burke, Erskine, Pitt and Fox are among the most famous. Our own country was not without her share of orators, as she can boast of such men as Henry Clay, Calhoun and Webster, who made their voices heard wherever and whenever Liberty and Justice were at stake.

Such men as these helped more than the leaders of armies to gain freedom for America. If they had not instilled the love of freedom into the minds of the Colonists by their eloquence, the generals would not have been able to get soldiers. And perhaps America today would be ruled by England.

Again, take England's side of the question. If she had listened to and followed the admonitions of Burke, both countries would have profited by it and the colonies might have been content to remain under English government. But some might say that this is in favor of the sword on the American side of the question, as by it we obtained our freedom. But would it not have been far better to have obtained it through eloquence?

Even in battle, eloquence plays the leading role. History gives many instances of this. However, one will be necessary here. It is related of a certain general that seeing his army retreat, he rushed back to head them off and, after a short, eloquent speech, inspired them with new courage, then led them to turn upon the enemy and win the battle.

It is a fact which cannot be denied that, wherever victory was won by the sword, the conquered had to be continually subdued. Even while being subdued, they have turned upon their conquerors and put them to flight. There are very few instances, if any, where a nation was conquered by the sword that it could be said to be entirely subdued. At once, subdued by eloquence, they never again rise in revolt.

Now, if eloquence possesses that power of making others feel as we feel, if it was believed to have such

mighty power as described by the Ancients, if Demosthenes and all the other famous orators mentioned did such magnanimous service for their countries in times of trying crisis simply through the powers of eloquence, if America obtained her freedom mostly through eloquence, if it was the one great power that stirred men to action in battle and led them to believe that to die fighting for their country was the noblest of deaths, to produce further proof would be useless to show that Eloquence is mightier than the Sword.

R. A. HANLEY, '09.



Brutus In Conspiracy.

"Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma; or a hideous dream:
The genius and mortal instruments
Are then in council: and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection."

Had Brutus but regarded the dreadful thing then uppermost in his mind with unbiased attention, how different might not the annals of Roman history be to-day! Flattery and a false view of duty, however, instilled in his heart an apparent and unreal obligation. The slaying of Caesar was, indeed, a very dreadful thing, and truly the interim which existed between the first motion and the enactment must have been like unto a horrible nightmare to one who had ever dreamed bright dreams of honor and duty. The soul and bodily powers must have been taxed to their utmost by these inward conflicts and deliberations. No wonder the mental and physical powers were up in rebellion over such a terrible crime!

Since Cassius first implanted the worm of discontent

in the heart of Brutus, 'tis not strange that he did not sleep. Well he knew that the "honorable metal" could be wrought from that it was disposed to and did not, therefore, hesitate to hammer it into a shape suitable to his own designs. He wielded the sledge of flattery with telling effect, each stroke of that mighty weapon defacing the "honorable metal." Few, indeed, were the strokes; few were needed. The first blow destroyed the beautiful appearance; those following were but to rearrange the shape for a dishonorable purpose. By his flattering words, he forced Brutus to believe that Caesar was ambitious, even though he had thrice refused a crown. Was the refusing of a crown the act of an ambitious man? Would either Brutus or Cassius have refused a crown offered by the people? Jealousy, concealed in the garb of public interest, was the real essence of their opposition to Caesar. Brutus and Cassius had ever been close friends until Cassius, with all his craftiness, brought enmity between them. Brutus did not realize the truth of Cassius' words:

"Therefore 'tis meet that noble minds
Keep ever with their likes."

The thing Brutus thought so dreadful, would probably have been unnoticed had he not permitted Cassius to play upon his weakness. Cassius, even though he was a brother-in-law, should have been repulsed when he first laid bare the conspiracy which was afterwards the cause of so much sorrow and discontent in Rome. Even at the time the plot was maturing, the inward conflicts should have resulted in favor of Caesar, not Cassius. The seed of discontent was carefully sown, however, and, in a very short time, bloomed forth in all its repulsiveness.

"The state of man, like to a little kingdom," must indeed 'suffer the nature of an insurrection' when the slaying of an innocent person is projected. Brutus, laboring under an illusion, experienced this, but did not

possess the qualities of a good general to ward it off or prevent disaster in the "little kingdom." The result of the "insurrection" was the worst that could have possibly happened, namely, the assassination of Caesar. Caesar resisted the faction organized by Cassius as he had resisted mighty armies sent against Rome by her enemies. The power that made him renowned on the field of battle deserted him, however, when Brutus appeared before him, with dagger raised on high, ready to deliver the blow that would sever the bonds of friendship forever. In his last gasping breath, Caesar uttered the heart-rending words: "*Et tu, Brute,*" and fell dead. Oh! the remorse and shame that must have been enkindled in the heart of Brutus, strive as he might to conceal his act under the appearance of an honorable deed and one that would benefit Rome!

Fly not: stand still:—Ambition's debt is paid."

"People and Senators! be not affrighted,

Were the feelings of Brutus sincere when he uttered these words, or were they only apparently so? Could he rejoice in the same measure as did Cassius? No. He was, to a great extent, merely a tool in the eager grasp of Cassius who, by his subtle designs, ensnared the unwary victim. Caesar had ever been the champion of the people's cause, having joined the Democratic party at a very tender age. In return the people were devoted to him, recognizing his great ability both as a warrior and as a statesman. Did he not subdue the aristocratic Pompey, thereby benefitting Rome wonderfully, wresting her from the clutches of an Autocrat?

Cassius attained his end, but would scarcely have done so without the assistance of Brutus. Cassius sought vengeance against Caesar merely because he was not favored: Brutus sought the greater honor and glory of Rome, but in reality the result of the conspiracy was dishonorable to the State. Brutus experienced great mental and physical pain prior to the assassination of

Caesar; what must have been the torture following it! "The state of man like to a little kingdom" must have suffered, not the nature of an insurrection, but the overthrow of the government. To him each day during the interim between his rash act and the time he committed suicide on the plains of Phillipi must have resembled a phantasma or hideous dream much greater than that which he experienced after "Cassius first did whet him against Caesar."

J. B. KEATING, '07.



Catholic University.

The Rector's Report on the Catholic University of America, at Washington, for the last year, has created a very favorable impression on all sides, by proof of careful and creditable administration. The collection amounted to \$100,489.45. As the University is now free from debt, this sum has been employed, partly in meeting current expenses and partly in increasing the endowment fund which at present amounts to \$431,290.16 and which is invested in the best securities. The critical phase in its history has passed without the closing of one department or the releasing of one professor.

Dr. Monaghan of the University recently delivered a lecture before the Faculty and students in our college hall on Opportunity. He possesses a power of magnetic eloquence extremely rare.

The receipts of the society for the preservation of the faith among Indian children for the year 1906 has been \$23,401.16—a gain of \$8,443.95 over the receipts of the year previous.

Pittsburg College Bulletin

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

| | |
|--------------------|------------------------|
| EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, | J. R. Cox, '07. |
| ASSISTANT EDITOR, | C. A. FEHRENBACH, '07. |
| EXCHANGES, . . . | P. G. MISKLOW, '07. |
| LOCALS, . . . | J. A. CARLOS, '08. |
| ATHLETICS, . . . | T. F. RYAN, '08. |
| ALUMNI, . . . | T. A. DUNN, '09. |
| SOCIETIES, . . . | G. L. KING, '10. |
| CONCERTS, . . . | R. A. BROWN, '09. |
| BUSINESS MANAGERS, | M. J. MINICK, '07. |
| | J. H. MCGRAW, '10. |
| | C. A. CLEAR, '11. |

PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

VOL. XIII.

JANUARY, 1907.

No. 4.

EDITORIAL.

Japanese War News.

In every yellow Journal of the day, we see in large headlines, almost every day, "War with Japan imminent," "Japs ready to fight Uncle Sam," etc., and we begin to think, "where there is so much smoke, there must be a little fire," but this does not really seem to be smoke at all; it is only vapor from warm imaginations.

Even though Japan wished to fight the United States, could she do so, after just closing a war which has taxed her treasury to such an extent, that even the most faithful supporters of the Japanese Government are clamoring and accusing their government of extravagance? The Japanese people are so wrought up that it would take

a very small spark to inflame a revolution; can such a government dream of attacking a country like ours, at the zenith of its prosperity and with a treasury large enough to buy Japan?

If Japan had the money; if she could float a loan large enough to carry on a war, would she have the naval and military ability to defeat us? If she began a war with us, she would have to defeat us decisively to gain any advantage at all, because to merely declare war and fight us to gain our enmity would not be very advantageous to a country which leans on us for sustenance and manufacturing development.

England's friendship for Japan is only as all British friendship is for the benefit of John Bull alone, not for the little yellow men, and the Japs are wise enough to see this; they value our friendship as real and personal, not a diplomatic, paper friendship, and the Jap people and government would sacrifice England any time for their friend of 1854, who opened their ports to the world, who educated their sons, and shaped their political career, enabling them by the installation of modern methods into brave receptacles to defeat the great country of North Europe in the now famous Russo-Japanese War.

Japan needs us, we can use Japan, and, where the necessity is mutual, the two parties are not likely to quarrel, weaken themselves and become preys for the ravenous birds of Europe which would gladly sap their resources and feed on their carcasses.



The French Question.

We all acquiesce in the opinion of such eminent men as Pope Pius X., Cardinal Gibbons, and Archbishop Farley, that the conduct of the French Government towards the Catholic Church and ecclesiastical property in France is iniquitous, unjust and unlawful, yet we can-

not but lose patience with a people, whose institutions, whose genealogy, whose teaching and population is overwhelmingly Catholic, who suffer such injustice against themselves, from a miserable minority of Atheists and Jews.

The plea is brought forward that the minority control the government, that they preside in the law courts, teach in the schools and officer the army; in fact, that they have every avenue of escape to liberty for French Catholics blocked by cannon, soldiers and law.

This is no excuse at all.

Here in America the Catholics have less share in the Government than the French Catholic in his government, yet we are free, and free because we manfully maintained our rights.

During the "Know Nothing," riots in New York City in the last century, the Catholics of this country forced a crisis similar to the one in France to-day, but we had at our head an energetic American-bred ecclesiastic, Archbishop Hughes, of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York. We prepared to meet force with force if the threats of the "Know Nothings" were carried out, and strange to say, "Nothing is Known," of this element in American life from that time.

It is not good policy to sit down and say, "There's a divinity that shapes our ends." When we have no "ends" to shape, what is the divinity going to do?

The French Catholics should waken from their slumber of terror, brought on by the destructive work of the French Revolution, should choose a leader, frame a policy of defence against a "cabal" that wishes to take religion up by the roots and exterminate the very idea of God from the hearts and souls of the French people.

"God helps them that help themselves!"

What would we Americans do, if there were thirty-three millions who wished one thing, and one million Government officials who wanted something else?

Messages of condolence and sympathy are poor pro-

tection from the rain and cold. What is needed is one message spurring Frenchmen to action, to do their duty, and to follow some leader who will replace God at the head of their government, and the cross as their old, time-honored national standard.

J. R. Cox, '07.



EXCHANGES.

By way of a general remark, it can be said that a great many exchange men are hypercritical. What is the value of discussing whether or not the introduction of each article should be ornamented with artistic type? And why judge a magazine by its cover? Such comments and many others of like nature are, to say the least, trifling and superficial.

It is very pleasing to note the high standard that young ladies have attained in the field of College Journalism, some of their papers ranking among the best of our Exchanges.

The *Agnesian Monthly*, is entertaining and instructive, suitable both to advanced and younger students. The poetry is unusually good. "A Socialist of the Sixteenth Century," is on a level with the leading articles of the month. It treats of the life and works of St. Peter Fourier, "The Francis de Sales of Lorraine," friend of the working classes and founder of the congregation of the Nuns of Notre Dame. "Nature's Preparations" is an excellent bit of composition for a young student.

The *Loretto Magazine* holds rank among the high-class productions that visit our Sanctum. The articles entitled "St. Cecelia in Art," and "St. Catherine of Alexandria" display delicate, artistic treatment of deserving and dignified subjects.

Our friend, the *Victorian*, contains a laugh-producing sketch entitled "An Autobiography," in which the

author shows admirable skill in the portrayal of juvenile character. A book in the same tone would be extremely delightful.

We are in receipt of the *St. Thomas Collegian*, a quarterly hailing from St. Paul, Minn., and beyond a doubt it is the champion exchange in choice reading matter. A well written editorial contains some very convincing arguments against the much discussed Spelling Reform, insisting "that changes in spelling must come in the future as they came in the past—gradually and naturally and not with undue haste nor surgical operations." "Casuistry" is a very grave yet interesting discourse in Moral Philosophy. What is most pleasing, however, is the poetry, sparkling with vivacity and containing all the essentials of the real article; choice, material expression of elevated thoughts, embellished by that delicate harmonious characteristic, the absence of which is so conspicuous and repulsive to a reader. We are sorry to learn from the Greek verse that "Everybody worked but Father," even in the ancient days of Archilochus. Poor old man!

The Christmas number of the *Spectator* is a vast improvement on the preceding issue containing many timely and instructive articles. The Christmas cover poem is truly beautiful.

P. G. M., '07.



Student Officers.

Subjoined are lists of the officers whose names, by virtue of honor entailed, offer interest to readers:

Sodality of the Holy Ghost.

Director, V. Rev. M. A. Hehir, C. S. Sp.; Prefect, P. G. Misklow; 1st Assistant, F. J. Stack; 2nd Assistant, E. F. Jackson; Treasurer, B. G. McGuigan; Secretary,

M. J. Brennan; Librarian, T. F. Ryan, Standard Bearer, F. J. Toohill.

Sodality of the Blessed Sacrament.

Director, Rev. J. J. Laux, C. S. Sp.; Prefect, R. V. Conway; 1st Assistant, E. J. McKnight; 2nd Assistant, P. J. Dugan; Secretary, Joseph McGraw; Treasurer, G. J. Bullion; Librarian, J. J. Cain; Standard Bearer, George Angel.

Sodality of the Immaculate Heart.

Director, Rev. Thomas Giblin, C. S. Sp.; Prefect, J. A. Mahon; 1st Assistant, J. J. Dean; 2nd Assistant, L. N. Callahan; Secretary, T. B. Curtin; Treasurer, J. G. Smisko; Librarian, T. F. Callahan; Standard Bearer, P. E. Fitzgibbons.

Sodality of the Holy Angels.

Director, Rev. A. D. Gavin, C. S. Sp.; Prefect, B. H. Swint; 1st Assistant, M. C. Donovan; 2nd Assistant, J. J. Gannon; Secretary, J. J. Hawks; Treasurer, F. S. Clifford; Librarian, J. J. Lappan; Standard Bearer, C. A. Downey.

Sodality of the Child Jesus.

Director, Rev. M. J. Sonnefeld, C. S. Sp., Prefect, E. Silber; 1st Assistant, S. R. Snyder; 2nd Assistant, L. E. Carroll; Secretary, Ed. Burns; Treasurer, John Rattigan; Librarian, N. T. Cronin; Standard Bearer, R. E. Buerkle.

Total Abstinence Union.

President, Rev. Thomas Giblin, C. S. Sp.; 1st Vice-President, B. G. McGuigan; 2nd Vice-President, E. F. Jackson; Recording Secretary, M. J. Brennan; Corresponding Secretary, G. S. King; Treasurer, T. F. Ryan; Librarian, Joseph Keating; Organizer and Marshal, Ed. McKnight.

Class Prefects.

Senior, George L. Quinn; Junior, Bernard G. McGuigan; Sophomore, Thomas J. Dunn; Freshman, Edward J. McKnight; I. Academic, Joseph J. Creighton; II. Academic, Benjamin H. Swint; III. Academic (A), John F. Gillespie; III. Academic (B), George A. Ditz; IV. Academic, Theodore S. Gillespie; Grammar, Edward S. Silber; I. English Commercial, John A. Mahon; II. English Commercial, Francis J. Whittman; III. English Commercial, Norman C. Huckestein; IV. English Commercial, Arthur E. Coultas; Scientific, Thomas H. Skarry.

Euchre Party.

The Athletic Committees have decided to hold a Euchre and Reception on the night of February 8, at Turners' Auditorium in Forbes Street. The proceeds from this event will go towards defraying the expenses of all the athletics for the present year. Many beautiful prizes have been secured for the Euchre. The success of this affair rests entirely on the boys themselves. So come along, Bluffites, and hustle out the tickets. Let us show that we can "push a good thing along" to success.

Society Note.

Last September, the first German Class organized a Literary and Debating Society. Already they have more than 150 volumes of the best prose and verse, besides several periodicals. They have debates and recitations in class almost every week. The officers are: C. Fehrenbach, '07, President; L. Zindler, '07, Vice-President; G. Bullion, '09, Treasurer; F. Roehrig, '07, Secretary; J. Rossenbach, '08, Librarian.



Don't forget: It is going to take place on the night of February 8th.

ATHLETICS.

The Students' Athletic Committee consists of Messrs. Frank J. Stack, Chairman; James R. Cox, Tice F. Ryan, John A. Gwyer, and Martin J. Brennan.

We feel assured that these are the boys to hold up their end of the work, and to infuse the college spirit into the new students, and revive it in the old ones.

Roller Polo.

Just a little hard luck in our first game, boys! We certainly expected to win, but just the day before the game, Toohill, the speedy first rush, went on the sick list with a severe attack of tonsilitis, and even in this condition, he played a plucky game throughout the first period. For the remainder of the game, McGraw, the lightest and youngest boy in the League, took his place and showed some neat stick work.

Brennan made some pretty shots, but failed to cage them. King played a hard game, and did his best to offset the defeat. Captain Ryan did what he could by encouraging his players, and by checking many of the rushes of E. L. A.

And now we come to Gwyer, the nervy goaltender, who made stop after stop, many of them sensational ones. He also showed the proper spirit by "kidding" his opponents when they failed to get a shot past him.

The game:

PITTSBURG COLLEGE—0

E. L. A—5

| | | |
|----------------------|-----------|-------------|
| Toohill, McGraw..... | F. R..... | Robinson |
| Ryan, King..... | S. R..... | Hockensmith |
| Brennan..... | C..... | Nuttal |
| King, Ryan..... | H. B..... | Horner |
| Gwyer..... | G..... | Wainwright |

Summary:—Goals, 1 period; Hockensmith, Nuttal, 2: 11 period; Nuttal, 2, Hockensmith. Fouls, E. L. 4, (which take one point from the score). Stops; Gwyer, 24: Wainwright, 14. Referee, Mr. Sipe.

The remaining games of the League have been

indefinitely postponed until some new arrangements are completed.

Pool.

The fascinating game of pool has fastened no weak hold
On some of our brave lads this year, as all of us behold.
Geometry and Trig. as well, some tricks to them have shown
Of how to make the angles: they're "sharks" we all must own.
There's Fehrenbach and Misklow, too, wise seniors, dignified;
Who, ev'ry kind of "posish," play that ever has been tried.
Among the Sophs, its victims are "Buck" Whelan, "George," and
Dunn.

These three in friendly rivalry attempt the highest "run."
Not only 'mong the larger boys, but 'mong the small as well
We find some future *nonpareil*, as time alone can tell.



It's up to us, boys, so bring your friends to the
Euchre.



Examinations.

The results of the second term examinations were proclaimed in the college hall on January 29. The following students obtained first place in their respective classes: A. G. Johns, J. F. Carroll, C. A. Mayer, A. P. Dzmura, J. A. Mahon, G. P. Parker, R. C. Gaugler, F. J. Wittmann, C. L. McCormick, B. Wisniewski, T. A. Skarry, C. E. Clair, J. V. O'Connor, O. H. Stiedle, G. A. Ditz, F. J. Mueller, J. B. Emmons and J. Markman.

One hundred and forty-four honor cards were distributed, and the results of the term's work was considered very satisfactory.



HERE'S hoping to see yourselves and immediate friends carry away the prizes.

Entertainments.

From even a cursory glance at the appended lists of selections by the orchestra, of recitations, songs and debates, it will be perceived that the winter months have not been without attractions on Sunday evenings. The participants acquitted themselves most creditably, and selections have been rendered worthy to be placed on the programmes for public performances before the close of the school year. The members of the orchestra must be congratulated on their regular attendance, the following never failing to be present: Messrs. Cronin, Neilan, Stack, McGuire, Gwyer, Randig, Staud, Egan, Darby and Telerski.

Selections by the Orchestra: March, Sir Nigel, *Venuto*; Autumn, *Moret*; Waltz, *Gloriana*, *Brewer*; Rag Two Step, *Noodles*, *Wenrich*; The Darkies' Jubilee, *Turner*; Medley, George Washington, Junior, *Cohan*; Overture, From Dawn to Twilight, *Bennet*; Waltz, In the Golden Days, *Stimpson*; Intermezzo, *Zola*, *Johnson*; Galop, *Pappa Lost*, *Faeder*; March, *Cheyenne*, *Van Alstyne*; Medley Overture, Bits of Remick's Hits, *Lampe*; March, Camp Meeting Time, *Lampe*; A Delectable Rag, *Peaches and Cream*, *Wenrich*; Sunshine *Erickson*; March, The Stars and Stripes Forever, *Sousa*.

Instrumental Solos, etc.: Xylophone Solo, *Dixie Blossoms*, *Wenrich*; C. J. Staud; Brass Quartet, The Chapel, *Kreutzer*, Messrs. Weis, Neilan, McGuire, Staud; Violin and Piano, *My Lady of Kentucky*, M. J. and B. H. Mulvihill; Violin and Piano Duet, *Stabat Mater*, *Rossini*, Rev. J. Griffin, Professor C. B. Weis; Piano Solo, *L. Argentine* (*Ketterer*, op. 21) J. C. Moeller; Duet, *Mandolin and Guitar*, The Corporal's Guard, C. J. McGuire and B. H. Swint; Piano Duet, *Serenade*, *Spielman*, Rev. J. Griffin, G. A. Ley; Violin Duet, The Charm, *Deems*, F. J. Stack and C. J. McGuire; Piano Duet, The Fairy Queen, Rev. J. Griffin and John Egan; Cornet Solo, *Afterwards*, F. J. Neilan; Violin and Piano, *Scene de Ballet*, *De Beriot*, Rev. J. Griffin and G. A. Ley; Piano Solo, *Gallop Favori*, *Leo Lavelle*; Xylophone Solo, *Chatterbox*, C. J. Staud.

Songs: The Dearest Spot, J. J. Gannon; Chorus, *Columbia*, Juniors; Ever of Thee, J. J. Gannon and R. J. Leahy; You'll Remember Me, G. L. King; Chorus, *Hard Times*, Juniors; *Twilight*, *Abt*, J. F. Corcoran, G. A. Ley, E. A. Mertz and C. A. Sanderbeck; Chorus, *I would I were a Star*, Juniors; *Courage*, *Petrie*, J. L. Sullivan; *Good Night But Not Good-bye*, J. J. Millard, J. F. Malloy, F. J. Stack, J. R. Cox; *Over the Ocean Blue*, P. H. Broderick; *Somebody's Waiting For Me*, J. L. Sullivan.

Recitations: *Lady Yeardley's Guest*, T. A. Feeney; the Fate of Virginia, J. J. Hawks; The Ruined Cottage, E. F. McKnight; *Over the Hills to the Poorhouse*, W. C. Jacob; The Octoroon, J. J. Creighton; The Boy From Town, M. J. Yates; The African Chief,

B. H. Mulvihill; Emmet's Vindication, G. A. Ditz; The Blind Men and the Elephant, T. J. Laux; The Deserter, O. H. Steedle; Smile Whenever You Can, A. Hochendoner; The Village Blacksmith, W. F. Maroney; Asleep at the Switch, G. J. Kurtz.

Debates: Resolved, That Cuba be annexed to the United States—P. J. Dooley, J. F. Carroll, C. B. Hannigan, J. L. Buerkle, J. Gwyer; Resolved, That trial by Jury ensures justice—H. H. Malone, F. Toobill, D. P. Murphy, J. A. Rossenbach, P. G. Misklow; Resolved, That newspaper reports of crime and criminal proceedings have a demoralizing influence upon the public—E. L. Jackson, B. G. McGuigan, A. G. Johns, J. B. Keating, T. F. Ryan; Resolved, That eloquence is mightier than the sword—T. J. Dunn, J. A. Whelan, R. V. Conway, R. A. Brown, J. J. Cain; Resolved, That the study of the authors of the classical period is more beneficial than the study of the authors of the Elizabethan period—T. J. Szule, J. H. McGraw, G. L. King, M. J. Mulvihill, A. P. Dzmura.

JOHN DIMLING,
President.

FRED. FICHTEL,
Vice President.

CHAS. E. SCHUETZ,
Cashier.

Western Savings & Deposit Bank

531 Smithfield Street, Pittsburg, Pa.

Accounts of Individuals and Corporations Solicited.

4% Paid on Time Deposits 2% Paid on Checking Accounts.

JOHN EHRLINGER,

PRACTICAL CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

Cor. Van Braam and Edna Streets,

Bell Phone 2261 Grant.
P. & A. Phone 1919 Main.

PITTSBURG, PA

COLLEGE SHOES

All young men appreciate

"Snappy Shoe Styles." ... Our \$3.50 Specials.

Schmidt's Shoe Store,

614 Smithfield Street,

Pittsburg, Pa.

Pittsburg College Bulletin

Vol. XIII. Pittsburg, Pa., February, 1907.

No. 5.

Lamp of the Sanctuary.

Lo ! before the sacred temple
Of Jehovah, burning bright,
Love-inspiring flame of sweetness
Is the Sanctuary Light.

Guard thou art, for ages gleaming;
Thou invitest all to prayer—
For the Sacred Heart of Jesus
High enthroned is reigning there.

E'er uplifting souls to Heaven
Spreading far a fragrance mild
Beacon art thou, o'er the billows,
To direct the wayward child.

Bowed in deepest adoration
Thou the herald of the King
To our dearest Friend, the Savior,
Wouldst our souls triumphant bring.

Onward hast thou e'er directed
Those who sought the blissful place
Guide, once more, a weary pilgrim
To the light of Heaven's grace.

PHIL. G. MISKLOW, '07.

A Catholic Daily.

Every time we pick up one of the non-sectarian daily papers and read some report of Catholic interest, we invariably put it away with a regret that Catholics have no official organ, through which their actions may be correctly reported.

In this statement we do not intend our readers to infer that the regular dailies do not do their best to satisfy their Catholic patrons, because in truth they do their utmost, but their editors and reportorial staff are not in sympathy and feeling with Catholics especially: their aim is to satisfy the general public.

Some people may say, "why should Catholics have a special daily organ for their news any more than the Episcopalians, Methodists, etc.?"

The reasons are many and various, but the most important of all arises from the fact that we are the most numerous and best organized body in this country. Bodies inferior in number and influence have their "dailies," through which their opinions and sentiments are given to the public; so why not a Pittsburg Catholic daily?

Another reason is this: the word "Catholic" stands for truth and honesty, and, if we had a Catholic daily, we could look for daily truth at the breakfast table, and not be afraid of being misled by an individual editor's opinion; a Catholic paper would have to print decent, honest news, because, if it failed to come up to what our priesthood and bishops thought it should be, it would quickly be condemned, and Episcopal condemnation would sound its death knell. The greatest asset of a Catholic daily would be to have official Church recognition, and it would be to the interest of the management to keep up to the Catholic Standard of Truth.

The Jews of Pittsburg have a daily paper! And it is prosperous.

The Germans of Pittsburg have their *Beobachter*, and

it is rather "observing," too, since it never fails to have two or three good, solid pages of advertising matter every day; so ye heterogeneous mass of English speaking Catholics, get busy, and bring forth your daily Catholic; you cannot fail; the Church officials would welcome you gladly; Catholic and Protestant business men would quickly see the advantages of adds in a Catholic paper, and you would have to run a 16 page edition every day; Catholic financiers would jump at the chance to operate a gold mine on easy terms; and the circulation would be the least of your troubles; every Catholic home would have to get the paper which had the picture of their Church and pastor in it now and again and told something of the "doings" of themselves and their societies. So ye men who are looking for a good thing, come, push in the direction of a Pittsburg Catholic daily.

J. R. Cox, '07.



Musawo, the Converted Chief.

On the left bank of the Owigi, northeast of the Holy Cross Mission, established for the conversion of the Eshira tribe by the missionaries of the Holy Ghost, the eye discovers a small village pitched like the eyrie of an eagle on a declivity, which commands a view of the Owigi valley.

The owner of the village is old Musawo, who at one time possessed great influence. His name was highly respected and, whenever he spoke in public, his words never failed to fascinate his auditors and incline them to agree to his proposals. During the Palavers, he would always hold the presidency and despatch with admirable skill and facility the various points under consideration. Never, in public, did any of his subjects venture to tax him with cruelty or injustice, though, in secret, he was

often made an object of denouncement on the part of those on whom, some time or another, he had vented his anger. And surely enough, Musawo was very cruel, for woe betide him who had the misfortune to incur his displeasure !

As a hunter, Musawo enjoyed a reputation like none other among his own people as well as among the neighboring tribe.

He knew all the secret paths that threaded the virgin forest. He had trodden them all in the pursuit of game. Whenever he put his old rifle to his shoulder and fired, he was nearly always sure to kill his prey. Once, however, Diana failed to be propitious to him. For one day he met a piece of game which would in no way allow itself to be trifled with. A mighty gorilla had risen before him, showing his teeth and ready to tear him to pieces, should he dare to approach. Was Musawo to retreat? Would not his people censure him as a coward, if he did? Beside, he was not at all the man to let himself be intimidated. Never yet in his life had he yielded an inch in the face of the enemy, and he said to himself: "A gorilla shall not bring disgrace upon me by overcoming me." The game, too, he thought, was well worth a little trouble and a trifling danger.

The chief took aim at the gorilla and fired. With a tremendous echo the shot resounded through the quiet forest and was followed by the deafening roar of the ferocious gorilla. The cloud of smoke had hardly vanished when the wounded brute threw himself upon the huntsman and dashed him to the ground. The law of the desert, "eye for eye, tooth for tooth," now prevailed over the scene. Musawo defended himself like a lion, in order to get the upper hand and to keep from his throat the teeth of his adversary. The spot where they were wrestling became tinged with their blood. Musawo received wound upon wound, but the blows he dealt with his cutlass and the immense loss of blood caused the strength of the gorilla gradually to dwindle away. Before

he died, however, he opened his mouth once more to seize upon his foe. He caught hold of his left foot and bit it off at the ankle. Then the forest became again silent. The gorilla was dead and Musawo a cripple.

The chief had escaped death, it is true, but this consoling thought did by no means comfort him. For how could life afford him pleasure, now that he, the mighty chief, was rendered incapable of every kind of work? No longer was he able to indulge in his favorite sport, which, besides the enjoyment it had given him, had provided him with his daily meat. Moreover, he could no longer attend the court sessions, and he thought himself to be of no use whatever in this world, good enough only to empty the cooking-pots.

Musawo had lost too much and could not resign himself to his new situation. The thought occurred to his mind: "Would that I were dead and rid of all my sufferings!" And indeed, Musawo was to be pitied. Only with difficulty did he drag himself from one hut to another. Had the Eshira known of any such things as crutches, Musawo's lot could have been easily alleviated.

MUSAWO'S RELATION TO THE MISSION.

Meanwhile, the time came around when the missionaries investigated the country with the view of establishing a new station. The report that white men, with many articles of exchange, had arrived spread rapidly among the Eshira tribe. As the people were well-disposed, the climate comparatively favorable and the country charming, the establishment of the mission was definitely decided upon. With the eager assistance of the natives, the dwelling rose above the ground in a short time, and as soon as it was completed, the elders of the village came daily to salute and congratulate the white men. They then told everyone that came their way of the reception the missionary had tendered them; they expressed their admiration at the wondrous novelties they had seen and, lastly, proclaimed the affable and kind

disposition of the men of God. And henceforward the throng desirous to see the missionaries and their curiosities increased daily.

The only one unable to pay them a visit was the old invalid chief. He however sent his children who, in delivering to the missionaries a small present, might beg them to excuse him. These children related the tragic issue of the struggle with the gorilla and the dismal state of their poor father.

As the afflicted and miserable have ever been the preferred children of the Catholic missionary, Father Buléon resolved to make his first visit to poor Musawo. He commissioned the children to inform their father of his intention, and fixed the following day as the time of his visit. The joy of the good old man was indescribable when he received this news. Never had he thought the missionary would pay him such an honor. The next day, at sunrise, he gave orders to clean the public square of the village and to prepare it for the reception. Musawo had put on his festive attire and selected a place which would enable him to look in the direction of the path leading to the mission. At last, he espied in the distance two figures and soon after distinguished the two missionaries clad in white robes. Shortly after, Father Buléon and Brother Isaurus were in the village, saluting the old chief.

"God bless you, tata Musawo, Father Buléon accosted him. Musawo returned the salutation with a hearty welcome. He immediately began to tell of his former power and related the episode with the gorilla, which he said caused all his misfortune.

Yes, dear father, he added with a voice that betrayed sadness, they have told me as much concerning you, your kindness and benevolence, but unfortunately I could never go to your house to see you and contemplate the wonderful things you possess. I am extremely miserable.

"Tata Musawo, do not be discouraged," Father Buléon said to him: "you are not at all so unhappy as

you imagine. I shall have someone to make a pair of new legs for you, and you will then be able to walk and visit me."

"I know well," observed Musawo, "that all Europeans are powerful magicians and have a fetich for every kind of disease, but for mine there is no fetich. Just look at my leg!" He pointed to the mutilated limb. Father Buléon whispered a few words to Brother Isauras who immediately betook himself to the task of manufacturing a pair of crutches.

As soon as they were ready, Father Buléon said to the chief: "Throw your cane away, now, it can't be of any use to you, and take these two pieces of wood under your arms."

Musawo accepted the crutches, not however without viewing them with a look of suspicion. He attempted a step. He succeeded,—then another—a third—indeed he was able to walk. "Make way! he shouted to the bystanders: I am going to perambulate the whole village."

With giant strides, he traversed the lanes of the village, and was beside himself with joy. On his return, he pressed the hand of the benefactor and said to him, "You are the greatest magician I ever saw: you are the restorer of my life!" And off he went a second time. Before his departure from the village, Father Buléon asked Musawo, "but when will you come and see me?"

"Have patience, was the reply, I shall visit you sooner than you think."

The next day, Musawo followed by his suite, set out on the road to the mission. He happily arrived there, though somewhat fatigued. The first thing he did was to salute Father Buléon and to offer him, as the custom of his tribe demanded, a present. His heart overflowed with delight on seeing the wonders which the missionary showed him.

Since that time, Musawo persevered a true friend to the missionary. Quite often might he be seen, walking

on his three legs and-a-half as on stilts, his head adorned with a besom, the emblem of his royal dignity, and a smile on his lips. He was always followed by a boy who carried the usual present.

At the mission, he ever manifested close attention to the instructions given him regarding God and His holy Religion and, as he wended his way homeward, he pondered in his soul all the truths that had been told him. The former sadness had disappeared and, though as yet Musawo had not been washed in the waters of Baptism, he was nevertheless animated with the ardent desire of becoming a child of God.

MUSAWO'S BAPTISM AND LAST HOURS.

Father Buléon had gone, shortly after his elevation to the episcopal dignity, to his reward in Heaven and Father Girard was appointed to succeed him in the vacant post at Holy Cross. So far, the evangelization among the Eshira had been effective and rich in good fruit. At Niango, the residence of the old chief, Musawo, Jerome Pambo, his nephew, held the position of catechist.

One day, Jerome came in great haste to the mission. He had apparently some urgent message to deliver to Father Girod, who at the moment was engaged in the instruction of the children.

"What then is the matter, Jerome?"

"I have just baptized my uncle," Jerome replied.

"Your uncle? Whom do you mean?"

"Musawo."

"Musawo, the old chief? Is he then about to die?"

"He is very ill, Father, and I believe his end is at hand."

"But, is he sufficiently instructed? Did you not neglect to make an act of contrition with him, before you baptized him?"

"Musawo knows the catechism far better than I do. When I go to see him, he speaks to me of the good God.

But do not delay any longer, Father, come with me, perhaps he is already dead."

Father Girod set out at once. As he entered the hut of Musawo, he found him still alive, but all hope of recovery had vanished.

"Good morning, Tata Musawo, do you still know me?"

"Good morning, Father, I am glad that you have come to see me once more before I die: there remain to me but a few moments and then God will call me."

"You seem to be in a great hurry, Musawo. Don't you want to stay with us any longer? I think I have a remedy for your illness."

"Keep your remedy; Musawo replied, when God calls us, our duty is to obey His call, because we are His servants and His children.

Father Girod then proposed to him a few questions of the catechism. But Musawo replied, "don't trouble about me, Father; I can answer your every question and I believe all that I am required to believe and more if you wish."

"But do you still believe in the power of fetiches?"

"There was a time when I had faith in stupidities of that sort, 'tis true, but since I received my first instruction, I would never allow a fetich even as much as approach my village."

Musawo then made an act of contrition and received absolution. Father Girod, seeing him so well prepared to die, left him, charging the catechist to remain at his side.

About two o'clock in the afternoon Jerome was again at the mission to announce Musawo's death.

"Did Musawo persevere in his holy faith?" was the first question of Father Girod.

"I will tell you all," Jerome responded: "Scarcely had you left us when the great magician entered the hut of Musawo to try his black art on him.

As soon as Musawo saw him, he said with a feeble

voice, 'who called for you? Get out of my hut at once! The medicine of the Father, which is surely by far better than yours, I declined, and am I to submit to you? Never. God wants me to say farewell to this world; I am ready. Go hence, I refuse to look at you.'

The magician left the hut confounded. The children of the dying chief then entered. He imparted to them his last exhortations. 'Be always well-disposed and kind toward the missionary,' he said, 'and you shall farewell. Listen to the words of the white man; he is desirous to lead you to heaven.' Then looking upwards, he breathed his last." He declared he believed Musawo a great saint.

This last assertion I do not venture to confirm, though we may be sure that the Almighty graciously received his soul and that Musawo is in heaven now interceding for the conversion of the poor Eshira.

A. F. WINGENDORF, '07.



Disappointment.

One of the sharpest and sorest of the trials of life, one of the commonest and most frequent of hapless experiences is that of disappointment. Throughout our lives from childhood's earliest years, till death removes us from the scene, our one great cross, our one painful burden is that of disappointment, the one poignant and inevitable pang that we all must feel and suffer. Along the whole pathway of our lives, disappointment like an obstruction, confronts us and obliges us to climb over, pass around or halt. Disappointment in the soul is as a needle or a thorn in the flesh; it is like a worm or parasite in the soul feeding on it, gnawing and eating it away; it is like a spirit or shadow of evil ever hovering over the soul, awaiting the merest opportunity to enter

into it, thence to drive out the sunshine of happiness and peace, introducing in their place the gloom, the darkness of unhappiness, uneasiness and unrest.

Disappointment is an abnormal state of the soul, a feeling of depression, of anxiety or of disquietude; it arises from many causes and is itself the cause of numerous woes and sorrows and tragedies; it is the result that follows the thwarting of man's will, a feeling of the soul called forth by man's inability to obtain something, to do something or to have things happen according to his wishes.

In no state or calling in life are we altogether immune from the sting of disappointment; and, it is well indeed for us that God has fixed it thus, for disappointment is the root of much merit and sanctity. It is the foundation on which are built the great virtues of humility and patience; for, in order to bear the cross of disappointment in a Christian manner, as it should be borne, much and great patience is needed.

The thwarting of the will, with its consequent result, disappointment, should cause us to ponder deeply and to bow with submission to the Greater Will.

Disappointment with the world has given great saints to the Church; disappointment has aroused and awakened the heedless and unthinking, it has brought to serious meditation the wild, the frivolous and the worldly, it has opened the eyes and has shown the light to those blinded by follies and a wrong course of life; it is, in a word, one of God's most effective means, one of His greatest instruments for chastening and perfecting man.

On the other hand, disappointment is quite as effective, quite as much a means, quite as great and powerful an instrument for man's wreck and ruin; it is not an evil itself, but may be the cause and source of evil. It is at all times not only a means and instrument of God for the bringing forth of good, but it is also one of the devil's most useful and most powerful instru-

ments and allies for the destruction of the human soul.

The history of mankind and our own experience show only too true the awful evils, ills and tragedies that have their source in disappointment.

Aside, however, from the moral aspects of this great human failing, aside from its power to ennoble and uplift the soul or to degrade and ruin; we may consider some of the other notable points about it that occur to us.

Disappointment is one of the best tests of a man's character. To know the strength of a man's character, to observe the degree of his fortitude, watch his conduct, when under the stress and strain of disappointment. The great men in the world are not the quickest witted, the cleverest and most eloquent of tongue, the readiest at jest and the most brilliant of mind, but those are the greatest who can bear best the pain of the arrow of disappointment.

Again, not only is disappointment a test of the degree, to which a man's character is developed, but it is also one of the best foundations on which a character may be built up.

J. A. CARLOS, '08.



ENERGY.

Energy, according to the mathematical definition, is the ability of an agent *to do* work, and work is the overcoming of resistance continually occurring along the path of motion.

From the two definitions, we see that the pith of energy lies in the words "overcoming of resistance."

If you are to overcome something, you can not sit down and act on the defensive; you must be up and doing, making "fire fly," as the common saying puts it.

This world demands a practical idea: it is filled with idealists; all have ways in which they imagine it should

be governed, and the reason their good theories never come to the test is because they are inert, passive, take the world as it comes. Every man has a right to give his opinion on all subjects and push it if he wishes, but one out of a hundred will give an idea and hang to it: too many give out their theories for someone else to shoulder, and no one does so, because each individual nature is so very different that two seldom think the same thing right. If we want people to recognize our idea of right, we must show them, prove to them that it is so by doing something with it. Never expect the world to take up your idea as if it were golden dew falling to nourish the poor deluded souls of the rest of creation; such a thing as this has never been or never will be done; those whose opinions have been accepted by the world were men whose history before the acceptance was one of energy, of men who overcame resistance; so, if you think you can benefit mankind by some grand theory of yours, learn first to be energetic and expect to overcome resistance and to overcome something and somebody.

Most of us have experienced a feeling of disgust for the person who is always going to do this and that," but never executes anything; it is natural; we all admire energy and the ability to do and dare; cultivate the habit of doing things up to the standard and on the spot; never say "tomorrow," because it never comes; never say you will do anything, unless you are positive you can; and if you say you will do it, do so—or let people readily see why not.

Want of energy is the cause of the downfall of nations, institutions and individuals; we see it every day in all walks of life; people sighing and grieving for losses they have sustained; they can't understand why they failed; all is due to lack of energy.

America and Americans are, generally speaking, the "personification of energy," but there is a growing tendency for the American to enjoy himself and let the immigrants do the work; that is, the work which requires

labor, and some of these take positions as clerks, draughtsmen, etc., and although these positions require good men; still, for the development of such men, both physical and moral, it would be better to get in the "ditch" and overcome resistance.

An energetic man, with only half the brains of his inert brother, can become something worth living for, because he breaks down opposition in his way and the inert man sits and receives the blows of the resistance which will strike him, whether he fights or not; so, we might as well take chances on being able to stop its course and gain some of the richness lying beyond its region of battle. If the energetic man gets no material gain in this world, he will certainly do something good for himself and his neighbor—gain for himself a throne beyond this vale of resistance and possibly place some of his neighbors on the road to peace and happiness also.

JAMES R. COX, '07.



Milton's Paradise Lost.

Milton's *Paradise Lost* is considered by all the best critics to be the best epic poem in the English language. For this one great poem, Milton studied all his life. He travelled through Italy and France to make a more complete study of the Italian and French writers. Besides Latin and Greek, which he had studied at college, he knew Hebrew, Chaldaic and Syriac. What was his reason for studying those languages and authors? Is it necessary to say in preparation for his wonderful masterpiece, "*Paradise Lost*?" Of course, there are many faults to be found in the poem; however, taking the poem as a whole, it deserves to be compared with Homer's *Illiad* and Virgil's *Aeneid*. We must also consider that neither Homer nor Virgil were perfect; for Pope says:

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.

Addison maintains that the action of a fable on which an epic is founded should be "one action, an entire action, and a great action." Has Milton's *Paradise Lost* these qualities? Milton opens his *Paradise Lost* with an assembly of fallen spirits plotting the fall of man; this is the action he wishes to speak of. Thus easily one quality is accounted for. As to the second qualification, Aristotle describes it as consisting of "a beginning, a middle, and an end." *Paradise Lost* has such a plot. It was contrived in Hell, executed upon earth, and punished in Heaven. The third qualification is greatness. Milton's subject certainly was great enough. Therefore, since Milton's *Paradise Lost* has the three necessary qualities to make an epic, it must be an epic.

The characters of Milton are of a great variety, although there were only two of the whole human species. Nevertheless, Milton makes up for this loss by presenting those two characters most magnificently. However, as it seems, the principal actor in the whole poem is the great enemy of mankind, satan. Milton's satan is very appropriate. He is represented as being proud and ever seeking to avenge himself on Him who justly cast him into hell.

Milton's language receives severe criticism from the critics. Ben Johnson says "Spenser 'wrote no language,' but has formed what Butler calls a 'Babylonish dialect.'" This is applied to Milton too. Milton's verse is no less severely criticized. Johnson says "the music strikes the ear so faintly that it is easily lost, unless all the syllables of every line co-operate." As poetry, Milton's *Paradise Lost* does not please everyone; for, to many readers, blank verse seems to be poetry only to the eye. But we must consider that although poetry may subsist without rhyme, it is not universally pleasing in English.

Milton's poem bears a great likeness to Dante's. He has in common with him a uniform seriousness. Dante however is considered to be the better of the two. His heaven, of which the leading ideas are light, music and

motion, is purer. Milton's versification is his own, founded on a Latin, chiefly on a Virgilian, model and it is thought that the blank verse of the Italian and Spanish poets had some effect on his style. Milton is very fond of "stringing together sonorous names;" this however is a pardonable defect.

Milton's *Paradise Lost* deserves to be called the greatest epic in the English language. It ranks with the finest poems that were ever written, the "*Iliad*," the "*Aeneid*," and Dante's "*Divina Comodia*." But, as a story, it is seldom read. Johnson says: "*Paradise Lost* is one of the books which the reader admires, and lays down, and forgets to take up again. Its perusal is a duty rather than a pleasure." However, *Paradise Lost* should be of interest to all of us; for, no matter to what nation, country, or people any of its readers may belong, they are interested by necessity in the persons who are its principal actors, and we have an actual interest in everything that they do, because nothing less than our utmost happiness is concerned.

GEORGE J. BULLION, '09.



An Essay on Lamb.

"Where are they gone the old familiar faces?
I had a mother, but she died and left me,
Died prematurely in a day of horrors—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces."

In these few lines, all the sweet, gentle, melancholy pathos of a man whose life was spent in the protection of an invalid sister, is expressed.

His light humorous writings, if we had no facts to rely upon, would prove that kindness was the foundation of his nature; to avoid an unkindness he sacrificed the beloved Anna of his sonnets—to insure her happiness.

Shortly after the tragic death of his mother, in 1795,

Charles fell a victim to the family malady—lunacy, but fortunately soon recovered his reason; still he was constantly tormented by the fear of another attack.

Although Lamb was not a writer who could furnish material for deep thinkers, still he is one of the better class, one whom the worn and weary intellectual man can pick up in order to smile himself into pleasant reverie; his quaint, quiet, humorous style has never yet failed to strike some gentler chord in the most gruff and methodical man.

His ideas, although expressed in prose, play upon us like some beautiful poetry, enchanting and fascinating us in spite of care and trouble.

When we consider the adverse circumstances under which Lamb wrote, and the beautiful essays he has written, an involuntary sympathy springs up in us and we can not but regret that ill health did not allow full scope to the genius lying dormant in him; then he might have rivaled the great Bacon, for in Lamb was the delicate, sentimental chord, and he was the cleanest, brightest, lightest of his kind."

J. R. Cox, '07.

The report of proceedings and addresses of the Third Annual Meeting of the Catholic Educational Association, held in Cleveland, last July 9, 10, 11 and 12, is learned and lengthy. It comprises the work of three branches—the parochial school, the college and the seminary. Each department has its own officers, organization, addresses, discussions and plans: they also meet together to compare plans and progress so as to be in harmony and mutual support. V. Rev. M. A. Hehir, C. S. Sp., is Vice-President in the Collegiate Department. Bishops Horstmann, of Cleveland, and Carroll, of Helena, gave hearty support to the proceedings. Co-ordination and co-operation are the slogan of the organization: the work in these lines is important and apparent.

Pittsburg College Bulletin

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

| | |
|--------------------|------------------------|
| EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, | J. R. COX, '07. |
| ASSISTANT EDITOR, | C. A. FEHRENBACH, '07. |
| EXCHANGES, . . . | P. G. MISKLOW, '07. |
| LOCALS, . . . | J. A. CARLOS, '08. |
| ATHLETICS, . . . | T. F. RYAN, '08. |
| ALUMNI, . . . | T. A. DUNN, '09. |
| SOCIETIES, . . . | G. L. KING, '10. |
| CONCERTS, . . . | R. A. BROWN, '09. |
| BUSINESS MANAGERS, | M. J. MINICK, '07. |
| | J. H. MCGRAW, '10. |
| | C. A. CLEAR, '11. |

PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

VOL. XIII.

FEBRUARY, 1907.

No. 5.

EDITORIAL.

The Diplomacy of Pope Pius X.

The recent victory of the French bishops over the atheistic government of France is a triumph for the policy of His Holiness, Pope Pius X., on the French question.

The law of separation, which went into effect December 11th, 1906, displeased the Pope because, contrary to Catholic principles of faith and organization, it gave over the charge of the churches and places of public worship to associations of laymen, with the approval of the government.

This would not have been as distasteful to the clergy if these associations had been composed of Catholic lay-

men, but Pope Pius knew, and the French government intended that these associations would not and should not be controlled by Catholics, but by atheists and Jews, who would carry on the dissolution of Catholic life in France.

When the Pope positively forbade the French clergy to acknowledge such an act, the government imagined, until the clock struck twelve, December 10th, 1906, that a telegram from Rome would advise the clergy to submit; but they were mistaken in their imagining that Pope Pius was defeated by a game of "bluff," and they discovered it very soon.

Before the Separation Act, bishops could not assemble in council without government permission, but after December 11th, 1906, there was no government restriction on the clergy, so they assembled to discuss the best manner of proceeding upon the Pope's advice; their deliberations lasted some time, and their conclusions were put together in the form of an "Ultimatum" to the government, and this "Ultimatum" demanded the retraction of the association clause in the separation act, and instead of lay associations to govern parish devotion, that this should be left entirely to the priest whom the bishop appointed to the church without interference from laymen, under governmental and anti-clerical direction.

Clemenceau, the Premier, wished to ignore the Ultimatum, but M. Briand, who saw the gravity of such a policy argued for its acceptance; the Cabinet was almost disrupted, but M. Briand's views won the Cabinet and the Ultimatum was accepted; thus the most abnoxious article of the Separation Act was blotted off the law books. M. Briand scented revolution in the air; that is the reason he wanted the Ultimatum accepted.

The first victory in this great struggle of modern times between Church and State has been won by the Church through the diplomacy of Christ's Vicar, but the struggle has only begun, and the prayers of the Catholic world will be needed to preserve a statesman of such

strategic qualities as Pope Pius X. to offset the diabolical plots of a "cabal" determined to uproot Catholicity in France.

We hope, when the final battle shall have been fought, a victory equal to that won over the "iron man," Bismarck, in Germany, by Pope Leo XIII., will be the reward of the earnest, zealous efforts of Pope Pius X.



The Lenten Season.

There is a halt in all society during the forty days of Lent, no matter to what religion or diverse callings people belong.

It seems that the Church in her wisdom knew that man needed a rest, a time of retreat during which, by fasting and prayer, he could raise his soul to God, and deprive his body which he had pampered during the rest of the year, of a few of the pleasures and luxuries it craves.

The season of the year in which Lent is observed is very appropriate—just at the close of the Winter and the opening of Spring; the Winter, because of the absence of outdoor amusement, is generally taken up with indoor recreations; euchres, parties, receptions, etc., all tending to wear out the spiritual man. Spring is close at hand; when it is ushered in, we should be ready to receive it fittingly to enjoy the sweet chirping of the birds and the beautiful green of the incoming shrubbery; so the Church sets aside forty days during which we may think over the evil we have done, atone for it and prepare with the Spring to set out upon a new mode of life.

If we consider for a moment we will quickly see that it is absolutely necessary for us to have a rest from all ordinary cares and to enjoy quiet speculation on our end and on our manner of living to attain that end.

We cannot speculate with a full stomach; so, to enjoy a perfect Lent and to obtain the fruits of it, we should

sacrifice ourselves by fasting, abstinence, and relinquishment of social calls and enjoyments.

Lent is only forty days; the year is 365; if 325 days are not enough to make us anxious to have a rest, then we are not human, but belong to a class not necessary to mention here.

Make use of Lent while it is "lent" to you by God, because you may wish to borrow it when it is no more, and you arrive in the land of spirits where Lent is not assimilated by non-material substances.

JAMES R. COX, '07.



The Brownsville Affair.

The President of the United States is, by virtue of his office, Commander-in-Chief of the American Army and Navy.

In the dismissal of the colored soldiers, who were found guilty of "shooting up" the town of Brownsville, Texas, he acted strictly within his power as Commander-in-Chief and within constitutional limits; still, certain enemies of the President, and especially the worthy gentleman from Ohio—Senator Foraker, would have us believe he acted unjustly, rashly and in defiance of public opinion and feeling; and the boisterous Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, claims his action has brought the race question again prominently before the people, and placed it on grounds calculated to foster hatred, ill-will and even bloodshed between the two classes.

Both Senators are "honorable men," but they stand alone; the rest of the Senate and the people at large admire Roosevelt for his action.

He has shown the military element among Americans, who are bound in red tape, and who know that court-martials will always declare them innocent of all crime, that the President need not wait for the slow progress of military tribunals, but can punish crime

relentlessly and vigorously by the power invested in him by the American citizen, who has a right to see the guilty soldier punished on equal terms with the guilty civilian.

In all walks of life, the innocent suffer with the guilty; it must be so because if the guilty were spared to save suffering to the innocent, our courts of justice would have to close their doors and let anarchy prevail; if some good men in the dismissed regiment suffer, they ought to do so heroically, and probably Carnegie hero medals will be awarded them through the influence of their Senator friends—Foraker and Tillman.



Chapel Windows.

Three new stained glass windows have recently been placed in the College Chapel. The sets representing the Joyful and Glorious Mysteries of the Rosary are now complete, two of the new windows being the fifth joyful and the first glorious mysteries, respectively. The finding of the Holy Child in the Temple is admirably depicted. Our Lord stands in a posture singularly blending modesty and authority; He speaks to the doctors, whose attitudes betray cynical doubt and spontaneous admiration. Mary and Joseph have just entered the portal; their faces, especially that of the Holy Mother, express the sorrow of their three days' search, and the joy that is just dawning on them. The more one studies this picture, the more striking becomes the artist's power of portraying emotion.

In the Resurrection, the artist has followed a simpler arrangement. One soldier sleeps after his fruitless vigil, while another looks in amazement at the calm and glorious figure of the risen Saviour, and an angel in robes of shimmering white hovers reverently nearby.

The third window is a copy of the miraculous picture

of Our Lady of Guadalupe. Most of us are familiar with the story of the apparition of the Blessed Virgin to the pious Mexican Indian, Juandiego, almost four hundred years ago. It was thought most fitting that a picture of the patroness of America should adorn our College Chapel.

The coloring in these truly wonderful glass paintings is rich and harmonious; moreover, it is practically indestructible. They are the work of Mayer & Co., Munich, who also furnished the large Scriptural windows flanking the aisles of Pittsburg's new Cathedral.

Like most of the other windows, these gems of religious art are memorials of the dead. The last named was put in in memory of James Diamond by his wife. The Resurrection window is the gift of the parents of C. Raymond Mabold, a former student of the College. That representing the Fifth Joyful Mystery was given by the Faculty in memory of Mrs. B. Hughes, a very warm friend and benefactor, who died in 1902.

Made where the art of glass painting has flourished for centuries, and where simple faith still brightly burns, these windows, while they attract the eye, will draw the heart of the student to holy thoughts and more generous purposes. We hope ere long to see the Sorrowful Mysteries in their place around the sanctuary.



Card of Sympathy.

C. EDWARD HUGHES.

Our Alumni recall, with recollections, now turned to sadness, the genial and generous character of Christian Edward Hughes, who practically ranked among them as one of the "old-timers." He passed away peacefully, after but a very brief illness, at his family home, the

hotel of his father, John D. Hughes, 4500 Butler Street, just before ten o'clock in the evening, Tuesday, February 26th. The mother, Ellen Hughes, has been some years deceased. The young man, though only 26 years of age, had a large circle of friends, and was a member of Branch No. 38, C. M. B. A. and Division No. 7, A. O. H. The funeral occurred at 8:30 Friday morning, with a Solemn Requiem Mass at St. Mary's Church, Lawrenceville. Fr. H. J. McDermott represented the College at the obsequies.



Forty Hours.

The College, according to custom, celebrated the devotion of Forty Hours, opening on Friday morning, March 1st, by a Solemn High Mass, at which all the students went to Holy Communion. They showed their devotion also by bringing a profusion of very rich and beautiful flowers.



EXCHANGES.

P. H. S. Journal is a model school paper of which every High School student can justly feel proud. In the January number, "A Dutchman's View of Liberty" is an interesting sketch that would do credit to a more advanced student. "The Coming of the Law" is a well composed article describing the effects of the powerful protector of human rights. Much to its credit, the *Journal* is gradually shortening its "Personal" column and exercising greater discretion in the selection of its contents. The cuts are very artistic.

The initial number of the *Child of Mary* has called upon us and, if it continues to uphold the standard it has adopted, the majority of college papers will begin to look cheap, for it certainly is a beauty. Arranged in the most select material, ornamented with golden trimmings and elaborated with artistic type of all descriptions, entirely devoid of advertisements, except that of the institution itself, the *Child of Mary* is a publication entitled to the highest admiration. The *Child of Mary* is to be published "in the name of Mary and for the love of Mary; and, its mission is to sound afar the praises of the Immaculate Mother of God; to make that Holy Mother better known and loved, and to extend her sway over the hearts of her children," and the contents assuredly justify the selection of such a vocation. Circumstances will not permit us to dwell upon the varied charms, but we warmly appreciate them, *Child of Mary*, and wish you every success in your noble undertaking. We are extremely delighted to number such a magazine among our Exchanges, and expectantly await the next issue. But why did not some one change the name of Vigo County? Virgo, in our estimation, would be much more appropriate.

In the *Manhattan Quarterly*, we find an essay the like of which is very beneficial to college students. Entitled "How Shall We Develop Character," it contends that young men in college should persist with determination in the acquisition of good moral character. It mentions debating societies and college magazines as excellent fields for the formation and development of character and advises young men to prepare themselves to "march boldly and courageously to the front, armed with the penetrating lance of knowledge and protected by the impenetrable armor of true Christian character." Another clever article is, "Divorce, a Menace to the Family, to the State and to Religion," depicting the inconsistency and absurdity of divorce and the appalling consequences that must naturally follow. The prize story, "The Peace-Maker," is richly imaginative.

ATHLETICS.

Baseball.

By all present indications, the baseball team this year will be one of the strongest aggregations ever put on the diamond by our *Alma Mater*. Owing to the efforts of the Athletic Committees and others concerned, in holding a Euchre and Reception, we now have sufficient financial backing to see our team through a most successful season.

A call for candidates has already been issued and about twenty have given in their names. All these have made previous reputations either on last year's varsity team, or on some of the finest amateur teams in this section.

The last year's regulars still in the college are "Joe" Keating, Mgr. McKnight, Harrell and Schmoltdt.

From the Reserves, we have Schramm (P. C. R. '04), Brown, and Cain, as well as Toohill, who also played with the Pitcairn A. C.

The new men, all of whom "look good" to us, are "Ray" Miller, who pitched for Uniontown; W. Culp and M. Mulvihill, last year with the Arnold A. C. of Arnold, Pa., Manning, who played with Cambridge Springs, and "John L." Sullivan, who caught for Shaner last season. We also have Bulger of Allegheny Lyceum; H. Gelm, Westminster; C. Downey, Duquesne H. S.; J. Gwyer, S. S. H. S.; C. McTighe, Westminster College; H. Murphy, Coraopolis H. S. and Ditz, Clarion Normal.

It is now time, fellow students, to brush the cobwebs out of the baseball compartment of our brains, and get together for some old and new yells for this season.

The Rooters' Club has been reorganized with G. Quinn, the big boy, as chief rooter.

The old students will remember some rousing times

during the games last year when "Haley" and his bunch of earsplitters made the welkin ring with their cheering.

A fountain pen will be awarded to the student who will invent the best college yell for Athletics.

T. F. RYAN, '08.



The Euchre and Reception.

We may well feel sure that everyone who attended our Euchre and Reception is still talking about the fine time he had and the many nice people he met.

It was an unparalleled success both socially and financially. Two large halls were required for the euchre players and even then not all could be accommodated. The large dancing floor was crowded to its utmost capacity during the entire eveaing.

The whole affair came off without a hitch; the music was of the very best and latest; the dancing was irreproachable; and the euchre was managed in a well and orderly manner. In fact, nothing savoring of the least unpleasantness happened to mar the pleasure of the occasion.

The many beautiful euchre prizes were contended for by about five hundred well disposed players. The following constitute the happy ones who were so fortunate as to carry the prizes home with them. The names of the donors of the respective prizes are also given. Names are given in the order in which the winners selected their prizes:

| PRIZES | DONORS | WINNERS |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|--------------------|
| Marble Vase..... | Rev. J. P. Danner..... | Miss M. McAuley. |
| Candelabra..... | 2nd Academic Class..... | Mr C. Schoenneman |
| Fancy Vase..... | W. J. Gilmore & Co.... | Mr. And. H. Ley... |
| Ornamental Inkstand..... | Sophomore Class..... | Mrs. B. G. Maloney |

| | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| Dress Suit Case..... | Mr. Dan Maginn | Mr. E. J. Broderick |
| Silk Umbrella..... | Mr. Richard Pollard... | Mr. John T. Coyne |
| Fancy Desk Clock..... | Mr. Thos. A. Curran... | Mrs. A. J. Briggs |
| Shakespeare's Works..... | Rev. C. Tomaszewski... | Mrs. A. Teemer..... |
| Silk Umbrella..... | Mr. Chas. Weisser..... | Mr. C. M. Ley..... |
| Silk Umbrella..... | Mansmann Bros. Co.... | Mr. F. Carr..... |
| Toilet Set..... | Pittsburg News Co..... | Mr. P. Cronin..... |
| Military Brushes..... | Mr. P. J. Fahey..... | Mr. W. Shaughnessy |
| Silver Clothes Brush..... | Rev. H. J. Goebel..... | Mrs. J. S. Parrish... |
| Safety Razor.... | Mr. Otto Helmold | Mr. John Lavin..... |
| Box of Cigars..... | Mr. V. Ratajezyk..... | Mr. W. D. Weber... |
| Meershaum Pipe..... | J. W. Jenkinson | Mr. Jas. Lally |
| Silk Umbrella..... | Kauffmann Bros | Mrs. M. Ivory..... |
| Picture—A Modern Eve... | Senior Class..... | Mrs. M. Walsh |
| Fancy China Ware..... | Mrs. P. McGraw..... | Mr. F. Cayendall. . |
| Picture—Farm Scene..... | Elliott Furniture Co... | Mr. F. T. Auth..... |
| Sweater | Mr. Wm. McNulty | Mr. Jas. Hayes |
| Roller Skates..... | W. S. Brown..... | Mr. F. S. Clifford... |
| Picture—Head of Christ... | Rev. John Willms | Mrs. J. Ober |
| Nixon Theatre Tickets..... | Mr. Wm. Totten..... | Mr. T. Cunningham |
| Fancy Writing Paper | Srs. of Charity, E. E.... | Mrs. And. Ley |
| Walrus Leather Wallet.... | A. W. McCloy & Co.... | Mr. Geo. J. Kurtz |
| Picture—Gold is not all... | 3rd Acad. Div. B. | Mrs. T. M. Ley |
| Satchel .. | Rev. M. Ward... .. | Mr. Ed. Flanigan... |
| Inkstand... .. | Grafner Bros..... | Miss Cullen..... |
| Gold Mounted Pipe | A Friend. | Mr. M. J. Breen.... |
| Father Ryan's Poems | F. M. Kirner..... | S. J. Heimbuecher |
| Bamboo Case..... | J. G. Bennett & Co.... | Mr. M. Cronin..... |
| Inkstand..... | A Friend..... | Mr. W. Boehm |
| Busts of Mozart and..... | J. Gillespie and | Mr. W. F. Fleming |
| Berthoven..... | J. Wisniewski..... | |
| Pearl Pocket Knife..... | Ger. Book & S. Co..... | Mr. Geo. DeLoury |
| Picture—Christ and..... | 3rd Acad. Div. A..... | Mrs. Dietrich..... |
| the Ruler..... | | |
| Picture—College Girl..... | 3rd Acad. Div. B..... | Mrs. Coyne..... |
| Picture—Football Boy..... | 3rd Acad. Div. A..... | Miss L. Gallagher.. |
| Pedometer | B. K. Elliott Co..... | Mr. Geo. Bullion... |
| Perfume | Mr. John C. Larkin.... | Mr. B. Swint..... |
| Picture—His First Day.... | 3rd Acad. Div. A..... | Mr. Pat Lally..... |

We hereby wish to express many thanks to the young ladies who kindly managed the refreshment stands, and who did such excellent work in getting donations for the above-mentioned booths.

We append the list of these ladies' names and wish to reiterate our expressions of gratitude.

Miss Nell Scanlon, who directed both our refreshment stands, is deserving of special mention for indefatigable zeal in our behalf. Her aids were the Misses Gertrude Blanchard, Ella Duffy, Josephine Lawlor, Rose, Loretta and Elizabeth McCrickert, Rose McTighe, Mattie Russels, Kathryn Ryan, Kathryn Scanlon, Mayme Scanlon, Mary J. Scully and Anna Thoma.

We also desire to thank Mr. John Hermes, who donated the ice cream; Reymer Bros., who donated the candy, and all others who so kindly donated toward the refreshment stand.

T. F. RYAN, '08.



To say we enjoyed ourselves on the 8th is superfluous; notice "The smile that won't come off ever since."

THE 8th of February should be an annual holiday hereafter in memory of 1907.

FORTY-ONE Euchre players perfectly satisfied with their efforts is saying a good deal for the Euchre branch of the Festa.

THE Palm Garden was like feasting and pleasure under the southern skies of Italy; a real Garden of Eden.

A SENSE of the artistic was awakened by the floral arrangements of the "Booth of Delicacies," on the Bacchanalian floor.

THE aides from the "hill" were handed "lemons."

MANY punches were given and taken on the 8th, but there were no pugilists present or any blue-coated officials.

ORDER is heaven's first law; order "rained" on the 8th; and heaven was on Forbes Street that evening.

Mother's Apron Strings.

An impressive story, with a bright direct moral in it, was related the other day and, although a little childish, nevertheless could be made applicable to many college students; in substance, it was as follows:

In a bright little valley of the Tyrolese Alps, there lived a happy family of three—father, mother and son. It was customary in this mountainous region for mothers, in order to guard their children from straying among the woods and hills bordering their homes, to tie them to their apron strings, lest straying they should fall over some precipice and be killed; the little boy of our story was like all other children, tied to his mother's apron strings.

Year after year he played within the narrow circumference of his mother's protection and knew only peace and contentment.

With his increasing years the allurements of the hills rising in their woody splendor on all sides of him, filled him with longing to be free to roam among them, but he, for a long time, feared to ask his mother's permission to go there alone; at last, summing up all his courage, he asked her leave to allow him to satisfy his heart's desire; she did not directly refuse, but tried to persuade him that it was a dangerous undertaking for a boy of five: his pleadings finally subdued his mother and she cut the string of restraint.

When, untrammelled, he stepped into the open air, how his whole being thrilled with the ecstasy of liberty!

Joyously he plunged into the woods and met the dangers before him; cheerily, he rambled until darkness began to fall, when his thoughts turned to home, and to his dismay the knowledge that he was lost and did not know how to get home was thrust upon him. Nevertheless he struck a direction which he thought would put him on the road to home, and went aimlessly ahead; the moon was entirely obscured by the overhanging verdure and he was in total darkness.

He was becoming faint with hunger and fatigue and was about to give up the search until daybreak when, suddenly, his foot was thrust forward and he fell into chaos; down! down! he fell in this abyss, and destruction seemed certain when, suddenly, he was clutched by an unseen force and held in mid air, unharmed; he turned to clutch his preserver when, to his amazement, he found that his mother's apron string, which he had not removed from his waist, had been caught on the branch of a tree and thus held him in safety.

He looked about him and the meadow in which he had fallen was the one in which he lived, and only a short distance away was home and an anxious mother and father awaiting his return; after this experience he bade his mother tie him with both strings and keep him well bound until he knew something.

We can have only one mother; only one person who really knows us and loves us; we should always be guided by her dictation even though at times we do imagine we know more than "mother."

College boys especially, because they, through a mother's care and solicitude, come to school and glean from books a greater knowledge of science, perhaps, than their mother, imagine they are too wise to take her advice; they think they know it all; but like the boy in our story, they find how deceived they were, how silly and foolish.

Men who have become anything great in the world were men who followed their mother's advice and words and truly loved and respected her; for if a boy does not love and respect a mother, he will love and respect nobody or nothing.

Derision of "mamma's boy," by some "smarties," is a practice deserving of severe rebuke, and does not speak well for the deriders, and certainly shows in them an absence of love for their own mothers, and all should spurn a boy who does not respect the one creature on earth whom he should most love.

So, young college men, don't let your imaginations run away with you, listen to your mother's teachings and take many lessons in the aquatic science from your mother, before you venture on the sea of life.

J. R. C.

The Allemannia Fire Insurance Company,

OF PITTSBURG, PA.

WM. STEINMEYER, President

C. P. KELLERMAN, Secretary

ASSETS, \$1,051,067.00.

CAPITAL, \$200,000.

SURPLUS, \$301,034.00.

Home Offices : Nos. 345, 347, 349 Fourth Avenue.

JOHN DIMLING,
President.

FRED. FICHEL,
Vice President.

CHAS. E. SCHUETZ,
Cashier.

Western Savings & Deposit Bank

531 Smithfield Street, Pittsburg, Pa.

Accounts of Individuals and Corporations Solicited.

4% Paid on Time Deposits

2% Paid on Checking Accounts.

JOHN EHRLINGER,

PRACTICAL CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

Cor. Van Braam and Edna Streets,

Bell Phone 2261 Grant.
P. & A. Phone 1919 Main.

PITTSBURG, PA

COLLEGE SHOES

All young men appreciate

"Snappy Shoe Styles." ... Our \$3.50 Specials.

Schmidt's Shoe Store,

614 Smithfield Street,

Pittsburg, Pa.

Pittsburg College Bulletin

Vol. XIII.

Pittsburg, Pa., March, 1907.

No. 6.

St. Thomas of Aquin.

Child of nobility, spurning the charms,
The glory, the name and the power of arms;
Gladly rejecting the grandeur of state,
The pomp and the splendor of dignities great !
'Twas but the fragrance of virtue could give
Solace to thee so contented to live—
Unknown, a religious most humble and meek,
The Cause of thy being devoutly to seek.

Patron of study, philosopher's star,
Prince of theology, spreading afar
Light of thy wisdom, the dread of Reform,
Pride of the Church, a compass in storm,
Master, while student, of knowledge so rare,
Model of purity, lover of prayer,
Guide us, while seeking, sweet Saint we implore,
The Fountain of light, of all knowledge the Store

PHIL. G. MISKLOW, '07.



ST. PATRICK.

[To be continued.]

“ All praise to St. Patrick, who gave to our mountains
The gift of God's Faith, the sweet light of His Love,
All praise to the Shepherd who showed us the fountains,
That rise in the heart of the Savior above.”

REV. F. W. FABER.

As each recurring year brings some innovation in its train, the mind is inclined to cast itself on the ebbing tide, and leave behind in oblivion innumerable events, which at some time or other may have been the source of happiness or sorrow. Only a few years ago, and our country was cast in a sea of excitement, when our President met his death at the hands of an assassin; but now, the sea is calmed, and the infamous deed seeks revenge only in the annals of history. In the Middle Ages, the Church witnessed, perhaps the saddest days of her existence, when an anti-pope claimed the Chair of St. Peter, and fixed his See at Avignon, but now our very enemies have forgotten it—it is never heard of more. Early in the 5th Century occurred an event, which far from fading with the lapse of time, receives new impulse and glory as years advance—the Conversion of Ireland by St. Patrick.

At the thought of the host of Saints who have filled the hallowed sanctuaries of God's Church, we are borne beyond the earth in our admiration; we reverence the name of the “Disciple whom Jesus Loved,” we pray for the innocence of St. Aloysius, the zeal of St. Francis Xavier, and the meekness of the wonder-worker of Assisi; but, at the name of St. Patrick, we travel in spirit to a land beyond the sea, and there try to appreciate the virtues, life and work of the Apostle of Ireland: there, in every foot of soil, from the rich meadows of Cork to the picturesque plains of Londonderry, and from the smiling waters of the Irish Sea to the wild promontories of Mayo—there does the life-work of St. Patrick flourish in all the grandeur of its primeval history.

Were we to note all the anecdotes and circumstances attending the life of this great Saint, we would be wandering on almost indefinitely.

Consequently, we will only consider the principal events in his life and the effects of his teaching on the Irish people. The quotations are from the most authenticated sources, chiefly the Confessions of St. Patrick, which have been proved beyond dispute to be genuine, as far as any reasonable mind can require, and authority for this assertion is Dr. Shahan, the most reliable and trustworthy writer in America to-day. We will not even cast a glance at the puerile accusations of Protestant historians, who say that St. Patrick was not in communion with the See of Peter.

Before the arrival of St. Patrick, Druidism was the most popular form of worship; it consisted chiefly in the adoration of the heavenly bodies and the various elements of the natural world. We learn from the "Confessions" that the principal deity was the sun: "That sun, which we see daily rise by command of God, shall never rule, nor shall his splendor remain, and all who adore him shall perish most miserably. This element of worship is not at all improbable, for poetic and ardent temperaments, such as the Keltic had, convert the creations of the Eternal God into God Himself. But it is by no means to be supposed that there was no Christianity in Ireland before the time of St. Patrick. Cormac Mac Art, the first and last of Ireland's greatest kings, who died in 267 A. D., had already embraced the new religion of peace and love. Here, too, we may mention that, during the reign of the great king, a considerable amount of civilization and learning existed in Ireland. Many treatises, still extant, are ascribed to King Cormac by the most notable Irish scholars, in whose hearts was buried this one thought—*Truth*. They have been Ireland's faithful adherents when bigotry held sway over her shores. "The Irish Keltic," says Dr. Shahan, "were a highly cultivated people when St. Patrick came to

Ireland. The land was filled with poets and philssophers and historians, who cultivated the national language of their country, while the idioms of modern Europe were yet dormant in a degenerating latinity."

St. Patrick was born near Boulogne, in Gaul, in the year 378 A. D. In his "Confessions" we read that the place of his birth was Bonavem, Taberniae. According to philologists, Bonavem is the latinization of Boulogne, and Taberniae is the City of Tarvanna, whose runs are still to be seen. Our knowledge of his early years comes from his own writings, and it is natural to expect, that in his saintly humility, he exaggerated these accounts; he says: "In my youth, I knew not God, and therefore was driven into exile; my God respected my humiliation, and pitied my youth and ignorance, even before I knew them, and before I was wise and could distinguish right and wrong, and He strengthened and cherished me as a father would a son."

The next important event in the life of our Saint is his exile, in 404. He was taken captive by a company of Irish soldiers, and sold as a slave to Cothraege, in the County of Antrim. Here we find him herding swine in the lonely and desolate hills of Ireland, in rain and sunshine, as he says: "I prayed night and day, I remained in the woods and mountains to pray, in snow and frost and rain, and felt no injury, . . . for then the Spirit was ardent and warm within me." Imagine, if possible, this holy youth in a strange and barbarous land, far away from friends and home, unknown, forgotten and despised, his only companions the wild birds, his only consolation prayer, his only bed the brown heather, and his only roof the blue vault of an Irish sky. It was there he learned the customs and language of the ancient Irish, and it was there alone with God, that he received his noble calling—to teach the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Here again we turn to his own writings for our knowledge. At the call of an angel, he arose from his

sleep, for "his ship was about to set sail." Blindly he obeyed and undertook the seemingly impossible journey, and, after many rebuffs from the captain and crew, was finally admitted among them. After a prosperous voyage, they reached the shore, but had yet to travel through a long desert, in which, according to his own writing, St. Patrick miraculously obtained food for the entire party, and forthwith they believed in Jesus Christ. When the joys and greetings had subsided, St. Patrick, according to the most trustworthy historians, betook himself to the Monastery of St. Martin of Tours. Indeed, where on earth could a better place be found to acquire and practise the sublime lessons of humility and meekness, works of charity and prayer than that very place, hallowed for years by the sacred example of St. Martin? Where could he learn to despise human respect, if not in the midst of those who so frequently braved tyrants for God's Church.

Slighting the unnecessary discussions of historians, we have more than enough of historical data for believing that St. Patrick was ordained priest by St. Gemanus, about the year 418, and spent the next twelve years, or so, among the islands of the Mediterranean Sea. In the year 431, he was appointed by Celestine I. to succeed St. Palladius in the Irish mission, and in the following year, according to the worthy historian, Fr. Morris, was consecrated bishop by St. Amator; and then, having bid a last fond farewell to his home and friends, he set sail once more for the land of his exile, longing to begin and complete his noble work. He arrived in Ireland, in April or May, 432. The mountains of Wicklow were the first to pay homage to Ireland's new Apostle, who, having looked upon the land where St. Palladius failed, continued his journey to Antrim, where the historians tell us he witnessed the impenitent death of his former master. Again, though we have the testimony of no less than six Catholic historians, we will omit the Saint's numerous miracles, performed in Louth, Antrim, Slane and Tara;

how he converted the hardened sinner, Pius, how he lighted his Paschal fire, when the Druid rites forbade fire, how he converted multitudes by his prayers, and finally, how he overcame the Druid priests and magicians by invoking the name of Jesus—all these and thousands of others, which no Catholic in any land will deny, we will omit, though a life of St. Patrick, even in this materialistic, rationalistic, anti-Catholic and anti-Christian age, they are proved to be as historic as St. Patrick himself. Grant for a moment that he never wrought a miracle during his twenty and four years of Apostolic labors, and here we have the most astounding of miracles—"Pagan Ireland" changed *without a miracle* into an "Isle of Saints and Doctors!" But, let this suffice, lest we take too much interest in enemies of Ireland alike and Catholicity, "who," says Fr. Morris, have written *Lives* of St. Patrick, to prove that he never *lived*.

The story of Ireland's Conversion is soon told. It was bloodless, complete and everlasting. It was the reflection of a most holy soul upon a most generous, god-fearing race. It was the accomplishment of an humble, zealous, pure, holy, learned man, in whose soul burned the fire of divine love. It was, a work which demonstrated the infinite Wisdom and Mercy of the Almighty God. Moreover, it was a matter of a few years, which shows the sublimity of the Mission of St. Patrick.

In the year 456, St. Patrick returned to Armagh, and there founded the primatial See of Ireland. He convoked numerous synods and wrote many letters of exhortations to his flock; but the fullness of time had come, his work was done, and well could he say: "*Bonum certamen certavi, cursum consummavi.*" Resigned and peaceful was the end which took place at Saul, Co. Down, on March 17, 463; he was accompanied in his last hour by St. Brigid, the "Mary of Ireland." The obsequies lasted several days during which, we are told, a

bright light shone round the corpse. At the end of the seventh day, his body was wrapped in a shroud made by St. Brigid and placed in the churchyard of Down, there to await the call of the trumpet to the valley of Josaphat. Oh, glorious St. Patrick, rightly are you styled a prophet who knew God's designs in your behalf, when, on the wild mountains of Down, you herded the flocks. Rightly are you styled a martyr, who sacrificed the comforts of the paternal roof for a life of self-abnegation. Rightly are you styled the patron and apostle of Ireland, who protected her children, and sewed among them the Faith of Jesus Christ. It is our duty to honor you, which we, and everyone who prides himself your son, shall never fail to do, till the blood ceases to flow through our veins, and the throbbing hearts are silenced in the sleep of death.

JAS. F. CARROLL, '08.



Debating Societies.

The definition of man tells us that he is an "animal rationale," that is a creature endowed with the faculty of reason. This faculty, while not the ultimate, is numbered among the criteria through which we acquire certitude. In the act of reasoning, we bring forth judgments concerning the objects of our knowledge but, as Pope says:

"'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own."

During all ages man from his very nature has been prone to argument. Different dispositions cause men to form various opinions on all subjects—as a result of which disputes arise in every walk of life. Wherever we find a collection of men there is generally a discussion afoot. In all ranks of life men debate questions not only of local and current interest, but even those of ancient prestige. A group of Irish laborers, for instance, is never complete

without a heated argument. Persons in such circumstances discuss on purely natural principles, sometimes in such vehement and convincing fashion as to put to shame those who have spent years in the acquisition of artificial formulas. This proves, not that Logic is defective, when acquired, but that the perfect debater is he who possesses neither one nor the other separately, but both so blended that all difficulties encountered may be readily solved.

Happy should he be and fortunate indeed is he who, gifted with natural abilities, can put into practice rules derived from experience. But all have not been endowed with anything extraordinary in the line of natural argumentative qualities. Therefore, if nature in her distribution of favors has been lax toward you, do not under any circumstances grow despondent and think that you shall never succeed but set about to make the most of that which is at your disposal, and proceed to develop those faculties which, in truth, are latent rather than deficient and require only cultivation in order that they may bloom luxuriantly.

This development will never take place in the sombre silence of a "brown study;" nor will it be the result of spontaneous combustion. Nothing short of a miracle will cause an unloquacious fellow, upon awakening in the morning, to discover that he has been suddenly transformed into an orator of exceptional worth. Men may consider themselves orators, as many do; others may dream that they will some day rival Demosthenes, but unless they put their shoulders to the wheel and push, their ambitions will never be realized. Work is the secret of success, and he who will not work will not prosper, but like the drone will be cast from the hive. If a college man wishes to become a debater or an orator, he must debate and exercise eloquence; he must never shirk an opportunity of appearing before the public. True there is a certain nervousness apparent in all

speakers upon their first public appearance, but experience teaches that this gradually wears off and the sooner it is overcome the better for him whose vocation calls him before the public.

In all colleges debating societies form part of the curriculum; rules of study require that each man appear in a debate. Of course, all appear, but very few come forth in the proper spirit. Some debate because they cannot avoid it, others merely as a matter of routine, but the real college man will come forward because it delights him. He sees in debating societies a chance to advance his inclinations; he sees opportunity coming towards him and he grasps that fleeting individual by the forelocks, knowing how well shorn he is in the rear and realizing that, when once he is gone by, the odds are against his pursuers.

A debating society is a most fertile field for the development of character. Debating makes a man self-reliant; it teaches him that he has the responsibility of weighing each and every word he utters, and requires that none but the best of his ideas shall be conveyed to others. Some will say that they would gladly speak in public if they had anything to say. This is the absurd excuse generally offered by those who are extremely talkative when they think that the patient politeness of others is interest in them. If they are unacquainted with any subject, there is utility in its study.

Every man, except the idiot, has ideas, and he who refuses to express them when they may be a public benefit sins against himself inasmuch as for that very purpose God has endowed him with a tongue,—a most noble instrument, when properly applied, and none should neglect to accept its advantages. Some may suggest that many have come to grief through the tongue. This may readily be granted, but they have cornered themselves nevertheless, for the place to learn to curb the tongue is in public speech and especially in a debating society. There mistakes can be corrected and,

if a man be once at fault, he will be less inclined to be so on his next appearance. If a person has any disagreeable inclinations, sooner or later he will realize his fault and after conquering himself by earnest endeavor he will emerge triumphant, pleasing both to himself and to others.

Unceasing labor produced a Demosthenes and a Cicero in ancient times, and it cannot fail to do the same to-day. The renowned Athenian pleader upon his first public appearance was confronted with difficulties in his speech and inability to express his thoughts. He was even laughed at and set up as an object of ridicule by his audience, but he was in no way discouraged. Such circumstances rather served as an incentive to the development of those powers which afterward so startled the world. History tells us how he retired to the solitude of a rocky sea coast, shaved one-half of his head, so as to prevent his returning to society, and then set about the accomplishment of his ambitions by filling his mouth with pebbles and endeavoring in speech to exceed the roaring of the waves. And all know how his efforts were crowned with success. He is held up to-day as a model for all ambitious orators and those who imitate his perseverance, while in all probability not becoming his equal, will be amply rewarded, for, while the proverb tells us that poets are born, it says that orators are born and made, and experience teaches that nothing but work, the hardest kind of work, will make a man a model orator.

The knowledge gleaned from debating societies is indispensable to college students since the time given to classwork is insufficient to allow a thorough treatment of all current topics of national interest which are generally brought up in debate. He is indeed a poor and undeveloped scholar who delves only in classical lore and scientific research. A student should be up to date, if he wishes to surmount the obstacles that will beset his path when graduation places him upon the treacherous sea of

life. If he is to be a leader of men, as all college men should be, he must become acquainted with the affairs of others; he must know what is going on in the world, or his Logic and Metaphysics will prove practically valueless.

Therefore, since so many utilities are evident, it is expedient that all college men should take an active interest in debating societies. All who attend college should be college men—not in the nominalistic sense, but in spirit and actions. They should never avoid an opportunity for advancement and, seeing one in debating societies, should do all in their power to further their success, thereby doing honor, not only to themselves and their *Alma Mater*, but also to those who in future years will profit by their abilities.

P. G. MISKLOW, '07.



A Snowflake.

Dainty bit of beauty
Spotless, pure and fair—
Much I love to watch thee
Floating in the air.

Now, thou art the emblem
Of a soul in grace
Purity hath folded
In her sweet embrace.

When thy journey's ended
In the mire below
Sorrow fills thy bosom,
Tainted thus, I know.

Then lamenting art thou
Like a soul in sin,
Fallen from its virtue,
Weeping sore within.

P. G. M., '07.

Pittsburg College Bulletin

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

| | |
|--------------------|------------------------|
| EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, | J. R. COX, '07. |
| ASSISTANT EDITOR, | C. A. FEHRENBACH, '07. |
| EXCHANGES, . . . | P. G. MISKLOW, '07. |
| LOCALS, . . . | J. A. CARLOS, '08. |
| ATHLETICS, . . . | T. F. RYAN, '08. |
| ALUMNI, . . . | T. A. DUNN, '09. |
| SOCIETIES, . . . | G. L. KING, '10. |
| CONCERTS, . . . | R. A. BROWN, '09. |
| BUSINESS MANAGERS, | M. J. MINICK, '07. |
| | J. H. MCGRAW, '10. |
| | C. A. CLEAR, '11. |

PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

VOL. XIII.

MARCH, 1907.

No. 6.

EDITORIAL.

The Striking Contrast Between England and Germany in Their Struggles with the People.

While Emperor William, of Germany, was giving his Reichstag time to either do his bidding on the matter of an appropriation to continue the war against the Negroes in German South Africa, or be dissolved, the English people were forcing King Edward and his ministers to do their will on the Education Bill or have the House of Lords dissolved as an English legislative body.

One presents us with a remnant of Feudalism, when the will of the monarch was the law of the land and takes

us back in progress several hundred years; the other demonstrates the power of the people when they are aroused by an attempt of a remnant of a once wise monarchial, autocratic body to impose unjust restrictions upon them, or to refuse to give them much needed reform.

In both cases extreme measures have been resorted to in order that the stronger might gain their end; both are rather radical.

Emperor William, even if his position and the custom of the nation he governs gives him permission to act as he has done, in the opinion of the world has acted contrary to common principles of the people's liberty and made his Parliament look like a farce; what is the use of a body which one man can dissolve at his will if it refuses to do his will? What is the necessity of paying the expenses of this large body, if one man's will has to be obeyed, no matter how the people's body decides? It would be cheaper to pay the Autocrat William only.

The House of Lords in some ways has been for generations a credit to the English system of government; it has been a restraining power between the absolutism of the monarch, and the outbursts of popular radical demands; it was the foundation, the defender of King John's Magna Charta, and England owes it respect and esteem.

If it has not of late years kept up its high standard of integrity and prudence, it need not be dissolved; it needs reformation; in its true character the House of Lords is, perhaps, the bulwark of freedom and deserves to live.



College Rivalry.

Colleges and universities are business propositions and are conducted on business methods.

This being their character, it necessarily follows that

the competition between the different schools must be very keen.

Competition is the life of business and a great incentive to hard work: competition should be carried on to raise the standard of the schools, keep up their athletic laurels and secure students.

The standard of the schools is demonstrated by the quality of men turned into the professional and business world; on this account we all are subject to stern discipline and hard mental work.

Athletics in the schools of to-day have as much to do with the popularity of a college as its high educational standard; people look for athletes and athletics from colleges and the faculty has to furnish the material; if they furnish first-class stars in the Olympic division of college life, the advertisement and praise they receive is greater in one year than for fifty years of turning out proficient scholars.

One great work of the faculties comes in securing students; they are much in earnest about this; this branch of college life is practical business; every convenience and comfort is provided for those who come to the schools; the prices are made agreeable, and everything is done to fill the classes to their capacity.

In so far as competition is carried on by business methods and no underlying spirit of jealousy prevades it, rivalry is praiseworthy, but men of brains and learning should never sink so low as to hold a grudge because their rival secured two or three of their students, nor because they lost two or three games of baseball or football to another college, or because their standard in some branches is a little lower than the other; they should be like rival lawyers out of the court-room, hospitable to each other and really friendly; by their good-will towards each other, they would be acting like philosophers, they would be practicing what they preach, and would elevate themselves in the esteem of the public and not become the laughing stock of popular criticism.

Continuity of the Mission of St. Patrick.

St. Patrick, during his long and zealous mission in the Emerald Isle, practically converted an entire people to Christianity.

Although not one of the twelve apostles, chosen by God directly to preach Christ crucified, he is an apostle of the second class, chosen indirectly by God, but his work and the fruits of his labor equal those of any of the Twelve.

It is miraculous, when we thoroughly examine the question of Irish Catholic Faith, to see how tenaciously Ireland held to the Truth in spite of difficulties and obstacles no other race has endured, or had the courage to endure.

The English persecution of Irish Catholics was so inhuman, so cruel that it turns pale the most courageous man to review it; the gibbet for the priests, and all machinations to secure them in order to bring them to their death; dispossession of a Catholic father by a son who would renounce Catholicity and espouse the established state religion; one-third of the husband's estate for the wife who would sacrifice her religion for anglicism; all this and still the cross is the standard of Ireland.

With all their sufferings, the Irish have nevertheless been able to furnish the world with missionaries; with men who preach Christ everywhere and have carried out the mission of Christ "to preach the gospel to all nations," better than any other nation, or any other class of people.

Ireland has had her trials and crosses; has established a record for piety and holiness any people might envy; only one thing still bears her down and that is English misrule; but slowly and surely this bond of tyranny is loosening from Ireland's harp, and we hope that soon liberty may reign side by side with the Cross, she has so nobly and valiantly upheld.

Gregorian Chant.

Congregational singing is making great progress in the College; every Tuesday and Thursday about one hundred boys congregate in the chapel from 1:15 to 2:00 P. M., and are there taught the beauty and harmony of the Gregorian Chant.

The influence of its sweet melodies seems to inspire the boys, and they practice patiently and sing it well.

During the Forty Hours' Devotion and on the Feast of St. Joseph, the singing was grand, inspiring and devotional; anyone who heard it would never sigh for the operatic efforts which the Pope has condemned, but would agree with him that Gregorian Chant is for God, the Church and devotion.

JAMES R. COX, '07.



St. Thomas Aquinas.

St. Thomas was a scion of the house of Aquino, which was allied to several of the royal houses of Europe. The date of his birth is contested; however, most reliable authorities put it at the year 1227. There is also a dispute as to where it took place. Some say it took place at Roccasecca, some at Aquino, others at Belcastro. We have many beautiful legends of his childhood, such as his swallowing a scroll of paper with the words *Ave Maria* on it; his miraculous preservation from death by lightning, the bread he was carrying being changed into roses when his father discovered his charity.

At the age of five he was sent to the Benedictine Monastery of Monte Cassino, where his uncle, Landulf Sinnebald, was Abbot. His mother hoped he would join the Benedictines and become master of the possessions which were controlled by its abbots. He remained at Monte Cassino for five or six years, and there he laid the foundation of his future supremacy.

In 1236, Abbot Sinnebald died and Frederick Barbarossa having seized the Abbey of Monte Cassino,

expelled the monk. Young Aquinas returned home, but did not remain there long. It was impossible for Thomas to return to the abbey; his mother did not wish him to be a secular, so she sent him to study at Naples under the Benedictines. The change from Monte Cassino to the University of Naples was an important crisis in the Saint's life. The university at that time was dominated by the influence of Frederick II., who was hostile to the Papacy and to mendicant orders. But now for the city itself: all writers of this period describe Naples as the most beautiful and most wicked city in the world; it was, says Turner, a veritable hotbed of irreligion and licentiousness. St. Thomas remained uninfluenced by these environs, and continued to devote himself to his studies.

At this time, the Dominicans taught at the University of Naples and St. Thomas, struck by their devotedness and ability, asked to be admitted into their order. His request being granted, he received the habit and became a Friar Preacher; this occurred in 1243. When his mother, Theodora, heard that he had become a Dominican, she was greatly displeased and hastened to Naples. However, the Dominicans, at his own request, sent Thomas and several companions to Rome, whilst his mother was on her way to Naples. When Theodora discovered that her son had gone to Rome, she hastened thither. The Dominicans, fearing Theodora's influence in Rome, sent Thomas with four others to travel secretly to Paris. Then Theodora, hearing of Thomas's departure from Rome, sent a message to her other two sons, Landulf and Reginald, who were fierce young Ghibelines, to capture Thomas. The brothers set out in hot pursuit and, capturing Thomas near Acquapendente, took him away to San Giavandi; Thomas's companions, however, fled hastily back to Rome. Thomas was confined in the castle of San Giovanni for almost two years. Perhaps he would have been confined longer had not the Dominicans complained to the Holy See of his unjust treatment.

The Holy Father (Innocent IV.) ordered Frederick II. to see that Thomas was released. The Emperor ordered Landuff and Reginald to liberate Thomas, but they did not take any active steps to set him free. His sisters, however, let Thomas down through a window into the hands of some Dominicans, who took him to Naples. Then Pope Innocent summoned Thomas and his relatives to Rome. The Holy Father proposed to make Thomas Abbot of Monte Cassino, whilst still allowing him to wear the Dominican habit. His mother, his brothers and his relatives entreated him to accept the offer, but Thomas was inexorable. The Pope did not push the offer and so the matter was dropped. St. Thomas remained a Dominican and his relations did not trouble him any longer.

Thomas now proceeded to Cologne, where Albertus Magnus, surnamed the "Universal Doctor," was lecturing. Whilst his companions were boldly disputing, Thomas was silent and attentive. Hence, they concluded that he was stupid, and publicly ridiculed him calling him the "great dumb Sicilian ox;" but, in a public thesis, his great learning became known. Albert proposed objection after objection, and Thomas, to the great astonishment of everyone, solved all the difficulties. Albert then said to his assembled disciples: "You call this young man a dumb ox, but so loud will be his bellowing in doctrine that it will resound throughout the whole world."

Thomas Aquinas remained at Cologne for four years studying, teaching and writing, and, in 1248, he was sent to Paris to take his degree as bachelor of theology.

Having taught for some time at Paris, he was made successively bachelor and licentiate of theology; later on, he received the doctor's degree in company with St. Bonaventure. We are told that the thesis was revealed to St. Thomas in a vision the night before receiving the degree. His fame as a scholar soon spread throughout Europe, and he taught successively at Rome,

Bologna, Viterbo, Perugia, and Naples. In his lectures and writings, he strove to defend the truth against the attacks of its enemies; he also strove to build up a system of theology and philosophy. His *Summa Contra Gentiles*, undertaken at the request of Saint Raymund of Pennafort, to defend Catholic truth against the Arabian pantheists and their followers, was begun at Paris about the year 1257, and completed before 1264. St. Thomas's greatest work is the *Summa Theologica*, which is a summary of both theology and philosophy. Having completed the first and second parts of the *Summa Theologica*, St. Thomas went to the Dominican convent at Naples to devote himself to the completion of the third part, but, when he reached the ninetieth question, he said he could proceed no further.

By the command of Gregory X., he set out for Lyons, in the year 1274, in order to attend the Council that was being held in that city. On the way he fell sick, and the Cistercian monks of Fossa Nuova, near Maienza, invited him to remain with them. He died at their monastery on March 7th, while expounding the *Canticum Canticorum*.

Truly, we have in St. Thomas a model, an intercessor and a master. From his childhood he strove to solve the question: *Quid est Deus?* and, as a result, we have his numerous theological works. It is this question that modeled and shaped his whole life.

It may be safely contended that no other saint and writer has ever been so honored by Pope and Councils and the universal Church.

Ever since the news of his death spread over the Christian world, the highest praises have been bestowed upon him and his works, pontiff vieing with pontiff and council with council, in doing homage to one whom they truly styled, "the wisest of the holy and the holiest of the wise." And fitting it was that he who during life received the direct testimony of Heaven as to the purity of his doctrine, should after his death be so venerated by

the Church, whose especial light and glory and champion he had been. And thus, as the centuries have rolled onward, those titles by which we know him,—Angelic Doctor, Prince of Theologians, Angel of the Schools, scourge of heretics, Light of the Church, etc.—have been forever linked to his memory by a loving and grateful posterity.

But of all the commendations given by the Holy See to the doctrine of St. Thomas none, probably, have been so eminently practical, or have added a greater lustre to the crown of our saint, than those of the illustrious pontiff, Leo XIII., who surpassed all that his predecessors had done. Pope Leo XIII. showed the great esteem and reverence he had for St. Thomas by recommending his doctrine to all the schools, in August, 1879, by his encyclical *Aeterni Patris*, in which he gives as reasons why they should embrace his doctrine: firstly, because nearly all that was said before is found in his writings; secondly, on account of the perfection of his exposition of doctrine.

Some philosophy is necessary for teaching and preserving the faith, for, as Leo XIII. remarked, "all the errors of our day and the fruitful cause of the evils which now afflict and threaten us, lie in this: false conclusions concerning divine and human things, which originated in the schools of philosophy, have crept into all the orders of the state and have been accepted by the common consent of the masses." One class of the enemies of the Church, the sceptics, do away with all metaphysical knowledge; others, like Hume and Kant and Spencer, subvert all rational science by denying objective reality and truth; while a third, the sensist school, removes the very basis of the super-natural by admitting no knowledge except sensation and "reflection." In addition, we have a host of rationalists and pantheists, social reformers and anarchists, trying to bring into effect the revolutionary principles they uphold.

How then shall we meet these common enemies of

science? There is but one way, and that is to train up bands of doctrinal athletes to battle for the truth; and it is from the arsenal of sound philosophy we must seek for weapons to contend against such foes. For such a warfare there is only one leader to follow, viz.: St. Thomas. It was he who brought philosophy to its greatest perfection. He has assimilated the true philosophers in a wonderful manner, so that he himself is most justly considered the special defender of all truth. On this account, Leo XIII. compared him to the sun as, "being enriched with all the sciences both divine and human, he vivifies the earth by the bright rays of his virtues and fills it with the splendor of his doctrine. Whilst he distinguishes perfectly between reason and faith, he unites them in the bond of mutual concord: he preserves the rights and protects the dignity of each: so that reason, borne on the wings of Thomas to the utmost limits of human intelligence, can soar no higher; whilst faith can obtain from reason no more numerous and efficacious helps, than those drawn from it by St. Thomas."

With such approbation can we doubt whom we should follow as our master and guide? But how shall we follow him and where can we find his doctrine? Leo XIII. tells us to seek the mind of St. Thomas in St. Thomas himself—in his writings.

CHAS. B. HANNIGAN, '07.



The Wages of Sin Is Death.

"Morning in the bowl of night
Has flung the stone that puts the stars to flight;
And Lo! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultan's turret in a noose of light."

It was about the time of day described by old Khayyàm, when the Master, closely followed by his chosen disciples, emerged from the eastern gate of Bagdad. Palms and plantains nodded in the morning

breeze; birds unnumbered hopped and twittered merrily from limb to limb—all nature was alive with joy and gladness. But oblivious of all these charms, the disciples hang on their Master's lips, eager to drink in his every word.

A wonderful master, indeed, was Ben Israel—a man whose name and learning were synonymous, and whose fame rivalled that of the Caliph himself; for was he not the greatest Caliph in the realm of thought? Not in vain had he knocked at wisdom's door, and "loosed the seals" of Solomon's Book.

But on this morning, in spite of his proud bearing and haughty stride, Ben Israel was not himself. He walked so rapidly that his pupils could with difficulty keep up with him. The conversation lagged. Now one and then another would look back towards the city, as if every moment expecting the arrival of someone.

"What keeps Ezra so late?" at last asked Sadoc, the Bassorite, Ezra's inseparable, interpreting the sentiments of his companions.

"I suppose his mother is still combing and curling his golden hair," replied Ezrill, the clever Hittite, who loved to tease Ezra by wickedly undoing the mother's careful morning work.

"Perhaps he's feeding his sister's turtle-doves, or poring over Hillel's mysterious pages, or Raschi's Glosses," suggested Samuel, the dark-eyed boy from Damascus.

"I wonder what has detained him?" resumed Sadoc, halting and anxiously scanning the horizon in the direction of Bagdad. "He cannot be angry with us, for we all love him. He cannot have tired of study, for no one was more attentive and assiduous than he, no one better versed in the Scriptures or the Talmud. His fame, indeed, was beginning to rival that of our illustrious master himself."

"Only last week the Caliph, the noble Abdul Abbas, invited him to his palace," said Ezriel; "and

the day before yesterday a rich merchant from Teheran wished to see him and speak with him," but our wise master, thinking that so much attention would turn his head, declined to grant him leave of absence. I am afraid he has been robbed and murdered."

"Let us ask our master," suggested several at once.

Ben Israel had meanwhile been walking on ahead, apparently not heeding the anxious conversation of his pupils. He gave a start as Sadoc gently laid his hand on his ample sleeve and said:

"Where is Ezra?"

"I know not, boy," he answered nervously, and hastened his steps.

Presently the party arrived at their daily rendezvous, a spreading plane-tree near the water's edge. The class began. Question and answer flew from master to pupil and back again as swiftly as shuttles through the loom. Mishna and Masora gave up their secrets under the master's magic touch, and the mysteries of the letters, words, and numbers of the Law and the Prophets, were unraveled. Still there was now and then a lull in the discourse. Ezra was absent, the rosy child always smiling and dreaming and musing—Ezra, whom Wisdom had chosen for her own.

"Master," said Sadoc suddenly, "what does the great Hillel mean when he says: 'Who makes swim must also swim?'"

The muscles of the Rabbi's face contracted for a moment, but he smiled and said:

"Great is Hillel! He has understood; he knows them, the avenging Furies. Happy the man whose heart is pure from guilt and crime! Him the avengers touch not; he treads the path of life secure from them. But woe! woe! to him who has done the deed of secret murder. The fearful brood of Night fasten themselves upon him, soul and flesh. Thinks he by flight to escape them? They fly still faster in pursuit, and twine their snakes around his feet and bring him to the ground.

Unwearied they pursue; no pity checks their course; still on, still on to the end of life, they give no peace, no rest! He dies by the sword, who has used the sword; who brewed the poison, must drain it too; who made to swim, must also swim!"

He spoke, and gazed in horrors at the angry flood—the still pale face of a boy stared back at him with eyes fixed in death.

"Ezra!" groaned Sadoc, stretching out his hands in despair at the fast disappearing form. "Dearest Ezra! why did you leave us? why did you go from us without bidding us farewell? what ruthless hand plucked this beautiful young flower leaving only the remembrance of its childish fragrance? Ezra! Ezra! why did you leave us?"

"Why did he leave us?" It was Ben Israel who uttered these words, like an echo of Sadoc's wail.

"Why did he leave us? My friends, have you ever been possessed by the demon of jealousy? Did your worse selves ever wage fierce war against your better selves and force them to join the worse cause? I knew Ezra's worth from the first. He was an ideal pupil, and I loved him. I always loved him. I love him now as he is held in the clutches of death. He easily mastered all I could teach him, and his fame was noised abroad. My worse self said: "A few years more, and Ben Israel's name will be forgotten! Watch him!" Watch him I did. I watched him as I would one whom I suspected of being a robber. But my better self still kept up the battle. Then came the Caliph's invitation, and my worse self triumphed. When the Persian merchant asked to see Ezra, the demon possessed me, body and soul. I met Ezra on the bridge this morning. In his own sweet way, he offered me this flower—the first in his mother's garden, he said. "Now is your chance!" clamored the evil one within me. "The Tigris' waves will swiftly bear him to the sea." As I took the proffered flower, I seized him by the shoulder. He smiled up at

me, pleased with what he deemed a friendly familiarity. I hesitated; but the demon within me cried out: 'Ben Israel's name will be forgotten!' A push, a splash; and the waters closed over him. I watched him as he rose and sank three times. My worse self laughed, and mocked him in his death agony.

It said: "Now you are rid of him: Ben Israel's name will never be forgotten."

But my better self! oh! what remorse it caused me! "You have taken the life of a fellow-being, the life of one who loved and trusted you," kept ringing in my ears. I see the relentless Furies upon me, who tear the veil from every crime—the merciless spirits of revenge, who never tire and never rest. Your sentence is just, ye pitiless powers—'who makes swim, must also swim!'—Ezra, you are avenged!"

He spoke, and leaped into the rushing stream. He rose and sank, rose and sank, rose and—sank.

Thus ended the mortal life of the Rabbi of Bagdad. At the spot where he went down, the river murmurs in indistinct sounds: "*The wages of sin is death.*"

A. DZMURA, '00.



Regrets.

The little sunbeams gaily dance
 Across the garden wall;
 The birds are singing sweetly in
 The sombre trees and tall:
 They warble songs of hope and joy,
 And dear old, long ago,
 While soft the summer's Zephers sway
 The branches to and fro.
 And while the world is full of mirth
 Bubbling over with delight—
 I sit and watch the twilight fall

And day sink into night.

* * * *

Ideals once I loved the best
Like clouds are rent in twain;
My heart grows weary yearning long,
In dull, unceasing pain.
I mourn *lost opportunities*;
I mourn—but all in vain.

JAMES J. HAWKS.

In Memoriam.

JOHN C. REILLY.

Even the demise of a man of strong and sterling character powerfully impresses his acquaintances and admirers and the community he adorned. The custom, more or less prevalent, of laudly millionaires is in some cases entirely absorbed in the duty of acknowledging a nobler spirit than transcendent financial endowments: the much regretted death of Mr. John C. Reilly, is a case that all unanimously and cordially acknowledge.

The College was interested in him, not only as an honor to the Church of the diocese, a leading and representative Catholic, but also more directly by the fact that three of his sons were educated here, the oldest, Eugene, being actually the esteemed President of our Alumni.

J. C. Reilly was a self-made man. He had insight and energy enough to engage in transportation business successfully, when that was the direst need of the city. He was first in company with Burns and O'Neil: then, he interested J. D. Callery and T. S. Bigelow in the work which finally developed into the Pittsburg Railways Co. He became a director in the Philadelphia Co., which manages the Pittsburg street railways.

Deceased had been President of Washington National Bank since its foundation, in 1903, President of the City Insurance Co., President of Washington Trust Co., Director of the American National Bank, Allegheny Heating Co., Philadelphia Co., American Trust Co.,

Pittsburg Trust Co., Colonial Trust Co., Germania Savings Bank, Pittsburg Railways Co., member of the Duquesne and Union Clubs of Pittsburg. By counsel and wealth, he was a staunch support of Bishop Canevin in the erection of St. Paul's Cathedral; he also much assisted St. Paul's orphanage.

Mr. Reilly had always been very enterprising and, having just passed his sixtieth year amid the strenuous life of this city, began to suffer from cardiac trouble: he spent a few months in the South, but failed to dispel his ailment, to which he succumbed, fortified by the rites of Holy Church and endeared to thousands, on March 20th. The funeral occurred from the new Cathedral, its trustees acting as pall-bearers, and Bishop Canevin delivering the funeral oration. *R. I. P.*

WILLIAM J. FRIDAY, JR.

After a brief illness, W. J. Friday, Jr., died in Philadelphia, March 15th, in the 42nd year of his age. Deceased was a student in our Commercial Department, in the years '81, '82, '83. He became prominent in the firm of William J. Friday & Co., with which he had been associated from early youth: at his demise, he was Vice-President and General Manager. He was also a member of the Columbus Club.

W. J. Friday, Jr., had gone to Philadelphia to attend his father-in-law's funeral, but grew ill on the train and lingered but a few days. At the hospital he received the last rites of the Church and, later, was brought to Pittsburg, his obseques taking place before a large concourse of friends at Sacred Heart Church. *R. I. P.*

EXCHANGES.

The outward appearance of the *Xavier* has been somewhat embellished, but the contents are scarcely in keeping with the high standard adopted by that Journal in the beginning of the present volume. The February copy, to all appearance a "short story" number, is less pleasing owing to the fact of its containing too many stories—there being seven, and also to the scarcity of any-

thing in the essay line. An appreciation of "Richard Crashaw," the only contribution of this nature, is good—aside from the fact of the quotations being entirely too numerous in proportion to the length of the article.

"Socialism" is very cleverly treated in the *Viatorian*. The author, apparently well read on the question, advises, as a cure for this evil, the education of the lower classes. Now, while in no way objecting to or condemning this proposal, we take the opportunity of expressing a few sentiments on this important and interesting question. The education of the lower classes is a grand and noble cause that should receive the support of all honest, upright citizens, for Socialism, clothed in stolen robes, grasps every opportunity of telling the uninformed workingman that he is being deprived of his lawful rights. We cannot hope to convert these humble toilers into sceptics; it is useless for us to endeavor to make them believe it does not thunder when they have ears to hear. The Socialists have a ground on which to base their accusations and they make the most of it. We refer to the abuse of accumulated wealth and, unless we eradicate this evil, we cannot hope to be free from the effects of Socialism, for, were it not for the former, the latter would have but small chance of gaining ground. If we are not to suffer the dangerous consequences of Socialism, we must correct the current evils on which it seeks to strengthen its principles. We must educate not only the lower classes, but the higher classes as well. The latter, while appearing otherwise, are sorely in need of education, especially moral education. By adopting this course alone can we hope to eliminate Socialism or any other form of social evil. The *Viatorian* contains a great variety of poetry. "Supplication" is a very dainty piece of religious verse. "A Plea for Father" is witty and convincing. "Farewell to the Village" is, perhaps, somewhat tiresome and labored.

In the *Mountaineer* we find an ethical thesis, "The

Right of Individuals to Acquire and Hold Stable Property," very convincingly worked out at great length. The writer proceeds to prove with much labor that, "the individual right to acquire property as demanded by man's nature, is sanctioned by custom and by natural law, and is demonstrated by the habits of the lower animals." "Horace and the Boor," is well translated in a pleasing style of verse. It is much to be regretted that translations of this nature do not appear more frequently in college Journals, as they are such an excellent test both of a man's appreciation of Latin and his knowledge of English. An ordinary student can translate a Latin poem, but it requires one who realizes its value to convert it into readable English verse.

P. G. M., '07.



ATHLETICS.

Baseball.

No sooner had the snow been melted from the campus by Old Sol's beaming rays, than its place was taken by the baseball enthusiasts who came out in full force with resurrected bats, balls and gloves. It looks like the good old times to see about a dozen balls going the rounds of the campus. Over the diamond the 'Varsity men are scattered waiting for "flies" or hot-liners" from off the bat; and in the out-field are numerous games of "sides" or "rounders." One may see the "never-sweats" lolling in the grandstand and "getting a line on" the abilities of the new men. If you do not play baseball, or talk baseball at this time of the year, you approach very nearly to being a non-entity in the College. Everyone is now awaiting the opening game.

And here let us tell you a little secret. Of course, you are not to say who told you. We have discovered a plot of the rooters' club to spring some surprises on that

day with their new yells and combinations. Our only reason for "letting you in" on this is, that we want you to recognize your own rooters' club, and to join in the chorus.

From what we have seen of the players, it is going to prove a difficult task to choose those who will constitute the "regulars."

There are several good men trying for each position on the team, and this alone augurs well for our success on the diamond this year.

Roller Polo.

On Saturday, February 16th, our polo team met and defeated Wilkesburg High School, at Old City Hall, by the close score of 1 to 0.

The game throughout was hotly contested on both sides, and the only drawback was the extreme slipperiness of the floor.

Several changes were made in the line-up of our team, Gwyer going from goal to first-rush, and Mulvihill, a new man, taking his place in the cage. And "Meade" certainly did let the other fellows know that he was in the game, by making many stops of what looked like sure goals.

Both teams played well, and each man followed up his respective opponent at every stage of the game. Our boys played a snappier game, and had more and better team work than W. H. S. The only goal of the game was scored when Ryan caged the ball after a clever pass from Gwyer, who had carried it the whole length of the floor. Dunn Ross was the particular star for High School.

We certainly would have run up a much larger score if many of our shots had not gone outside the Rink on account of inadequate polo facilities. This victory places our boys in second place in the League race.

The line-up and summary:

| COLLEGE | | W. H. S. |
|--------------|------------|-----------|
| Gwyer..... | 1st R..... | Lowe |
| McGraw..... | 2nd R..... | McDaniels |
| Brennan..... | C..... | Hogan |

Ryan.....H. B.....Ross
Mulvihill.....G.....Dipple

Goal, Ryan. Fouls, Ross and Brennan. Stops, Mulvihill 14;
Dipple 12. Rushes, Gwyer 3. Referee, Sipe.

The Independents, Juniors, and the Minims, are
also forming in line for the baseball season of 1907.

T. F. RYAN, '08.

The Allemannia Fire Insurance Company,

OF PITTSBURG, PA.

WM. STEINMEYER, President

C. P. KELLERMAN, Secretary

ASSETS, \$1,051,067.00.

CAPITAL, \$200,000.

SURPLUS, \$301,034.00.

Home Offices : Nos. 345, 347, 349 Fourth Avenue.

JOHN DIMLING,
President.

FRED. FICHTEL,
Vice President.

CHAS. E. SCHUETZ,
Cashier.

Western Savings & Deposit Bank

531 Smithfield Street, Pittsburg, Pa.

Accounts of Individuals and Corporations Solicited.

4% Paid on Time Deposits

2% Paid on Checking Accounts.

JOHN EHRLINGER,

PRACTICAL CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

Cor. Van Braam and Edna Streets,

Bell Phone 2261 Grant.
P. & A. Phone 1919 Main.

PITTSBURG, PA

COLLEGE SHOES

All young men appreciate

"Snappy Shoe Styles." ... Our \$3.50 Specials.

Schmidt's Shoe Store,

614 Smithfield Street,

Pittsburg, Pa.

PITTSBURG COLLEGE

OF THE HOLY GHOST,

BLUFF AND COOPER STREETS.

Conducted by Members of The Holy Ghost Order.

Comprises Five Departments of Studies.

THE COLLEGIATE—

imparts thorough instruction in Sacred Scripture, Church History, Modern History, all the branches of Philosophy, Latin, Greek and English Languages and Literatures, Oratory, Rhetoric, Mechanics, Calculus, Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, Solid and Analytical Geometry.

THE ACADEMIC—

leads up to the College Course and gives students sound training in the Evidences of Religion, Latin, Greek, English, Historical English Grammar, Literature, Roman, Grecian and United States Histories, Arithmetic, Algebra and Plane Geometry.

THE COMMERCIAL—

gives a broad, thorough and up-to-date practical training for the responsibilities of business life. The Course includes instruction in Christian Doctrine, Higher Accounting, Book-keeping, Business and Office Practice, Stenography, Typewriting, English Language, History, Geography, Civil Government, Commercial Law and Correspondence, Arithmetic and Rapid Calculation.

THE SCIENTIFIC—

is well equipped with Chemical and Mechanical apparatus. The Course comprises Chemistry, Physics, Astronomy, Zoology, Botany and Geology.

THE GRAMMAR

prepares pupils for the Academic, the Commercial or the Scientific Course.

EMINENTLY QUALIFIED INSTRUCTORS
give lessons in

VOCAL MUSIC,

THE ORGAN, PIANO, VIOLIN

And Other Wind and String Instruments.

Instruction is given in all the Departments, without extra charge, in German, French, Polish, Spanish, Italian—also in Elocution and Gymnastics.

A spacious campus affords the students abundant opportunities for wholesome recreation.

REV. M. A. HEHIR, C. S. Sp.

President.

Pittsburg College Bulletin

Vol. XIII.

Pittsburg, Pa., April, 1907.

No. 7.

"Advocata Nostra!"

Fair Mistress of Heaven, with garlands crowned !

Thy favors make fertile the barren ground :

'Tis much we all owe thee on life's weary way;

By night thou hast guarded, thou guidest by day.

Thrice blessed art thou, who hast given the Son,

The Savior of men, the anointed One,

Who came like a lamb, both gentle and meek,

To comfort the weary, the sinner to seek.

To thee, gracious Mary, sweet May we give:

Thy clients are countless, whose prayers must live—

And round thee shall gather with roses fair,

Whose fragrance is rich like the breath of prayer.

We gather to sing thee what praise we may;

We offer thee lilies that smile all day,

And glad we salute thee, and pray thee to take

Us under thy care for our Savior's sake.

THOMAS A. CALNAN, '07.

The Theatre as an Institution of Education and Morality.

The ancient Greeks were the most aesthetic people and the most cultured of all races. Their literature surpasses all other pagan literature. Almost everything which has since been written and which has acquired fame for its author, is an imitation of one of the Greek classics. We need not consider here the literature of the Hebrews which immeasurably transcends the literature of Greece in simplicity of style, and sublimity of the themes of which it treats, for these qualities are to be ascribed to the fact that their intellects were so immediately illumined by God, that, being filled with the subject before them, they could treat in a most simple manner the sublime truths which they were writing. The Greeks early learned the use of expressing their passions and emotions in a more forcible manner than by mere words; they sought to present them before their very eyes. This was the beginning and the cause of the drama. Usually the beginning of every art is rude, but this is not the case with the Greek drama. From its very inception it was polished and clever, but natural. For many centuries the drama was almost wholly neglected, till after the Renaissance, when theatres were built all over Europe. The sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were the golden age of modern drama. In all the European countries, dramatic literature was especially cultivated. England has its Shakespeare; France its Moliere, Racine and Corneille; Germany its Schiller and Goethe; Spain its Calderon, who is reckoned next to Shakespeare, and even ranked above by Schlegel, on account of the pure moral tone of his dramas; in Italy we find Alfieri; in Portugal Lope de Vega. Even America produced a great dramatic author in the person of the Spanish-Mexican Juan Alarcon, who is translated and imitated by Corneille. Since such distinguished personages, who may well be considered the best exponents of their coun-

try's literature, deemed it worth their while to busy themselves with the writing of dramas, these must surely be ingenious and talented, and there must certainly be some benefit derived from attending their production.

The theatre may be a factor of good or evil, almost as much as a book. If it were to produce only good plays, and nothing trivial, nor anything against morals, then it would be an institution of education and morality the equal of which could not be found outside the Church, and if it were not for the fact that men commonly read many more books than they see plays, these would even have a greater influence on them.

Here are personified virtue and vice, happiness and misfortune, and every good or evil that may directly or indirectly influence the life of man. The drama shows the rich that honesty and kindness are found oftener among the poor than in their own circle. Many of these rich people are brought up in luxury and comfort, and do not know what it is to be in distress and in want, but on the stage their attention is directed to the life of poor people, who by some little act of kindness, some benefit, can be made happy. These people now have an idea what want is. Whenever any such case in actual life is presented to them, will they not try to imitate the benefactor of the play? They have seen there what joy some little gift, a few kind words, produced. No rich man is so hard-hearted and cruel that he would refuse aid to a fellowman in need, but they often cannot imagine why immediate aid is necessary. These wealthy people are in a manner made acquainted with their poorer fellowmen and their vicissitudes, by seeing them face to face on the stage, and by no other means could they become better acquainted with them.

Vice is here portrayed in its most obnoxious character, in order to make it doubly odious. Not only do we become acquainted with the most evident villainy, but also that which parades under the guise of friendship. The play draws away the mantle from hypocrisy

and presents it to us in its true form. In this way it becomes a great educator, it shows us the means and snares employed by false friends, it makes us suspect, and helps us to unmask them. Hence the drama teaches us to be on our guard against the wiles and trickery of knaves.

Both comedy and tragedy have a great influence on the human heart. It is hard to say which is the most useful, but commonly people prefer the comedy. The tragedy may show us vice at its darkest, the terrible punishment of the villain or the death of innocent persons. All this may make us sympathize with our wronged fellowmen and may make us pity them. It may rouse our nature to rebel against wickedness and to avoid all evil-doers. It may fill us with horror and indignation for all wrong, and help us to bear our lot more cheerfully, to see persons in the same difficulties in which we may be involved. It will make us feel gloomy, and often leaves us so. We try to rid ourselves of every unpleasant remembrance of this kind, and, for this reason, the tragedy is often of little practical value. Comedy, on the other hand, affects us in an altogether different manner. In the comedy, we see our faults exaggerated and satirized. People are affected more by being mocked than by any other way. It wounds human vanity to be ridiculed. Whenever this is the case, we do all in our power to avoid the repetition of an act which has brought scorn and laughter upon us. In the comedy people see themselves as others see them. Not only do they realize how foolish they were and what faults they have, but what others think of them. For this reason, it is of more practical value than the tragedy. The melodrama originally meant a kind of tragedy and comedy interspersed with music and songs, but it no longer means any such thing. Now, too many shows masquerade under the name of melodrama that are nothing but the wild ravings of an inferior playwright. It is filled with impossible situations, sensational stage effects,

and its popularity to a great degree depends on its gaudy scenery. This kind of play is the vehicle for the humbler and inferior actors; it pleases only the most simple or the uneducated and depraved class. To see such a play is an utter loss of time, of no value educationally or morally.

By means of the stage we become experienced without experiencing in our own person, and since "experience keeps a dear school," it really is economicall to attend the production of a good play. We may notice some particular incident in it, the knowledge of which may be worth many times the price of admission. Besides, it is in a position to give us advice, for its field is the whole world, and its time, all the centuries that have passed, and it can offer us the experiences of all by gone ages. The drama respects neither rank nor person. Whoever has done wrong is placed before us as an example of vice; whoever has done any noble deed in the past, is held up to our admiration and imitation. In fact, it is not so much the persons who are shown us, but rather a personification of the virtue or vice which our mind associates with their nature, which interests us. On the stage, we see some hint of certain kinds of corruption of state, which in the play stands for some particular place, and actual corruption of days long passed, but which under a transparent veil shows us particular corruptions of the present day, which are so evident that they are understood by all, and which many periodicals would hesitate to publish, perhaps because they are bribed by those concerned.

The actor was, till recently, considered a man devoid of all sense of shame. He was despised by most men. But few actors and actresses had gained the general respect of their countrymen. An exception to these in England were such men as Garrick and, lately, Sir Henry Irving, and women as Mrs. Siddons. In America those who are still remembered after their death are Booth, Forrest and Jefferson. But as time has brought about many changes in other things, so also in this, the

profession of actor is recognized as the noble profession which it really is. Actors are now allowed to move in the best of society. Many people who are members of no church, are helped to keep the paths of virtue by the drama, and as they act it, they are the indirect cause of it. Since they have the power to do so much good, they should also be encouraged for no man is insensible to kind words of encouragement, no matter how humble or great his ambition. Encouragement will spur him on to do even better than before, while blame, though it be deserved, depresses a man, and often may be the cause of some actor giving up in disgust that profession in which perhaps in later years he would have become a "star."

What beautiful examples of virtue are not brought before us in good plays. True filial devotion in "King Lear," and the noblest kind of patriotism which sacrifices wealth, family and life, portrayed in so many plays. Who is not moved to indignation when he hears the Jew make his complaint in the "Merchant of Venice." We see whither false and criminal ambition leads in "Macbeth," and the result of that most unhappy vice of jealousy in "Othello," and then that "all paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Since the play is such a potent factor for good, would it not be advisable to have a National Theatre, that is, a theatre maintained by the Government? This is what they have in several of the European countries; could not this country just as well maintain such an institution?

This, we deem, is sufficient to prove that the theatre, if it properly fulfills its mission, is an institution of education and morality. Those persons who see good plays are influenced more by them than by books or the most eloquent lecture. A theatre is not only a place of recreation and mental exhilaration, but also of education. Certainly they may be made dens of vice, for though they may do much good, they may do still more evil. Human nature is more ready to accept evil than it is to accept

good. Theatres whose sole purpose is to amuse, and that at the expense of morality, should be suppressed by the civil authorities. They are the cause that so many people regard all theatres and plays as bad, and for that reason never attend the production of good plays. Hence these plays are the direct cause or the influence of good plays being limited. What a blessed time it would be, when people could know that, no matter to what play they went, they would hear and see nothing to shock them, nothing immoral, but that, instead, at everyone they would surely have a few hours of pleasant entertainment and, at the same time, learn something useful.

CHAS. F. FEHRENBACH, '07.



Father John's Heroism.

One day, during the Fourth Crusade, when Richard and his knights were fighting Saladin, a small chapel at the rear of the army had been plundered, and the sacred vessels had been carried away. These had been brought from distant England with great care, and were held in the highest reverence by both knight and villain. When the army heard of their loss, great sorrow and indignation arose, and many plans were proposed for their recapture. But all were almost impossible; for it meant almost certain death for anyone to venture outside the lines. The light horsemen of the Saracens hovered around the flanks of the great army, ready to cut off all stragglers. On this day, the Turks were even more daring than usual. That afternoon, a small body of knights, riding near the camp, had been cut off and slain in full view of the army.

But all these dangers had no terrors for good Father John. This brave man was a Saxon priest who was making the Crusade, not as some of the lords were doing, to gain their own ends; but, for the good of his soul. He

and a companion volunteered to regain the sacred vessels. At dusk, that evening, they set out, armed with no other weapon but a lively faith in God.

These two brave souls crawled safely through the outposts of the enemy; then they began to make their way across the desert. When they neared the camp of Saladin, a dispute arose between them, how they were to proceed. Wulf, the priest's companion, wished to steal up, and take the vessels when they were all asleep, and then return the way they came. But, the priest was against this plan. He showed Wulf the folly of it; for they did not know where the plunder was kept and, even if they did, it would be impossible for them to get near it, as it would be too heavily guarded. Father John's plan was for him to go boldly into the tent of Saladin, and demand the return of the altar vessels. Wulf first strongly demurred to this proposal, but at last he agreed. Then Father John told him to wait at this spot for two hours, and, if he did not return in that time, he was to go back to the camp and tell the army that his companion was no more.

After giving Wulf these instructions, the priest made his way to the tent of Saladin, and demanded admittance. He was seized by the guards, and roughly carried before the Saracen ruler. A banquet was going on and Saladin was very angry to be disturbed. This did not dismay the good Father. In a tone of respect he addressed Saladin thus: "Why have you plundered our altars and carried away the holy vessels? You war not against the priests of the Christians, but against the knights. Return to me the plunder, and let me depart; their value will make no difference to you who are rich in the spoils of a hundred battles." This appeal made the Saracen furious, and, in a tone of thunder, he ordered the priest to be taken away. The poor man was to die at daybreak.

However, Saladin could not sleep that night. I know not whether it was on account of his conscience or on account of his deep potations during the evening.

Be this as it may, he began to meditate on the incident of the evening; and, at last, decided to return the vessels taken from the plundered chapel, and to let the priest go back to the camp of the Christians.

When he had reached this decision, he immediately began to practice. First, he went to the banquet room and took the sacred vessels. Then, he went to the prison tent of the priest, and cut his bonds. Without a word he handed him the vessels, and pointed toward the army of the Crusaders. The priest thanked him, and began to make his way toward his own countrymen.

In the meanwhile, Wulf had returned, and had told his friends that Father John was a captive and, perhaps, a corpse in the hands of the Saracens. There was great weeping over what was considered the sad fate of the brave priest. But, when he returned, you may be sure, this same weeping was changed to joy, and Father John was hailed as the hero of the army.

Thus, my dear friends, you see that appearances are sometimes deceitful. Under a cover of meekness may be a heart of steel. Never make light of those who appear meek and humble, for they may rise to deeds of daring of which you had never dreamed.

JOS. H. MCGRAW, '09.



Life in the Country and City.

How often do we hear the country-bred boy and man comparing their lowly lot with that of their more fortunate cousin of the city! How little do they realize or appreciate the advantages to be secured by country associations—simple living, the close contact with nature and all her beauties and charms, their abounding health and vigor. Forgetful of all these joys, the man thinks: O, if I had only been reared in some great city, what might I not have attained; what a fortune I should have

accumulated, besides occupying a much higher social position, all by means of the superior educational and social advantages to be secured in the city! Might I not have been as famous and as wealthy as some of the great men of my country who were reared on the farm and later removed to the city! If I had been a native of some populous city, perhaps I might have become another Lincoln or an equally representative man.

To those boys and men, however, who do reach the city, how different are the circumstances from their visions and how their hopes are shattered! They find that life in the city has lost all its romance, and is nothing but a continual hustle and bustle for a living. This mode of living, in many instances proves too strenuous for the easy-going farmer and compels him to return to his rustic home and enjoy its pleasures as he may.

The city man and boy, on the other hand, cannot see that they possess any real advantages superior to those of the farm and country. For, after all, the advantages of a superior education and the like to be obtained in the city, do not in the end offset that rural simplicity and earnestness which are so manifest in the people who have removed from the country to the city.

It is difficult for any native of the city to understand why anyone born and brought up in the country should prefer city life to his own rural peacefulness and simplicity. Surely no condition of life in the city can be compared with that of the country boy. As a child, he romps and plays, care-free and happy. As a boy, though not quite so free, he continues to play.

It is in his boyhood that he possesses that health that "mocks the doctor's rules," and obtains the "knowledge never learned in schools." Even his chores are attended with joys. How happy he is, as whistling he drives the cows home, or kindles the wood for the fire! What pleasure he takes in his quests for berries and the blossoming flowers of springtime! His strolls

and fishing expeditions are a never-ending source of pleasure.

As a youth, he gathers a fuller knowledge of nature. 'Tis then that he learns to observe and study nature in all her freshness and beauty. The brooks and streams with their babblings, the warbling birds, all nature in fact, begins to appeal more to his sense of beauty. In spring, the flowers and fields ever present new features to his eager gaze. Unconsciously he enjoys the sweet secret of the flowers and the ripening fields of grain as he walks through the meadows or when he gathers the crops and puts them into the storehouse. Then, as to the practical side of farm life, although the work is often arduous, it is always healthful, most of it being done out-of-doors in the pure air and warm sunshine.

Life in the city, however, is quite different. Except among the poorest classes, the city child enjoys life every bit as much as he of the country. But when boyhood approaches, there appears the difference between the two modes of life. The boy in the city has many pleasures of the restricted kind, but he hasn't the freedom of the country lad. Moreover, he must always come in contact with the miseries and vices so prevalent in a city, from which the innocent country boy is entirely free. To be sure, life in the city has many real advantages which do not exist in the country. The city in general offers better educational facilities and opportunities for a business career. Besides, this life tends to strengthen and develop the character, teaching endurance, self-reliance, and, by daily contact with all conditions of life, developing those qualities in a man which are so necessary for sustaining the many hardships incident to all conditions of life.

And yet, it is the hardy farmer who forms the backbone of this great country; without him and his robust offspring, the country-at-large would soon show the want of their uplifting influence. For farming is virtually the only great occupation which is totally independent of

trusts and combines. No tradesman or capitalist is more independent than the farmer even if he possess only a small farm, since his earnings and the entire product of his labor are all his own.

Many of us either directly or indirectly see the power the farmers have for bettering the condition of the country. Coming, as they do, directly from rural homes, they are happy, and exhale the confidence and good-will with which their lives have been filled till their advent into the city. Sound in body and in mind, the slightest intercourse with them leaves behind a breath of that purity and simplicity of manner and speech which one seldom encounters in a native of the city.

For many years, the farmers who were born in the country, lived and died on their rural homesteads, only seeing the city and its people on visits which were few and far between. Entirely satisfied with the easy living they were earning at home, they contented themselves with their own families and circles of friends, never giving a thought to the honors and fame and affluence which were to be gained only through living in districts where other men of wealth, fame and influence dwelt. Many, indeed, had accumulated in a few years more wealth by means of stock and grain, than they would have got possession of in a lifetime of struggle and worry and toil in a large city.

Moreover, those who visited the city frequently in many instances were unfavorably impressed with the existing conditions of life in the city, and gradually they spread these impressions, false or not as they might be, among their country friends, thus tending to keep the better class of farm people away from the city.

Of late years, however, the people of the country districts, either through a desire to better their fortunes or because the soil has become untillable, have removed to the cities in great numbers. Wherever they located, they soon gained a reputation for thrift and honesty. And for many of them, this reputation has been the

stepping-stone from poverty and obscurity to fame and fortune. To-day, we find men in all walks of life and in all classes of society who were brought up in the country. In our legislature, our law-courts, our churches, in the professional ranks, in honorable positions of various kinds, if we examine, we may find the country boy who has won success by his sterling honesty, industry and uprightness of character.

A. R. NELSON, '07.



Horace to His Book.

LIB. I. EPIST. XX.

To me you seem with eager mien to look
To Janus and Vertumnus, foolish book;
You long to show your Sosian pumiced dress
Abroad; of keys and seals you hate the stress—
Which pleasant is to modest youth. Then, too,
You grieve that you at home are seen by few;
And public praise you childishly extoll—
Though such was not your educator's roll.
Fly then where'er your fickle fancies say:
When once you're gone, you'll ne'er come back this way.
"O wretched I," you'll say, "what have I done?"
"What wished I?" when ill-treatment has begun.
When tired of you your fondest lovers grow,
You'll rest upon a narrow shelf, you know.
If, led by love, I augur not amiss,
Awhile at Rome you'll lead a life of bliss,
When, soiled and thumb'd by vulgar hands, you'll be
In silence food for lazy moths, or flee
To Utica, or to Illerda sent
By merchants be, with sundry parcels pent.
Then shall your censor spurn'd be heard no more,
As he who pushed his balking donkey o'er
The cliff in wrath; for who would want to stop
A stubborn one who o'er a bluff would drop?
This, too, remains—you shall, in falt'ring age,
In rudimenting village boys engage.
When cool of day to you more ears draws nigh,

You then shall tell, a freedman's son was I—
 And far beyond the nest my wings I spread :
 Thus slight my race and praise on merit shed,
 Tell, too, I've won the hearts of men of state
 In war and peace; my stature far from great;
 Quite early gray; with sunshine ever pleased;
 To passion prone, yet quite as soon appeased.
 If one perchance my age should ask of you,
 Tell him I forty-four Decembers knew
 Within the year that Lepidus, by plan
 That Lollius made, his consulship began.

PHIL. G. MISKLOW, '07

Another Translation.

You seem, small one, to seek about; pray why?
 The busy mart, the bookstalls to espy !
 As if forsooth, by ornate art complete,
 The world alone, undaunted you would meet !
 Keys, locks and seals, all to the modest dear,
 By you are quite despised; and void of fear,
 You grieve that only to the few you're shown
 When you would fain by all mankind be known.
 I vow, I have not reared you for that end.
 But, since you will, haste thither to descend.
 Yet mark, once gone, you never shall return—
 When, to repent, you through experience learn.
 Abused by some one, then, I hear you say:
 "O wretched me, what have I done?" and, "pray,
 What sought I, leaving thus my safe retreat?"
 Some reader weary grown shall think it meet
 In space exceeding small to jam you down.
 If, whilst at your foolhardiness I frown,
 I judge not wrongly, Rome shall you esteem,
 But only whilst in outward charms you gleam.
 For, when the vulgar crowd your pages thumb,
 And you, quite sordid, dirty, have become,
 Then shall you feed the lazy moths unread,
 Or flee to Utica, or boxed instead,
 Be shipped to Ilerda. Behold, 'tis said,
 I who foretold, but vainly, this disgrace
 Shall say: "I told you so" with heartless face
 Just thus the angered muleteer who sent
 Adown the steep, his steed e'er thither bent.

For who, indeed, from perils him restrains
Who does not wish it? So for you remains
To teach the lowest grades, till stutt'ring age
Shall mar each cover and obscure each page.
(But, mayhap, better fate's in store for you—
By many scorned, yet not unloved by few)
When cooling shades shall draw you listeners round,
My modest, lowly praises gently sound.
A freedman's son and poor among the poor,
Fame called to leave the nest and swing secure
On stronger wings up to a higher sky
Than birds of humble breed are wont to fly.
Thus to my birth what wanting is, bestow
In merits self-acquired. If some would know,
Say I have favor found with men of Rome.
The great, I mean in war, the great at home;
Also, that I am grey before my time and slight
Of frame; oft, too, disposed the sun's warm light
To claim; yea, quick to anger, yet appeased
Most easily. If one perchance be pleased
My age to ask, to him eleven I
Quadrupled had of years, you may reply,
What time the consul, Lollius' colleague, came,
Silvanus' rival, Lepidus by name.

A. R. JOHNS, '07.



“St. Patrick”—“His Mission.”

[Continued.]

“Happy Isle !

Be true, for God hath 'graved on thee His name,
God, with a wond'rous ring, hath wedded thee;
God on a throne divine hath 'stablished thee;—
Light of a darkling world ! Lamp of the North !
My race, my realm, my great inheritance,
To lesser nations leave inferior crowns;
Speak ye the thing that is,—be just, be kind;
Live ye God's Truth, and in its strength be free.”

—Aubrey De Vere, “Confessions.”

We have already noted the events of St. Patrick's life in chronological order, his *fortunate* captivity, his

saintly life, and his still more saintly death; and having noted that he ranks among the most notable saints in working miracles, let us now cast a glance at his mission. It is an established fact that, if we would appreciate the merits of a distinguished man, we must consider his influence on contemporaries and society-at-large, and here we are forced to admire one of the greatest saints of the Church. The mission of St. Patrick was most sublime, and sublimely did he accomplish it. If we except those of St. Peter and St. Paul, the missions of the Apostles slowly decayed; after three centuries heresies had divided them, and missionaries, perhaps not less zealous than their apostolic predecessors, failed to mould their characters into those of the people. The mission of St. Francis Xavier, in Japan, progressed rapidly for years after the saint's death, but it too witnessed its decay. The lives of the other great missionaries contain the same sad story: heresies and schisms have had their day in Germany, Switzerland, France and England. Ireland, the field of St. Patrick's labors, is entirely free from such a reproach. Her bitterest enemy to-day may not lay the charge of heresy at her door, and this she owes unreservedly to St. Patrick. He adapted himself so admirably to the manners and customs of the Irish people, and he converted so thoroughly the whole land that it has been the admiration of nations since. In fact, so much so that writers—unworthy of the name of historians—assure us that three or four St. Patricks existed then in Ireland.

Again, the hierarchy of Ireland, at the death of St. Patrick, was by far the most complete of the age. Three hundred bishops did he consecrate, and countless worthy men received the Sacrament of Holy Orders at his hands. It was he who caused the *Matin* song and *Vesper* hymn to resound through the hallowed cloisters of countless monasteries, which announced gentler feelings to rough hearts, and suggested nobler deeds than those of war. It was he who erected monasteries and colleges in almost

every town, city and county,—monasteries, whose very ruins, sadly, yet eloquently, tell their own story; to-day they stand forth, and bid the curious observer pass them in silence. Round Towers, resisting the very ivy meet the eye, and ruins of Cathedrals, where now the hemlock adorns, and where waves the purple foxgloves lonely banneret, retain a mystic and solemn mien, defying the might of kings, elements and time. Beneath and around them, is the dust of kings, doctors and saints, where earthly scribes must ever "fear too read." Consequently, not only was St. Patrick a great evangelizer, he was also a learned one; wherever he went, there appears a lasting landmark of his knowledge. In him, and in his successors, says Dr. Shahan, the two great modern passions—the passion of knowledge and the passion of fatherland are admirably combined with the highest religious passion—the perfection of the individual soul and its mystic union with the Creator and Rewarder." Certainly, none other than the spirit of St. Patrick has enabled Irishmen for the last fourteen hundred years to gain such victories over ignorance, obstinacy and stupidity. It is his spirit that animates the Irishmen of to-day, who are gaining lasting fame, both in religious and political life.

But someone will say that we know little or nothing of St. Patrick's inner life. Indeed, it is here we have history and reason on our side. In him, as in almost all the great saints, humility stands pre-eminent. He was always "a scholar in the school of Christ, and not a master." "The vehemence of his spirit of self-abasement before God, is hardly equalled, certainly not exceeded, by anything in the language of the most lowly and penitent saints,"—behold the language of, perhaps, his greatest historian. Nor was his spirit of prayer less admirable. It was on prayer he relied for success, it was by prayer he converted the Irish nation; by prayer, he organized the work of God; and, by prayer, he built up His spiritual and enduring empire. Historians tell us that, at every

Canonical Hour, he made the sign of the Cross more than one hundred times. He divided the night into two parts: "during the first, he praised God with two hundred genuflections, and one hundred prayers; and during the second, he plunged into cold water, and recited again one hundred prayers." Need we wonder at his achievements? All he did was blessed by Heaven. His saintly words fell upon the heart and were as a healing balsam to the open wound. Nor were his charity and tenderness of heart less remarkable. The story of his life is replete with examples of divine charity. In fact, his whole apostolate was one of burning charity; it were too long a story to mention the numerous witnesses of the saints' unbounded charity and tenderness; no less than thirty-three persons were raised to life by him.

St. Patrick's name is held in reverence in almost every civilized country. Indeed, well may it be so, for he was a cosmopolitan teacher, since it has been the lot of the Irish to spread all over the world, to enkindle devotion to the grandest and noblest institution in existence—Christianity. And since we may hope that the days of bigotry are passed, devotion to the saint should not be confined to the millions of Irish Catholics. Indeed the sons of St. Patrick in the New World show that their love for him is not ephemeral. Full well has he merited our deepest love, and the love of every Catholic, not only in Ireland, but all over the world.

Though fourteen hundred years have passed since St. Patrick consecrated the soil of Ireland by his presence, his Faith still flourishes. It is a wall, against which the tide of English tyranny rolled in vain. Its churches were pillaged, but in the open air were heard the prayers of priest and people. Every imaginable torture was used, yet the Faith of St. Patrick remained intact. Despite the cruelties of "Draconian Law," despite imprisonment, and the horrors of the scaffold, despite exile in far-off lands, the Faith of St. Patrick prevailed, and

well can Ireland say with her dear Catholic poet, Gerald Griffin:

“ For Heaven we hope, for Heaven we pray,
For Heaven we look and long to die,
For Heaven, for Heaven, by night and day
Untiring watch, untiring sigh.”

The Church in Ireland, blessed by St. Patrick, and strengthened by the prayers of thousands of her children now dwelling in glory, shall continue faithful to the lessons and doctrines which, fourteen centuries ago, were preached to her by St. Patrick. Every recurring 17th of March shall bring to our souls new courage to defend the Faith which he first taught us; and with the Psalmist we will say: “ This is the day which the Lord hath made, let us exult, and rejoice therein.” To St. Patrick we will pray; he does not forget his long-loved Irish children; their voices are still echoing in his ears. We will pray that he may watch over the Irish Church which he hath planted, and that he may protect her through the storms and tempests which it may still be her destiny to brave, and, that wherever the lot of her children may be cast, his spirit may hover round them, his maxims ever guide them, his example ever encourage them, and that his reward may ever crown them.

Could one better conclude this sketch than by using the words of the renowned author, already quoted, Dr. Shahan, when he says: “ May the numerous children of St. Patrick be leaders of international repute, bold and original benefactors of a yet suffering humanity, physicians of a world that unhappily cherishes the thorn of its own discontent ! May men look again to the green land that rises in virgin splendor from the Atlantic for a multitude of examples of personal union and concord between the immovable claims of religion and the indispensable claims of human science, its incredible conquests and sacrifices, its ever clearer function as the interpreter of the wisdom and power of an infinitely good and provident Creator? ”

JAS. F. CARROLL, '08.

Pittsburg College Bulletin

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

| | |
|--------------------|------------------------|
| EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, | J. R. COX, '07. |
| ASSISTANT EDITOR, | C. A. FEHRENBACH, '07. |
| EXCHANGES, . . . | P. G. MISKLOW, '07. |
| LOCALS, . . . | J. A. CARLOS, '08. |
| ATHLETICS, . . . | T. F. RYAN, '08. |
| ALUMNI, . . . | T. A. DUNN, '09. |
| SOCIETIES, . . . | GEO. J. BULLION, '10. |
| CONCERTS, . . . | R. A. BROWN, '09. |
| BUSINESS MANAGERS, | M. J. MINICK, '07. |
| | J. H. MCGRAW, '10. |
| | THOS. W. NOONAN, '11. |

PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

VOL. XIII.

APRIL, 1907.

No. 7.

EDITORIAL.

The Military Orders.

God wills it! With his Cross gleaming above him in the bright sunlight amid the enchanting natural surroundings of the Orient, Peter, the Hermit, began the crusades with this potent trinity of words; the poor, humble hermit began a work, the very mention of which sends a thrill of pride and yearning through our minds and hearts; there arose a pious cry of holy indignation thrilling the assembled multitude, a cry which has been repeated again and again when the Church has been goaded by her persecutors.

To further the cause of the crusades the military orders were instituted which, in addition to the vows of

poverty, chastity and obedience, took a fourth, namely—to fight till death in the cause of the Cross.

How well these orders succeeded is not necessary to mention; thousands upon thousands of volumes of prose and poetry have been written in praise of the crusaders; their chivalry has been imitated everywhere; their love of God and the Church has never been doubted, and the super-human clutch with which they held to their vows, amidst the most alluring temptations, has been the wonder of the centuries since.

“Pro Deo, pro Patria,” was their battle cry; the Cross their banner; Christ’s precepts their rule of life; and their commander-in-chief was Christ’s Vicar—the Pope.

Such a grand organization was and would be impossible without something more than mere human motives to spur it on.

Did the gold and grandeur of the East allure them? No. Because poverty and chastity was their rule of life amid the splendors and licentiousness of the Orient.

Spain, with its balmy, beautiful, southern climate, did not turn their brains or their hearts; they labored patiently and incessantly for God’s glory and the expulsion of the hated Mussulman.

“Onward, Christian soldiers,” sounded not only in countries where the blood is easily stirred, but even in the colder northern regions; volunteers came from East, West, North and South; they poured like a mighty torrent to carry into Palestine the regeneration offered by Christ’s Law, and to spill their pure blood in the sands made holy by the footprints of Christ, deeming death in this remote and strange land more glorious and honorable than to die on a throne.

With such sentiments as these the soldiers of the Cross fought and died; our love and veneration for them should be in proportion to their love of Christ, and on our hearts we should trace in ineradicable marks the

honor of these soldiers of the Holy Father and the Church.

With the Cross the crusaders began; with the Cross they prospered; with the rejection of the Cross by the Mahometans they ceased, leaving to us only a memory so sweet, grand and enobling that it will live as long as the Church, a moment of military glory unstained by desire of gold and fame, undertaken for the salvation of souls and the greater honor and glory of their Savior, Jesus Christ.



Universal Peace.

The opening of the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburg, brought to our city, men prominent in all walks of life, but next to Andrew Carnegie, no individual afforded greater interest or elicited more attention than William T. Stead, the London Editor.

He is a truly public-spirited man, not of England only, but of the world, and he has demonstrated this by his earnest, tireless efforts in the direction of universal peace.

At the present time, in certain circles, Mr. Stead's idea is ridiculed as impracticable; but those who say this should be cautious; it would be better, perhaps, to maintain that his means of attaining that grand blessing for humanity are impracticable and impossible, but the idea is a grand one, and possible of realization, provided some practical men take it up and endeavor to carry it to a successful issue.

It is really surprising to note the tone of contempt and ridicule, some newspapers are always ready to assume when a man advances an opinion merely for consideration; the man who gives it realizes better than they who ridicule him that, this theory has to be made practical; the man with the idea is like the man who fires the shot to begin the race; he simply sets the ball a-rolling; Mr. William T. Stead has done this and if in

three hundred years by whatever means the dove of universal peace rests upon the world, he is to be thanked.

Already everyone can understand the benefits of world-wide peace, and would like to enjoy it; it now remains for reasons to convince the public of the world that the most victorious war is failure and the greatest success is peace.

The idea is much older than Mr. Stead, but he is the latest thinker of prominence to assume a noteworthy attitude in its regard.



The Oklahoma Constitution.

Oklahoma Territory, some few years ago opened up for white settlers, has grown so rapidly in population and wealth that it deems itself fit to become a full degree member of the U. S. and worthy to add another star to the blue field of the emblem of Liberty.

The delegates elected by the people to draw up a constitution for the new State had a great task before them, but, at the same time, they had the constitutions of forty-six sister States to copy from and if they do not get State laws satisfactory to Congress, and the Oklahoma people, the fault is theirs, and they deserve rebuke.

President Roosevelt, while not openly giving his views on the Oklahoma Constitution, quietly let it be known he would veto any set of Laws which infringed on the liberties of the colored race, and he would be perfectly justified, since no State can make a law contrary to the National Constitution; if the Oklahoma delegates restricted the negro race any more than the whites, the National Constitution, which says, the negro shall enjoy *all* the privileges of a white citizen, would have been infringed.

The delegates have done their duty, we believe very satisfactorily, and the hint dropped by the President, that he might veto their efforts, had the desired effect and

saved them from falling into the fatal, ante bellum error of discriminating on the law books of the States between the white and black races.



Utility of Higher Mathematics.

As the college student advances in his studies, and dignity, his love for knowledge increases; but one branch, the most important of all or the one which prepares the brain for the other branches seems, at least among many students, to be growing year by year more unpopular; why this is, is difficult to fathom, but the most apparent reason is this; higher mathematics are so difficult, require so much brains to solve, and the student learns to love this science so well, that if he gave it the attention necessary to satisfy his yearning, it might be at the cost of some other branch, the absence of which the outside world would notice more quickly; therefore, students generally sacrifice higher mathematics for the good of human interest in general.

But a complete renunciation of higher mathematics is very foolish in a person who intends to follow a profession. What will their confreres in later life think of them, if they are ignorant of a most uplifting and brain exercising science?

If not able to master higher mathematics at college, at least get the foundation, and after college life is over, we can study and build at our leisure and acquire a knowledge of calculus, analytic geometry, etc., which would do credit to our industry and talent.

J. R. Cox, '07.



LOCALS.

PLAY ball !

To baseball season, welcome !

ON the homestretch !

ONE more exam, boys; pull yourselves together for a grand windup.

To the members of the Senior class, success crown your final efforts !

To the Juniors, beware of the "roller cough !"

To the members of the 'Varsity ball team, souse 'er on the seam, and dig out early !

If there is to be any knocking done around here this Spring, let it be done by the members of the 'Varsity team.

SULLY, the team's receiver this year, has made a hit with the boys generally; it's up to him now to make a few more elsewhere, and in another way this Spring.

MILLER, the twirler-of-twists, hasn't much to say—never had, but from the outlook of things at present, we believe he has the "goods," and will deliver them when the time comes.

JOE "HABBY" is an active spirit in the movement for a rooters' club and yell; Joe always did go in for everything strenuous and exciting.

WE always thought fishes lived only in water, but the number of sharks—pool-sharks, we have seen sporting around the college, justifies us in changing our mind.

GET next to the five M's on their way home to dinner every day, the two McKnights, McGuire, Muldowney and Mahon.

THE Freshman class has a mathematical wonder in extracting the square root of any algebraic problem: he

not only extracted all the roots possible, but even the square root of the minus sign.

IF that South Side bunch doesn't "cut out" kidding the Soho bunch, there'll be a grand clean-up on the second floor some day. Is'nt that right, Eddie?

THE Funny Man of the Senior class doesn't look the part, but he's a humorist all right. If you don't believe it, ask him to give you an imitation of a phonograph.

THE sophomore class is rather quiet nowadays; if the members of it don't soon come out and make some noise, we'll begin to think they're "plugging" too hard.

EXPERIENCE always counts; Mr. MacG. certainly has the bells on the rest of us, when it comes to a showdown about crowbars, pendulums, levers, etc.

A MINIM in apothecary weight is one drop of water. The Minim team may be nine drops or eleven, but they have cleaned up a few.



Third Term Examinations.

The third term examinations were held on the second week of April. They were written in all subjects, and oral in mathematics and sciences. Yesterday afternoon the results were proclaimed in the college hall. The following students obtained first place in their respective classes: J. F. Carroll, G. J. Bullion, T. J. Szulc, M. A. Gloekler, W. J. Boehm, F. J. Wittmann, C. J. McCormick, M. Ennis, T. H. Skarry, C. E. Clair, J. V. O'Connor, O. H. Steedle, H. J. McHattie, F. J. Mueller, W. O'Malia and J. J. Markman.



ATHLETICS.

Baseball.

The baseball team has launched itself into the arena—or “diamond” we should say—for the season of '07. As was expected, the weeding out of the candidates was a most difficult task; but “Joe” Keating is the boy to recognize baseball material when he sees it, and on this account we may well feel confident that there is not a weak position on the team. In truth, we can feel more than mere confidence, for this fact has been demonstrated to us.

Our boys have already opened their season and have shown of what they are capable, by playing an eleven inning tie with the Donora team on Friday, April 12. The weather was by no means the most ideal for baseball, the field being heavy and soggy. But, nevertheless, the game had plenty of snap and ginger in it—or ginger snaps—take your preference. The feature of the game was Harrell's three bagger. Neilan also put up a fine game at first; as well did Sullivan whose corralling of foul tips bordered on the sensational.

The game by innings:

| | | | | | | | | | | | | R. | H. |
|---------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|----|----|
| COLLEGE | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| DONORA | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 6 |

Three base hit, Harrell. Two base hits, Sullivan, Bulger and Forman. Double plays, Bulger, Neilan and Herron; O'Donnell (Donora). Stolen bases, Harrell, Keating, Sullivan.

The following are the ones who have secured berths on the team:—Harrell, Keating, Miller, Murphy, McKnight, Schmoldt, Culp, Sullivan, Herron, Bulger, Neilan and Dietz.

We are most optimistic as to the results of the future games; for the “old men,” last year's regulars, are playing as well as, if not a better game than, last year; and the new men—is it not enough to say for them that they have made the 'Varsity nine?

The Independents.

The Independents have formally reorganized for this season, under the leadership of Manager Fr. Goebel.

The following have handed in their names for a try-out. Harrigan, Tucker, Dugan, Egan, Muldowney, Gelm, Daley, Creighton, J. McKnight, Hannigan, Sweeney, Harrell, Leger and Turnblacer. We are expecting great things from the Independents, as they have played several practice games with the "big team," and have shown up remarkably well. So here's hoping that you don't disappoint us Independents !

Junior Team.

Telerski, c.; Nachreiner, s. s.; Laux, 1st base; Horstkamp, 2nd base; McLaughlin, 3rd base; Gallagher, l. f.; Creamer, r. f.; Brunner, m. f.; Turnblacer, Darby, De Lowry and Good, pitchers. T. Laux was elected President.

The Junions have a strong team and will try hard to obtain the same record their predecessors held. There were several practice games played with the class teams, in all of which the Juniors obtained the victory by a large score. The season opened with the strong Crafton A. C., at Crafton.

The Midgets.

A rival team has risen to dispute the laurels of the Minims, with whom they hope to arrange some lively tilts. They offer this list:—E. Burns, c. or r. f.; C. Gutwald, p. or m. f.; W. Crehan, s. s.; G. Darby, 1st b.; J. Scanlon, 2nd b.; R. Gutwald, 3rd b.; P. Schaub, l. f.; J. Rattigan, m. f. or c.; L. Mahon, r. f. or p.; manager, Rev. Fr. Gavin, C. S. Sp.

The Minims.

Last, but not least, come the doughty little Minims. Of course, they have reorganized. Surely no one "suspicioned" to the contrary. The make-up of this

swift bunch of littleness, or little bunch of swiftness, will be about the same as last year. The following are the redoubtable ones:—c., Parker and Miller; p., Callahan and Flannigan; s. s., T. Gillespie; 1st, Esser; 2nd, Mullaly; 3rd, Monahan; r. f., Carroll and Dunn; m. f., J. Gillespie; and l. f., Ed. Dignan.

They promise us as rousing and successful a season this year as they gave us last year. And they surely did “show us a few” for their size. It would be really tiresome though to endeavor to count the number of steps each “wee one” must take to complete a circuit of the bases. But they don’t take that into consideration at all. Never! They just “hike” on around and help along the score. And, by the way, the only “bignesses” in connection with the Minims are their large scores and their large Manager, Fr. Sonnefeld.

Tennis.

The tennis court is now being made ready for the racquet experts in the college. More interest than ever is being manifested in this most excellent sport. There will be another tournament this year in order to give the club members an opportunity to wrest the doubles’ championship of the school from Gwyer and Ryan, who still retain it. McGraw and Mulvihill in particular entertain great expectations of doing this. Of course, it is proper to wish them success—but they’ll have to “go some.”

We earnestly request that the Managers of the teams hand in their items to the athletic editor in order to avoid trouble and confusion.

T. F. RYAN.



EXCHANGES.

We have at hand the *Observer*, a new monthly, published by the students of St. Joseph's Commercial College, Detroit, Mich. We cannot but admire this publication, considering its rapid growth from eight to sixteen pages in the third month of its existence and because it is, we think, the only magazine of this nature published by a college connected with a parish church. Its contents are very entertaining and its literary department is quite creditable. In the April number, there are two articles which, owing to their pathetic strain, are deserving of special mention, "The Easter Lily," and "Boot-Black George." Keep up the good work, *Observer*, and reputation will surely attend your efforts in the field of college journalism.

Dear *Wah Hoo*, do not, we implore you, grow impatient. We are delighted to have you among our exchanges. You know we desired to make your acquaintance, having heard your praises sung by our brother ex-men, and it would be ungrateful indeed on our part to expect you to call upon us unless we returned the compliment. Our visit was necessarily postponed owing to delay in coming from the press. We were furnished much enjoyment, *Wah Hoo* by a perusal of your contents, the merits of which entitle you to an honorable position among our high school exchanges.

"March Blossoms," a poem in the *Nazarene*, breathes forth in tender strains the holy thoughts inspired by that month. "A Client of St. Joseph", illustrates in a beautiful manner the favors gained by a devoted patron of St. Joseph.

The current number of the *Niagara Rainbow* is deserving of much praise. Its pages, abounding with literary charms, are greatly embellished by a number of excellent cuts, some of which illustrate an article entitled "Hamilton, its Scenic Beauty and Historic Associations," which describes the natural beauties and historic associations of "the picturesque City of Hamilton, situated in the valley between the Niagara escarpment and the shore of Burlington Bay." "Island Reveries," a lengthy contribution treating of the French question, is taken up mainly with an account of the French Revolution and the history of the unjust persecution of the royal family at that time. The writer very wisely insists that, the instillation of Christian ethics in the hearts of the youth, is the only thing that will prevent a nation from undergoing a crisis similar to one now causing so much commotion in France. We read with much pleasure a very flattering account, in the *Rainbow*, of a concert given by the Pittsburgh Orchestra, under the able direction of Mr. Paur, during its recent Canadian tour.

P. G. M., '07.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

Since our last issue, the following selections have been rendered :

BY THE ORCHESTRA :—March, Sleepy Lou, *Giblin*; Intermezzo, Cherry, *Albert*; Waltz, The College Widow; Overture, On the Riviera, *Gruenwald*; Two-Step, Peaches and Cream, *Wenrich*; Waltz, The Tale The Church Bells Told, *Lampe*; Medley, Forty-five Minutes from Broadway, *Cohen*; Two-Step, Marie Cahill's Hottentot, *Hein*; Overture, Titania, *Hildreth*; Intermezzo, Pawnee, *Hein*; George Washington, Junior, *Cohen*; Two-Step, Golden Rod, *McKinley*; Yale Boola, Hirst.

INSTRUMENTAL SELECTIONS :—Xylophone Solo, Dixie, C. J. Staud; Violin Duet, The Image of the Rose, F. J. Stack and C. J. McGuire; Cornet Solo, Lizzie, Polka, J. F. Neilan; Brass Quartet, Kathleen Mavourneen, C. B. Weis, J. F. Neilan, C. J. McGuire, C. J. Staud; Piano Solo, Sweet Bye and Bye, G. A. Ley.

VOCAL SELECTIONS :—Sing Me to Sleep, H. M. Payne; A Warrior Bold, P. A. Dooley; Vocal Duet, The Vesper Bell, J. F. Malloy and P. O'Connor; Farewell, But Whenever, J. J. Millard; Sweet Inniscara, R. V. Conway; Those Endearing Young Charms, H. M. Payne; Then You'll Remember Me, P. O'Connor; The Choir Boy, J. F. Corcoran, G. P. Parker, P. R. Schaub, H. M. Payne; Good Night, But Not Goodbye, P. O'Connor, J. F. Malloy, F. J. Stack, J. R. Cox, J. J. Millard.

DEBATES :—Resolved, That the Negro Should Be Disfranchised—C. Sprengel, W. J. Carey, T. J. Szulc, J. Lundergan and E. McNulty; Resolved, That There Is a Real Distinction Between Essence and Existence in Created Things—J. A. Keating, A. G. Johns, P. G. Misklow, C. F. Fehrenbach and A. F. Wingendorf; Resolved, That Roosevelt Be Tendered a Renomination

for the Presidency--R. Schmoldt, R. V. Conway, J. N. Whalen, G. J. Bullion and C. A. Mayer; Resolved, That the Man Born Blind Is More Unhappy Than the Man Born Deaf--M. A. Shea, J. D. Locke and J. Habrowski.

The Allemannia Fire Insurance Company,

OF PITTSBURG, PA.

WM. STEINMEYER, President

C. P. KELLERMAN, Secretary

ASSETS, \$1,051,067.00.

CAPITAL, \$200,000.

SURPLUS, \$301,034.00.

Home Offices : Nos. 345, 347, 349 Fourth Avenue.

JOHN DIMLING,
President.

FRED. FICHTEL,
Vice President.

CHAS. E. SCHUETZ,
Cashier.

Western Savings & Deposit Bank

531 Smithfield Street, Pittsburg, Pa.

Accounts of Individuals and Corporations Solicited.

4% Paid on Time Deposits

2% Paid on Checking Accounts.

JOHN EHRLINGER,

PRACTICAL CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

Cor. Van Braam and Edna Streets,

Bell Phone 2261 Grant.
P. & A. Phone 1919 Main.

PITTSBURG, PA

COLLEGE SHOES

All young men appreciate

"Snappy Shoe Styles." ... Our \$3.50 Specials.

Schmidt's Shoe Store,

614 Smithfield Street,

Pittsburg, Pa

Pittsburg College Bulletin

Vol. XIII.

Pittsburg, Pa., May, 1907.

No. 8.

May

' Mid bright, smiling flowers, in sweet-scented bowers,
' Mid fragrance entrancing of Spring,
Gay songsters delighted, in warbling united,
A welcome exultingly sing:
To May they are singing,—the month ever bringing
A joy to the care-laden heart.
What sweetness they carry, those zephyrs that tarry
A mild, soothing balm to impart !
We devote this serene, vernal month to our Queen—
Our Immaculate Mother above.
When Jesus adoring, we seek her imploring
Her aid to perfect us in love.
The season's inspiring; ' twill aid us desiring
To love Him; so, now should we pray
The Virgin, in fairness, in brightness and rareness,
Surpassing the beauty of May.

PHIL. G. MISKLOW, '07.



In Memory of the Patriotic Dead.

[AN ADDRESS.]

If the history of mankind is but a measured rising and falling of successive civilizations, if eternal vigilance is still the price of liberty, if the gloomy night of civil war began with a cloud that overshadowed our national emblem in its making, then should we ever exclaim: "Lord, God of Hosts, be with us yet, lest we forget!"

At the present hour, there is a truce throughout this land. The dove of peace spreads its wings from the Orient to the Occident, its influence is felt from the flowery shores of the great Southern gulf to the frozen barriers of the great Northern lakes. We are surrounded by happiness and prosperity. Peace reigns supreme! Peace, that so beautifully harmonizes with the spirit of Maytide, that stands, with Christianity, at the beginning and at the end of all things, Peace as the origin and result, Peace always and everywhere! But Providence has not always smiled on this glad land as she does now, for, in the dim past, the war trumpet has sounded; the arms of laborers in the fields and workshops turned violently from their proper objects; the sails of ships were suddenly furled; and alike by land and sea, instead of the glad din of labor, we have had only the defiant war shouts and the fearful shocks of destruction. But the ravages of war are transient, for out from war there issued peace. We therefore seize the charmed hour to hush every conflict; to let the whirl of business run out to stillness; to pause and rekindle the fires of memory in honor of those who sacrificed their lives on the altar of liberty, that this Republic might stand as it does, towering sublime like the last mountain in the Deluge, majestic, immutable, magnificent.

It is now May, the queen of months, and forsooth we forget not Decoration Day. That day of memories we recall the hallowed past and hold communion with those

soldiers who marched under the flaunting flags of '61. Some have died amidst wildest scenes of war, many have been touched by the irresistible hand of time, while a great number have passed the summit and are now tottering down the hill of life, soon, all too soon, to meet and sleep together at its base.

This day of memories, Decoration Day, came not by law nor by Constitutional amendment. It came through the power of mutual sympathy for mutual mistakes and disasters. It came when the North and South forgetting the bitter past, came to look upon each other as brothers, heirs of a common heritage of prosperity, supremacy and renown. On this day, the kindlier feelings of the people have risen paramount over the vindictiveness and acrimony which the war had roused and left. It has come like a burst of sweet rain upon a parched and arid land.

The memory of those patriotic dead causes visions of the past to rise before us like a mighty dream. Once again we are in the midst of a great struggle for the preservation of our country and of the rights of our fellowmen. We see vast assemblages and listen to the appeals of orators. We hear the sounds of preparation—the rattling beats of boisterous drums, the sweet voices of heroic bugles. We see the pale cheeks of women, the flushed faces of men. We are with those heroes when they enlist in the great armies of war. We see them parting from those that they loved. We behold them as they march away under waving flags, keeping step to the grand, wild music of war. We are with them on the gory fields of battle, on the long and dreary marches and in the prisons where lurked famine and disease. We look over the battlefield, and find that death has offered its sacrifice on the altars of freedom. But time draws the curtain. The hostile bugles of war have long since sung a sweet truce and the winds of May sigh through the untrodden grass of Gettysburg and Shiloh. The great

armies of war have melted into greater hosts of peace. The old familiar habits of life have been long resumed. Gone are those majestic armies, the cannon's roar is smothered by its echoes through the valleys of peace. Healed are the wounds of the living and all that remains to remind us of that unparalleled struggle are a few old war veterans and many an unmarked grave.

On that day, the Sun, as he is ushered through the everlasting gates of morning and rises in his beneficent course, is the signal for the people of this nation to assemble in the cemeteries and burial grounds of the entire country in memory of the Patriotic Dead.

Both the North and South will surround those graves to pay them a tribute of love; to speak words of praise and of prayer. Let us before these monuments mingle our tears and droop our flags and listen to the solemn dirge in recollection of those dead heroes. Let us see that these monuments are preserved to the latest generation and that no vandal hand shall mar their beauty. They shall be perpetual reminders of American valor and future generations may know and understand that battles were contested by heroes, both of the blue and the gray, from out of whose sacrifices and sorrows there came the greatest advantages in the world's civilization and untold benefits to the human race.

Countless thousands in whose hearts burn the gentle fires of sympathy and patriotism on that morning climb the hill, or wend their way in the dale, to some almost forgotten graves whose only sentinels are faded flags, that they may place upon those sacred spots the brightest garlands of the vernal season. They may stand beside unmarked graves. The heroes may remain unknown, whose names will not enter history; their valor and fortitude will remain unknown; their heroism will be consecrated to silence and oblivion; but their memory is cherished by the millions who dwell in happiness and freedom under the banner preserved and consecrated by

their life's blood. As we behold those lonely graves, marked by the ravages of time, the flood gates of memory are opened and the recollections of the past rush down upon us with such an overwhelming force that we only find consolation in "the gentle tear of recollection."

For years they have silently slept in the midst of us. Their generation is fast passing away and the light of history has already dawned upon their graves.

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, lest we forget!"—surrounded as we are by business pursuits and the cares of human life—forget that we owe a debt of gratitude to those noble dead which we can never repay.

As out of the thoughts and love of these great ones we, the recipients of the fruits of their labors, have all drawn our happiness and union; so in our hearts should we resolve that till the mighty mountains are worn out and the expansive rivers forget to flow—till the clouds are weary of replenishing springs and springs refuse to gush forth in this gifted land, shall with reverent honor be preserved the names of those soldiers, inscribed upon the book of national remembrance.

Let us enter no lengthy encomium upon those national heroes. They need none—open the pages of history, trace back its course till you come to the time when to love one's country was to sacrifice one's life. Look again into the mazes of the past and observe the miracle of human sympathy when the wand of progress touched the auction block, when the ties of union were forever cemented by the spirit of a free people, which has since formed, animated and cheered as it issues from the storehouse of historic recollections. Then look to the East and the West, turn and scan the North and the South, then behold this mighty Republic, note our progress and happiness and judge for yourselves.

Thus it is that we know them by their achievements and we will remember them as our benefactors. Because we know that they composed the grandest army that ever

shook the earth with its tread. We know that they manned the most noble battery that ever thundered in defense of union, liberty and Christianity. As we know the justice of their cause and the magnificence of the benefits they conferred upon humanity, so do we realize the sacred worthiness of their memory.

These are the truths which have caused remembrance to be graven on the tablets of the Nation's supremacy, to be burned into the heart of the Nation's pride, to be emblazoned upon the standard borne in the front of the national army of progress, that it might thrill the world with its message of peaceful influences which are the outcome of this day.

Year by year, as time rolls on, this day has revealed the beautiful fact that the sentiments of humanity and fraternity are those which dominate the American character. The good which this day of remembrance has accomplished will swell as the years roll by and happily the time will come when the dominating element of sadness which now permeates it, will have passed away. Yet so long as the little children in their gambols shall find a shrunken grave decorated with flowers and shall ask whose grave is that on which the flowers are yearly laid, so long will the real cost and immense value of our public institutions be emphasized and secured for generations yet to come.

But alas, those heroes are dead ! Their noble lives have floated away on the crimson tides of war. They immolated themselves on the altar of liberty. They suffered that we might live in peace and happiness. To-day the army of Grant and the army of Lee are one, one in sympathy, in hope, in patriotism and in fraternity. They are at rest in that sphere of peace where no lightnings slumber in the folds of the rainbow cloud and where the sunlit waters are broken only by the storm-breath of omnipotence. They sleep in the land that they made free, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlock, the

tearful willows and embracing vines. They sleep beneath the dome of the eternal where the hands of angels, hidden from mortal eyes, shift the scenery of the heavens; whose sentinels are the twinkling stars by night and the golden sun by day. Here, beneath the shadow of the clouds, they have found peace, for they are careless alike of sunshine or storm, in the windowless palace of rest. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, in the whirlwind of charge, they found the serenity of death. They were placed in the horizon of destiny to be swept away like leaves in an Autumn storm.

As those men were exponents of liberty, as they were benefactors of the world's civilization, as they were propagators of the moral laws of the human race, as they were faithful to their cause; so let us remain faithful to their memory.

One sentiment, paramount to all others should hold sway over the hearts of the American people on this day of memories, for the soldiers of this great Republic, both for the living and the dead.

For the living, be there cheers and encouragements until they too shall have joined the great army of eternity: for those who are dead, be there tears, be there prayers and recollections—let the memory of those men travel down the aisles of time until America, until liberty, until this earthly veil be enveloped by the endless ages of eternity.

E. F. JACKSON, '07.



Allen's Dream.

"Mother, may I go to the orchard to-day to fetch you some fruit? I am now eight years old and almost a man." The speaker was a little boy of the aforesaid age, who looked up into his mother's eyes with boyish eagerness. His laughing, clear, blue eyes with his sweet

childish face, surmounted by a crop of curly golden hair, was irresistible. His mother sighed, kissed him on the forehead and said:

“ ’Tis true, my child, you are growing taller and stronger, year after year, but it seems scarcely a day since I carried you in my arms. How the time flies ! ”

“ But can I go, mother ? ” impatiently interrupted Allen, “ I can take care of myself. I will be careful. Please, let me go ? ”

“ Yes, you may go, Allen,” answered his mother. “ Here is a basket in which to carry the fruit. Now, bid your father good-bye.” Allen, his face fairly beaming, turned and ran to his father, who had been standing nearby, leaning on a spade, watching the scene. He stooped and kissed him on the cheek and told him to be careful. Without more ado, Allen set out for the orchard in question, which was situated near the summit of a small hill, a short distance away. His father watched him until he was lost to view behind some trees in the turn of the road. Then, with a sigh, he continued his interrupted work. Somehow, this morning, he felt pensive and sad, as if some danger were impending. He tried to shake off this feeling, but he could not. He had not intended to permit Allen to go, but when he saw his child’s smiling face, he could not pronounce the words that would cause it to darken.

For the present we will leave Allen merrily skipping along the hillside, and his parents engaged in their daily tasks, to learn a little of the earlier history of this happy family. Nine years before this story begins, a man and his wife hired themselves to a farmer named Hearn. Who they were and whence they came, no one knew. All that was known, was that his name was Grange. Grange settled down with his wife in a little cottage at the foot of a steep precipice, which was at least one hundred feet high. Here he dwelt with his wife and only child, perfectly contented. He was a man of powerful build,

well knit, standing six feet in height, with broad herculean shoulders. His eyes were a dark blue and his hair a curly auburn. In fine, he reminded one of the knights of old. Hearn's farm, of two hundred acres, upon which Grange was occupied, was a natural amphitheatre. The level plains of well tilled land were surrounded on all sides by a chain of hills, covered with trees, broken only on the northern end, where there was an opening of about one thousand feet wide. This beautiful scene of orchards and groves was made even more picturesque by the addition of two houses; one of the farmer, Hearn, the other of his servant, Grange. That of the farmer, Hearn, situated on the hillside, stood out in bold relief from among the trees, its grey walls a striking contrast to the unbroken sea of green. With its high turrets on both ends, it reminded one of the castles of the Middle Ages. In this mansion, which was known by the country folk as "The Castle," Hearn, his wife and his daughter, Matilda, dwelt. The dwelling of his servant, Grange, however, was a small and humble cottage, simple and comfortable.

But now, to return to Allen whom we left wending his way along the narrow and dusty road which led to the orchard above. In a short time, he reached the grove and immediately set about filling his basket with fruit, of which there was an abundance. Then, after gathering flowers and playing in the grass in the sunshine on the outskirts of the orchard, he sat down in the shade of a tree to rest, before setting out for home. The rustling of leaves and the hum of the bees, that were busily gathering honey, had a soothing effect upon him and he soon fell asleep. There he lay whilst the glowing orb of day gradually approached its zenith. He had not been asleep for more than an hour when he awoke with a start and began to cry. He had dreamed a terrible dream. He thought that he passed along the brink of a deep precipice while gathering flowers; seeing one more

beautiful than he had ever seen before, he hastened to pluck it. But alas! It grew on the edge of the precipice that yawned before him. Too late he tried to save himself. He stretched forth his hand to pluck it, lost his balance and plunged headlong into the horrible sea of darkness. The noise of the wind as it rushed past his ears almost deafened him, and just when he thought that his end had come he awoke, unnerved and frightened. But hark! What is that low, rumbling noise? The boy hears it also, he ceases his lamenting and then begins again, for he fears he is still dreaming. But no! The low rumbling gradually increases to a roar, steadily growing louder, until the very earth sways in vibration. Just when the boy expects his ear-drums to burst, it ceases. All around there is the stillness of the grave. Glancing around, wild-eyed and speechless, he sees in the direction whence he came a large cloud of smoke—or is it dust?—ascending from the earth to the sky. Forgetting everything but his own safety, he rushes down the steep path, regardless of roots and thorns, to find his home and tell his mother of his wonderful dream; for a dream he thinks it was. After running and stumbling for a few minutes, he halts. Where is his home? Is he lost? Or is he still dreaming? These questions rush through his brain with lightning-speed. This is the road he ascended, and there is where his home should be. But what is that in its place? Part of the lower valley is covered with huge boulders. What does it mean? Then suddenly he understands what has happened. His father, his mother, his home and everything is buried beneath that mass of stones. The cliff back of his home had weakened and, without a moment's warning, had toppled over and buried beneath a shower of stones everything he possessed.

Strange to say, the boy does not weep. The suddenness of the calamity had left him no time for that. Where shall he go? He knows not whither. The

moment he gives thought to this, he throws himself on the grass and gives vent to a storm of tears. Then, jumping up, he rushes along the road that leads to "The Castle." Half way, he encounters Hearn and a few of the farmhands, who had heard the noise and seen the cloud, and who were now hastening to render assistance. Allen, in tears, told them, as best he could, what had happened. Taking him by the hand, Hearn hastened to the scene of disaster. Going up to the spot where Grange's cottage lay buried under rocks and earth, he searched for the bodies of Grange and his wife, but found nothing but a battered silver cup, which he gave to Allen. Poor Allen! This was his whole inheritance. Hearn took Allen home with him, where he was comforted by Hearn's wife who told him that henceforth he would live with them in "The Castle."

Here Allen lived for a number of years, attending school with Matilda, who was three years younger than he. Hearn at first objected to this arrangement, but his wife, who was a good and noble woman said that, since they were Christians, they must educate the child whom God sent to them for protection. Allen never forgot what Hearn and his wife had done for him. Not many years afterwards, he had an opportunity of showing them how thankful he was when he rescued Hearn's only boy, who was then a baby, from the hands of a wandering band of gypsies, but not before he had saved the life of Hearn himself, who was being quickly torn to shreds by these heinous wretches. When thanked by Hearn, Allen said:

"I have only done what every other son would do for his father. Although you are not my father, you have been as much as one to me. It is I who should be thanking you, and I do thank you with all my heart."

Hearn was so affected by these noble words that he could not speak; but his eyes showed what his lips could not say. In time, Allen married Matilda and became

Hearn's sole heir, his own son having died. Allen lived to a good old age, loved by the old and young alike for his kindness; for, he never forgot the time when he was dependent on others.

GEORGE J. BULLION, '09.



A United America, the Mistress of the World.

America, or the Western Hemisphere, is divided into two continents,—North and South America.

The northern continent, divided into seven separate nations, is by far the more powerful and influential.

The southern continent, divided into thirteen warring independent nations, is as yet far inferior in wealth and power to its sister continent.

Nature has been lavish in its distribution of climatic influence, each of the three zones claiming about one-third of the land surface of the Hemisphere, giving to America all possible productions and homes for every class of men.

After America was discovered by Columbus in 1492, three nations of Europe, prepared to endure the rigors of the frigid zone, the changing weather of the temperate zone, and the hot, burning suns of the torrid zone, came and took possession of this vast region, then inhabited by wild tribes of Indians, who permitted the vast wealth of their domain to lie dormant, waiting it seems, to give to the oppressed, distressed and financially embarrassed people of the old world, freedom, peace and wealth.

The nations which took possession were Spain and Portugal, or the Hispanian Peninsula, France and England.

Spain settled in the southern part of North America, the Mississippi Valley, and wherever they could establish themselves in Central and South America: Portugal concerned herself chiefly with Brazil; France bent her

colonial energy to settling Canada and the Ohio Valley.

In the beginning, England took comparatively little, occupying only the States along the Atlantic coast of North America.

As years rolled on and England carried on several successful European wars, she gradually pushed her American borders until, by the French and Indian War, and the surrender of Montcalm at Quebec, she became the mistress of French territory; later France, by purchase, secured from Spain the Mississippi Valley.

The thirteen original English colonies were treated harshly by the mother country, and on July 4, 1776, declared their independence of British Rule and launched forth as one of the nations of the world, and after a seven years war of torture and hardship they secured the withdrawal of foreign soldiery by the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

In 1789, our first President, George Washington, took his seat, and our national essence was brought into existence.

Thomas Jefferson bought from Napoleon I., in 1803, the Mississippi Valley for fifteen million dollars, and secured a region thrice the size of what was then the United States.

In 1845, Texas rebelled against Mexico, secured her freedom, and established the "Lone Star State;" the boundary between the two countries (Texas and Mexico) was not settled. Texas asked for admission to the growing U. S., and our statesmen realized that her admission meant war with Mexico, because we would soon be forced to settle the boundary line; Texas was admitted; war was declared in 1846 and, after a two years' course of victories on Mexican soil for the U. S., all the Pacific coast States then held by Mexico were ceded to the U. S.

This war made a complete, distinct nation of us, extending from ocean to ocean and from Canada to the gulf.

Thus untrammelled, we began to progress, and progressed with such phenomenal success, that we have been the mystery of national study in advancement.

Two features which stand out as predominant factors of our growth are unity and liberty, which we have tenaciously held to, although the former was threatened by the war of '61, but thanks to Providence, the arms of the visitors in that struggle were those on whose shield was emblazoned the mighty axiom "united we stand, divided we fall."

The railroads have done more in opening the boundless commercial facilities of our country than any other branch of the public service; steamships and canal boats have also accomplished much in preparing the way for the greater machine of commerce—the railroads; no country in the world can boast of its transportation facilities in comparison with those of the U. S.

It is useless to treat further of U. S. development; all the inventions of later years, have either come from American brains, or been supplied with American money to bring them to the fore, little advance in science or art is made without American influence somewhere.

If we, (the U. S.), have accomplished so many wonders since 1789, a period of one hundred and eighteen years, what will we have achieved by 2025, taking the present rate of progress as a standard?

It seems strange that the other American nations have done comparatively so little, in a longer life of civilization than we; but it is due chiefly to the fact that their early life was spent in struggles for liberty, and when liberty was achieved, they quarreled among themselves about the man who was to rule a free people; thus civil broils hampered their growth and bent their energies in the wrong direction.

Did we progress before peace reigned? Did liberty bring progress until we had unity?

We, the powerful, diplomatic leading nation of the

wo continents, should teach our young brothers farthe down the geographical division, that the point around which revolves the circle of our national life is ther inviolability of liberty and the necessity of unity.

Unlike the nations of the Eastern Hemispere, we have no national prejudices, no family hatred and no thrones to fill; one grand, noble idea makes us equal and brothers, and that idea is liberty.

The international American conferences, or Pan American congresses, that have been held in the past twenty years, have been of incalculable value in fostering the Unification Idea.

The first congress met at Washington in 1889, and one of the results of its recommendations was the establishment of the International Bureau of American Republics in a "Peace Palace" at Washington, where international affairs of interest were unofficially handled and given to the public for consideration.

A Commission was also appointed by this congress to study the feasibility of connecting the continent by an international railway system, which would bring together every important city and Republic on the two continents.

The second congress at Mexico in 1901, urged the Pan American railway project very strongly, and its efforts have succed in making all magnates who build railways, provide for the possibility of being one of the great links of an endless chain of American railroads.

We are all well acquainted with the last conference held at Rio de Janeiro in July, 1906, where Mr. Root, Secretary of State, represented the United States: this congress aimed at establishing an American monetary standard, provided that lawyers, doctors, and all professional men, who had diplomas from any college in any of the republics of America, could under certain conditions practice in one as well as another without the necessity of securing a separate diploma from a university

in each country; it also established permanent committees in each republic, which committees were to keep the home office at Washington aware of all matters of interest which came to their attention.

Soon there will be a common camping ground upon which all America will congregate, and where its divers elements will forget everything else in their endeavor to trade together and with other nations—and that ground will be the Panama Canal zone.

The Panama Canal, so strenuously urged by President Roosevelt, will, although geographically separating us, be the mainspring of a United America.

Ships of all nations must pass through this waterway, vessels from India, China, Japan and all points in the East will pass through the canal on their way to Europe and Atlantic America; and these same vessels will make the return voyage from Europe through the canal; and where the business is located, there is where the American, whether Canadian, Yankee, Mexican or South American, will be located. And when the international railroad is a reality, these goods secured in trade, will be shipped to all parts of America from the American metropolis, Panama—and from Panama Americans will learn the virtues of each other, and also how really powerful they will be when bent on the same purpose. When commercial unity is found beneficial, not many years will elapse until they will want their lawful interests protected by one political unit; and when commerce and the good of commerce makes a demand, the people of all America will heed that demand, and acquiesce by electing legislators who will urge the union of the American States.

America has a grand future before her; from her creation she seems to have been singled out as the home of liberty, and daily she fulfills her mission: blessed with all the natural resources God can give, with brains and brawn to develop them, and with military prowess and

genius to defend them when developed. Who would not become optimistic after a consideration of American possibilities?

Rome was glorious and mighty in her day—England is very powerful to-day, but the first was a single city which by subjecting to slavery all whom she conquered, managed to rule the world; England is only a paltry island, upon which gold has been hoarded, by which means she can supply fighting material to keep the sun always shining on the Union Jack; but we are not a single city, we are not a paltry island, we have an enormous land surface, mighty in our population and resources, independent, if not entirely, we soon will be of all outside support, united on one grand principle which we all love and venerate—Liberty.

Development along material lines would not outstrip religious progress; it has often been said that financial and commercial greatness throw a shadow around and makes men forget the spiritual life, but this is not substantiated by the example of the United States, which is as great in devotion as the less prosperous nations.

The American nations are made up of the races of the world, in fact its population is universal; the Catholic is the universal religion, the only religion not made for a certain nation or a certain race, but for mankind in general, and its doctrines are so pure and intelligible that all men can, without restraint, adapt themselves to its laws; therefore, for a universal nation, a universal religion would be the logical religion and the Catholic being that religion, should be the religion of a United America.

Everything favors a united America: there are no hindrances or objections, and when it does come, as it surely will, it will be the logical conclusion to the premises for which America was intended—to be the home of Liberty, and the home of Liberty to be the mistress of the world.

Growth and Prosperity of the United States.

[AN ADDRESS.]

"The sword was sheathed; in April's sun
Lay green the fields by freedom won;
And several sections, weary of debates,
Joined hands at last and were United States."

One hundred and thirty-one years ago there assembled in Philadelphia, a group of grand, noble, eminent, and patriotic men for no other purpose than the signing of the Declaration of Independence, which declared us free and independent from tyrannical England.

Ladies and gentlemen, this world-famed document was but a forerunner of that glorious struggle, the Revolution.

Long years of injustice and reprisal, sustained at the hands of Great Britain, aroused the Patriots of America to so great a feeling of hatred and indignation for their Mother Country that they, slowly but surely, began to grow dangerous and invincible, as the result of such unbearable treatment.

Just as the constant dripping of water will wear away the hardest stones, so also did the despotism of England's tyranny cause the Colonists to rise up and proclaim themselves, free and independent, a nation by themselves.

Thus it followed that the War of the Revolution broke out in all its fury.

The struggle was long and distressing, though not characterized by any extraordinary atrocity, and the result was, as we know, the grandest and most promising example of republican government in the world.

Time after time did the chances of freedom glimmer from sight; time after time did those poor, suffering Colonists seem on the verge of defeat and misfortune, but tribulation's menace was all to no avail.

Their love of country and of life, a desire for a wider

and richer life, led them fearlessly on, and dominated them with that never-to-die spirit which brought them as victors and ranked them as a nation.

A Nation it was whose freedom was bought by perseverance, determination to conquer, and pure love for their country and their leader.

Inevitably, the United States experienced much difficulty in the formation of a Government, at its beginning. But then, as now, with a resolute will she soon overcome the most stupendous obstacles, and in September, 1787, the first Constitution appeared and, after much debating, was ratified by a large majority of the States.

This grand form of government adopted by our forefathers invested the power of our land in a President, and was undoubtedly the stepping stone to success.

So it is that in the beginning of the 19th Century, we find our strength increasing, our ranks becoming larger, until to-day we are placed among the foremost powers of the world.

Show me an American who does not behold with admiring eyes the soil upon which he was born, who is not filled with a sense of gladness when he views his home, "The Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave," stretching from ocean to ocean, from the lakes to the gulf; when he sees the pines of the colder North salute the palms of the tropical South as fellow citizens and when he beholds its landscape and with all the loyalty of his heart proclaims,—“I love thy rocks and rills, etc.”

The United States of to-day represents greatly the sentiment of the "Modern Age." Thousands upon thousands of immigrants flock to our shores, languages of every description are brought into conversation, and, above all, prosperity is everywhere at hand.

No other country is so attractive, nor offers such means of liberty and success, and consequently our Nation is ranked, at the present time, as one of the most formidable in all the universe.

It is, therefore, ladies and gentlemen, by faithful adherence to the facts and institutions with which our national life began, that we have, through time, become a prosperous and mighty people. Our national principles we have learned to cherish even more as we more experience the influence and sanction of our religion.

Our climate is healthful, our land productive, and our territory extensive.

Our industries and inventive skill have, in the short space of a century, made us the richest of nations and, as I have before said, our increase in population has no doubt been phenomenal. Of course, we must look to our commercial interests. Our corn feeds Europe; our cotton is the main factor in European manufacturing; our beef is the hope of our once hated rival, England; and our iron exports by far exceed those of any other country on the globe: considering all, we might almost say our trade has been brought to such a high standard that many of the much older nations are almost entirely dependent on this youthful upstart, the United States.

Thus, ladies and gentlemen, you can readily see that, from a mere collection of colonies, from but an experiment, as it were, we have gradually grown, to be one of the grandest exponents of nationhood, until now, "Our Republic in America arises like a Majestic Dome from Behring Strait to Cape Horn, without a peer, without a rival."

Therefore, having seen the grand history of our envied evolution, should we not all rise up and with the beautiful, inspiring words of the poet, Whittier, proclaim aloud:

"Then let the sovereign millions, when our banner floats in sun
and air,
From the palm lands to Alaska's cold,
Repeat with us The Pledge, a century old"—America Forever.

JOHN J. CAIN, '09.

Pittsburg College Bulletin

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

| | |
|--------------------|------------------------|
| EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, | J. R. COX, '07. |
| ASSISTANT EDITOR, | C. A. FEHRENBACH, '07. |
| EXCHANGES, . . . | P. G. MISKLOW, '07. |
| LOCALS, . . . | J. A. CARLOS, '08. |
| ATHLETICS, . . . | T. F. RYAN, '08. |
| ALUMNI, . . . | T. A. DUNN, '09. |
| SOCIETIES, . . . | GEO. J. BULLION, '09. |
| CONCERTS, . . . | R. A. BROWN, '09. |
| BUSINESS MANAGERS, | M. J. MINICK, '07. |
| | J. H. MCGRAW, '10. |
| | THOS. W. NOONAN, '07. |

PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

VOL. XIII.

MAY, 1907.

No. 8.

EDITORIAL.

Proposed Gift to Pius X.

The rumor which has been spread recently to the effect that Richard C. Kerens, a wealthy St. Louis Catholic and Martin Maloney, of Philadelphia, would purchase a large strip of land extending from the Vatican to Civita Vecchia on the Mediterranean to afford the Pope a chance to get a little fresh air and exercise, brings again before the public the injustice of the Italian Government which keeps the Holy Father a prisoner in his own land.

Mr. Kerens and Mr. Maloney show their sympathy for and love of the Holy Father and their charity would be praiseworthy, but what is the security in giving Italian land to the Holy Pontiff, even though the rights

of "extraterritoriality," were extended to the new strip, because, if in one or two hundred years from now, some future ruler of Italy wanted a beautiful home, he would simply appropriate it, just as the provinces of the Church were appropriated by Victor Emmanuel and the Quirinal by his successor? These provinces and this palace of the Quirinal were donated by pious Catholics, and for love of Christ's Vicar, but when the Italians decided these should form part of "United Italy," they took it, and the Catholic world, with the exception of the French Zouaves made no protest; if this land from the Vatican to Civita Vecchia were *repurchased*, would Catholics protect it and save it from the sacrilegious robbers to come, any more than they saved the property of the Church in 1869?

Even if this present Italian government is sincere in its extension of "extraterritoriality," what assurance have we that this present government will be able to withstand the storms that are gathering around it from socialists, atheists and an overtaxed population? If a new system of government be established, it will not respect the pledges of the old and then what will become of the newly acquired church property? It will be sold to fill the coffers of a new government, just the same as all church property has been in all countries and in all ages.



Does College Journalism Pay?

This question has been asked so repeatedly of the Journal chiefs, that it seems appropriate to give a hint of the truth.

In the first place, a college Journal is not printed as a money maker; it is printed in order that the students may have a chance to place some of their ideas and good English in print, because there is nothing which aids so much to dispel false ideas about journalistic genius in a pupil, nor is there anything so encouraging to an earnest

writer, as to meet his "wisdom," face to face in bold, black type.

In the second place, a college Journal reaches a great many homes and a great many influential people; consequently, business men are glad to get space in the Journals for their ads; this ad writing, of course, helps to pay part of printing expenses of each number; then, also, each reader of the Journal is supposed to pay ten or fifteen cents per copy and with few exceptions the readers generally pay up pretty well, because they do not enjoy having their names before a college faculty as debtors to the college of a paltry dollar or two and they know that college treasurers keep very exact accounts of all that is due on the Journals, because they need all they can get, if not to pay expenses they need it to further embellish the periodical.

And good readers, you who ask this question about college Journalism paying, do you consider it pays? Are you pleased with what you read? And are you willing to pay the small price asked for the satisfaction of reading the matter?

If what you read pleases you and you pay the small price demanded for that pleasure, then we are well paid, we are perfectly satisfied with our efforts and will be still more eager to do better.



Jamestown Exposition.

Since the assassination of President McKinley, at Buffalo, the Exposition business has received a great setback in American popularity.

Just why, no one can explain.

Jamestown, the oldest English colonized town in America, is holding an Exposition this year and it now rests with the executives of this affair to revive American interest in these very praiseworthy exhibitions.

All that is great in science, art and war is displayed

during the months that an exposition is in progress, and all the great and grand elements of interest are brought into one place and opened to the gaze of multitudes who could never go and see all these things individually.

Especially for the plodding, working class, expositions are a great benefit; they get a chance to enjoy a short vacation, and can go at a very cheap rate, and can enjoy themselves for a couple of weeks on small capital.

And another item in their favor which should not be overlooked; they open the money market; the rich behind the exposition have to employ a vast number of men and these profit.

Jamestown should be well patronized as English America's oldest spot; it is in Virginia, the home of Washington, the father of his country, who held the center of the stage in the War of the Rebellion; in fact memories cling around it which are dear to Americans of all nationalities and those who can should go, and take in the sights of Jamestown and encourage Exposition promoters to continue their good work.

J. R. Cox, '07.



Gettysburg.

The sun shone out above the land—
All things seem'd bright and fair;
But, ere the day had passed away,
The scenes were altered there.

For, high above that level plain,
The Boys in Blue seemed gay—
But they were slyly watching those
Who moved below, in Gray.

Soon Lee below was vigilant,
As usual, tried and true—
With orders for his Boys in Gray
To charge the Boys in Blue.

Instructions given, he prepared
To lead them in the fray
But his intent full soon divined
The hero of the day.

Meade's preparations then began:

Result, a war array,
For those in blue stood bold to meet
The charge of those in gray.

Armistead, leading Pickett's van,
Had nearly crossed the plain,
When Union rifles quickly sent
His force death-dealing rain.

Then came the charge, the noble charge,
A charge—yea short, yet long,
Which quite threw back the sturdy foe—
A hundred thousand strong.

The day was done, the great work o'er:
Confederates turned and fled
To fields below, from whence they came,
Their leader filled with dread.

The boys retired then to their tents.
Some talked, some smoked and read,
The moon shone o'er, with ghastly glare,
The bodies of the dead.

Next morn the camps were all astir
With forming of brigades
A second charge must needs begin
To end a likely raid.

At last they heard the bugle call,
They slowly crossed the plain,
And with the order, "Never Yield!"
They charged the hill again.

But Warren bravely met the shock,
As did his colleague, Meade,
Ne'er yielding, but advancing, where
They heard the call of need.

The Grays tried hard to rally brave,
With Armistead at their head,
Who, when he broke thro' Hancock's line,
With sabre drawn, fell dead.

A short, fierce struggle—all was o'er
The order sounds "Retreat."
The Boys in Blue dash on again
The victory point is reached.

O, Gettysburg ! O, Gettysburg !
Thy men shall ever say:
“ 'Twas here the noble Boys in Blue
Repulsed the Boys in Gray.”

HUGH F. COUSINS.



EXCHANGES.

The time-honored question of Hamlet's sanity has once more been made the subject of debate. Two articles in the *Abbey Student* constitute the latest controversy on this point. In one entitled "Hamlet's Madness Not Feigned," the author is entirely too hasty in arriving at conclusions and he makes many sweeping statements, one to the effect that anyone who is not somewhat insane has been disinherited by Heaven. He tells us this on the authority of Arsene Houssage by whom he is also prompted to attribute the dread disease to the poetic, the artistic, the victorious, the amorous and the young. Now, the list of the famous insane given in this article cannot by any means be said to constitute a representative group of celebrities and it would be absurd to maintain that the world is a huge insane asylum owing to the fact that a few great men were mentally unbalanced. We all know that there are still a few sound and sane individuals strolling around this world and so let us settle the question of Hamlet's sanity with the author of the more conservative article "Was Hamlet Mad?" in opposition to the other, who, in substance, says that the famous prince was subject to "brainstorms." Other articles worthy of mention are "Cromwell" and "Peter the Great."

The most creditable contribution to the *St. Ignatius Collegian*, is "Tommy," a short story illustrating the despicable ingratitude of a successful man towards his friends who were responsible for the accomplishment of his ambitions. "American Protestants and the Crisis in France" commends the laudable action of liberal-minded American Protestants who condemn the French Free Masons and the hostile attitude they have assumed not only toward the Catholic Church but toward all worship of the Supreme Being. This article is extremely ap-

propriate at this time for it puts forth the fact that Americans are imbued, generally, with a true sense of justice and their actions are not dominated by religious bigotry. The editorials are timely and well-written. "Apart," a poem, beautifully relates the thoughts of one longing for rustic solitude.

The *Niagara Index* always contains many articles worthy of praise, but its Exchange column reminds one of a gladiatorial arena.

P. G. M., '07.



ATHLETICS.

Baseball.

An unbroken string of victories for the 'Varsity nine! Nice work, boys! Keep it up! Both at home and abroad has our team swept everything before it. We now hold the undisputed title of inter-collegiate champions of this section of the country. The players as well as the management are now looking for "more worlds to conquer." We have no misgiving as to the conquering power of our boys, and for the "other worlds"—watch the results of the remaining games. We really can not do justice to the players by mere word sketches of the games, so we will append the summaries of all the games as well as a brief report of a few, beginning April 20.

COLLEGE 12; DONORA 2.

This game opened the season for our boys on the campus. It also started the winning streak that has not forsaken our boys thus far. The College boys showed excellent team work and also demonstrated their ability at wielding the willow, Harkins, Sullivan, Miller and Culp starring in this department. Sullivan's base stealing was another attractive feature. Ditz gave a fine exhibition of accurate throwing from the outfield. The score:

| P. C. | R. B. P. A. E. | | | | | DON. | R. B. P. A. E. | | | | |
|------------------|----------------|----|----|---|---|------------------|----------------|------|----|---|---|
| Harrell, 3..... | 1 | 2 | 3 | 1 | 0 | Boyd, s..... | 1 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 |
| Bulger, 2 | 2 | 3 | 2 | 1 | 0 | Kelly, l..... | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Harkins, s..... | 2 | 2 | 0 | 2 | 2 | O'Donn'll, 2.. | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| McK'ght, l..... | 3 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | H'p's, m-p..... | 0 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Sullivan, c..... | 3 | 3 | 10 | 0 | 1 | Foreman, l..... | 0 | 1 | 12 | 0 | 0 |
| Miller, p..... | 0 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 | Olenic, c..... | 0 | 0 | 3 | 1 | 0 |
| Culp, p..... | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Hollow'd, 3..... | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Ke'ting, m..... | 0 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 0 | H'ton, r-m..... | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Neilan, l..... | 0 | 0 | 5 | 0 | 0 | Galb'h, p-r..... | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Manning, l..... | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 | | | | | | |
| Ditz, r..... | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | | | | | | |
| S'moldt, r..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | | | | | | |
| Totals..... | 12 | 17 | 27 | 7 | 3 | Totals..... | 2 | 8*23 | 6 | 1 | |

*Keating out, bunted third strike.

| | | | | | | | | | |
|-------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|------|
| Pittsburgh College..... | 4 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 3 | 3 | *—12 |
| Donora | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0—2 |

Before coming to the important victory at Erie, we can record three other victories, all on our own campus. The first was over Bethany College, on April 26: Score, 7 to 3. The second over Indiana Normal, on April 28: Score, 5 to 0. The third was against W. U. P., on May 3: Score, 4 to 0. In this last game, there was no score till the eighth, when the 4 tallies were made.

COLLEGE 10; ERIE 5.

And now we come to the greatest game our team has played this year. This game was played at Erie, Pa., May 6th, and resulted in a victory for the College. The Erie team plays championship ball in the Interstate League, and that is the reason their scalp is rated most highly in this brick and mortar wigwam on the bluff. It was indeed a glorious victory for our boys. The players can scarcely be praised too highly for their magnificent work in gaining this strenuous victory.

Miller's twirling was superb, only 12 hits being made off his delivery in the entire 15 innings played. A feature of the game was the swatfest our boys indulged in. They secured four runs and six hits off Grandy in three innings. Johnny Welsh, Erie's southpaw of national reputation, was hit safely 14 times. The fielding of both teams was nearly perfect. The score:

| P. C. | R. H. P. A. E. | | | | | ERIE. | R. H. P. A. E. | | | | |
|------------------|----------------|----|----|----|---|-------------------|----------------|----|----|----|---|
| Harrell, s..... | 0 | 2 | 7 | 3 | 1 | Snoke, r..... | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Bulger, 2..... | 1 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 1 | O'Hara, 1..... | 2 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Harkins, 3..... | 1 | 0 | 4 | 2 | 0 | Watch'orn, 1..... | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| McK'ht, l..... | 1 | 1 | 7 | 1 | 0 | Cole, m..... | 1 | 3 | 4 | 0 | 0 |
| Sullivan, c..... | 1 | 2 | 10 | 4 | 1 | Cosma, 1..... | 1 | 2 | 19 | 1 | 2 |
| Miller, p..... | 2 | 4 | 1 | 6 | 0 | Kilcoyne, 3..... | 0 | 3 | 6 | 4 | 1 |
| Manning, r..... | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | Dunn, 2..... | 0 | 1 | 2 | 5 | 0 |
| Neilan, 1..... | 3 | 6 | 12 | 0 | 0 | H'burger, s..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Murphy, m..... | 0 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 1 | Lawrence, c..... | 0 | 0 | 11 | 4 | 0 |
| | | | | | | Grandy, p..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| | | | | | | Welsh, p..... | 0 | 0 | 1 | 6 | 0 |
| | | | | | | *Strome | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals..... | 10 | 20 | 45 | 18 | 4 | Totals..... | 5 | 12 | 45 | 26 | 3 |

*Batted for Welsh in the fifteenth.

| | |
|-------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Pittsburgh College..... | 2 2 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 5—10 |
| Erie..... | 1 0 0 0 1 0 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 5 |

Two-base hits—Bulger, Harrell, Sullivan, Miller, Neilan, Murphy, Cole. Stolen bases—Miller, Manning, Murphy, Snoke, O'Hara, Cosma, Kilcoyne, Dunn. Double plays—Harrell (unassisted); Miller, Sullivan and Harkins; Lawrence, Kilcoyne and Dunn. First base on balls—Off Miller 3, off Grandy 2, off Welsh 3. Struck out—By Miller 7, by Welsh 8. Hit by pitched ball—O'Hara, Cosma, Lawrence—Left on bases—Pittsburgh College 10, Erie 13. Hits—Off Grandy 6 in three innings; off Welsh 14 in twelve innings. Time—2:30. Umpire—Kern.

On May 10, P. C. won again from Waynesburg College on the home grounds: Score, 10 to 2. On May 12, our team journeyed to McKeesport, and won by the score, 7 to 1, Murphy making his debut in the box. On May 15, on the locals' grounds, P. C. defeated Westminster College by the same score, 7 to 1. Here it is appropriate to mention that the umpiring of Shalley, substitute umpire of the P. O. M. League gave complete satisfaction to all parties.

COLLEGE 15; GROVE CITY 2.

May 17, again we must mark up victory for our boys. We cinched the game in the very first inning by scoring five runs. The heavy batting of our boys was a bright feature, especially of McKnight who drove one ball over the center-field fence and another that struck the fence just a few inches from the top. Harrell made some pretty stops and many very accurate throws. The fielding of Neilan, Harkins, Keating and Manning was gilt-edged. The score:

| P. C. | R. | H. | P. | A. | E. | GROVE CITY. | R. | H. | P. | A. | E. |
|------------------|----|----|----|----|----|------------------|----|----|----|----|----|
| Harrell, s..... | 1 | 1 | 1 | 4 | 0 | North, r..... | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Bulger, 2..... | 3 | 0 | 4 | 3 | 1 | Pearsall, 3..... | 0 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 0 |
| Harkins, 3..... | 1 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 0 | Kiskaden, 2..... | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| McK'ght, l..... | 3 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Grey, 1..... | 0 | 0 | 10 | 1 | 2 |
| Sullivan, c..... | 3 | 4 | 8 | 2 | 1 | King, s..... | 1 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 1 |
| Miller, p..... | 3 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | Kingsley, l..... | 0 | 1 | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Keating, m..... | 1 | 4 | 1 | 0 | 0 | Wasson, s..... | 1 | 2 | 1 | 3 | 1 |
| Neilan, 1..... | 0 | 1 | 9 | 0 | 0 | Miller, m..... | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Manning, r..... | 0 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | M'rehead, p..... | 0 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 0 |
| Totals..... | 15 | 15 | 27 | 11 | 2 | Totals..... | 2 | 5 | 24 | 13 | 4 |

| | | | | | | | | | |
|-------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|------|
| Pittsburgh College..... | 5 | 2 | 0 | 5 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | *—15 |
| Grove City..... | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | —2 |

Two-base hits—McKnight, Sullivan, Keating 2. Three-base hits—Harkins, Miller. Home run—McKnight. Stolen base—

Sullivan. Struck out—By Miller 9, by Moorehead 2. First base on balls—Off Miller 2, off Moorehead 4. Umpire—Shalley.

COLLEGE 9; W. U. P. 3.

May 21 is one of the brightest stars in our baseball firmament. Incidentally it places our boys as undisputed inter-collegiate champions of Western Pennsylvania. All kinds of baseball was in evidence, gilt-edged, indifferent, and poor. Miller, for the second time this season, easily demonstrated his superiority over Thounhurst as a pitcher. Sullivan had a home run, Neilan and Murphy triples, and Miller had a double. The fast fielding of our boys saved the game at a couple of critical stages. Of the rooters present the College faction was far from being in the minority. The score:

| P. C. | R. | B. | P. | A. | E. | W. U. P. | R. | B. | P. | A. | E. |
|------------------|----|----|----|----|----|-------------------|----|----|----|----|----|
| Harrell, s..... | 1 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 1 | Russel, 2..... | 1 | 1 | 1 | 5 | 2 |
| Bulger, 2..... | 0 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 1 | Ralston, m..... | 0 | 1 | 4 | 0 | 0 |
| Harkins, 3..... | 1 | 1 | 4 | 2 | 0 | Burk, s..... | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 2 |
| McK'ght, l..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Mackrell, l..... | 0 | 1 | 12 | 0 | 1 |
| Sullivan, c..... | 1 | 1 | 6 | 3 | 2 | Hayden, r..... | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Miller, p..... | 2 | 1 | 0 | 5 | 1 | Wymard, l..... | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Keating, m..... | 1 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 0 | Westover, 3..... | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Neilan, l..... | 1 | 1 | 11 | 0 | 1 | Frye, c..... | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 1 |
| Murphy, r..... | 2 | 1 | 4 | 0 | 0 | Duff, c..... | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| | | | | | | Thoun'rst, p..... | 1 | 2 | 0 | 4 | 1 |
| Totals..... | 9 | 9 | 27 | 13 | 6 | Totals..... | 3 | 7 | 27 | 10 | 8 |

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|-------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Pittsburgh College..... | 0 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 0 | —9 |
| W. U. P..... | 1 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | —3 |

Home run—Sullivan. Three-base hits—Neilan, Murphy. Two-base hit—Miller. Sacrifice hits—Bulger 2; Keating, Russall, Hayden. Stolen bases—Harrell, McKnight, Sullivan, Keating, Murphy, Ralston, Thounhurst. Bases on balls—Off Miller 2, off Thounhurst 3. Struck out—By Miller 6, by Thounhurst 3. Wild pitch—Thounhurst. Passed balls—Sullivan, Duff. Umpire—Sheehan.

May 22, Pittsburg College defeated Allegheny College, 7 to 0, in a very fast game. May 24, our team journeyed to the grounds of California Normal team and won, 7 to 1; this makes 12 straight victories.

The Independents.

This team has forged ahead until it now stands a strong second in the school. There is a rumor out, purporting to come from those who know, that the 'Varsity nine next year will be composed partly

of some of these players. And their playing leads us to believe this. The pitching of Harrigan, Egan and McKnight is up to all expectations, if not over. Hannigan and Creighton are the strong batters, while McTighe, Gelm, Daley, McKnight and Muldowney have put up some excellent fielding. This team has only played seven games and really did not reach their proper pace till the last few games.

They have played these games:

APRIL 28.

| | R. H. E. | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---------------------|----------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|----|-------|
| P. C. I..... | 1 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 10 10 |
| Young Americans.... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 3 | 12 | 16 4 |

Batteries. Harrigan and Hannigan; Baird and Sigelman.

MAY 2.

| | R. H. E. | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|--------------------|----------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|----|----|---|--|--|
| P. C. I..... | 2 | 2 | 4 | 3 | 7 | 0 | * | — | 18 | 15 | 5 | | |
| Tarentum H. S..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 | — | 3 | 3 | 6 | | |

Batteries. Egan and Harrigan; Kutesh and Sardin.

MAY 5.

| | R. H. E. | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|--------------------|----------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|--|
| P. C. I..... | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | * | — | 5 | 9 5 | |
| Lawrenceville..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | — | 1 | 2 4 | |

Batteries. Harrigan and Hannigan; Lynch and Neely.

MAY 10.

| | R. H. E. | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|-----------------|----------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-------|--|
| P. C. I..... | 0 | 2 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | — | 6 9 5 | |
| Irwin H. S..... | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 6 | 0 | — | 5 5 5 | |

Battery. Harrigan and Hannigan.

MAY 12.

| | R. H. E. | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|-------------------|----------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|--------|--|--|
| P. C. I..... | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 0 | — | 5 8 11 | | |
| J. C. Connor..... | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | — | 6 9 2 | | |

Battery. McKnight and Hannigan.

MAY 15.

| | R. H. E. | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|-----------------|----------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---------|--|--|
| P. C. I..... | 0 | 1 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 4 | 2 | 3 | 0 | — | 13 13 5 | | |
| Union H. S..... | 1 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | — | 5 5 5 | | |

Battery. Harrigan and Hannigan.

MAY 19.

| | R. H. E. | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|-----------------|----------|---|---|---|---|---|---|----|---|---|--------|--|--|
| P. C. I..... | 2 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 10 | 0 | — | 14 9 5 | | |
| Irwin H. S..... | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | — | 3 3 6 | | |

Battery. Harrigan and Hannigan.

The Minims.

The players on the 'Varsity team must guard their well earned laurels, or we will find them gracing the heads of the Minims,—cut down to fit, of course. They also boast an unbeaten record, although they are continually “bucking up against” some very tough looking propositions. These small “dots on the diamond” certainly do play great baseball, and we would not be in the least surprised to see their names in the roll of the big league in years to come. Callahan and Parker form a very strong battery, while Miller and Flannigan also show up fine on the firing staff. Miller, Esser and Mullaly the new men,—or Minims—this year have shown up very well and made good. J. Gillespie and Capt. T. Gillespie are the strong batters, and Dignan, Carroll and Jimmy Dunn show some very pretty fielding.

Their record thus far:

| | |
|---------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Pittsburg College Minims.....11 | St. Augustine Academy..... 3 |
| Pittsburg College Minims..... 6 | Junior Classics..... 3 |
| Pittsburg College Minims.....13 | Murphy A. C..... 1 |
| Pittsburg College Minims..... 9 | Connolly A. C..... 3 |
| Pittsburg College Minims.....13 | Armstrong A. C12 |
| Pittsburg College Minims..... 4 | Mt. Pleasant..... 3 |
| Pittsburg College Minims.....16 | Mt. Oliver High School..... 3 |
| Pittsburg College Minims.....15 | Alp A. C..... 1 |

MAYER & CO. OF MUNICH, LONDON AND NEW YORK.



Stained Glass Windows,
Statues, Stations of the Cross,
Calvary Groups, Pietas, Etc.

Agony-Group, High Relief,

5 ft. wide, 5 ft. 5 inches
high, in Munich Stone-
Composition, as per cut,

Decorated in white and cream, or
delicate tints.

Imported without the frame \$150.00

MAYER & CO., 47 BARCLAY STREET, NEW YORK

Pittsburg College Bulletin

Vol. XIII.

Pittsburg, Pa., June, 1907.

No. 9.

To the Class of '07.

Resplendent rays of morning sun dispel
The last faint mist! The roaring breakers surge,
In angry mood, beneath our feet! And hark!
The troubled bar, in hollow fitful moans,
Now calls us on! Our parting hour has come!
Sweet friendship's ties! Affections fond would stay
The hand of time, yet that shall never be.
On Life's expansive deep we must embark,
To brave the storm, the tempest wild—*alone*.
Embark! 'Tis sad to think we now must leave
These hallowed walls we love, our masters kind,
Our true, devoted friends whose genial smiles
Oft' cheered our hearts, when grief surrounded all.
O, comrades dear, yet linger—once to glance
O'er scenes of youth, to share one loving smile,
One fond embrace, ere thither we disperse.
In tender strains let *Alma Mater* hear
Our long farewell, our loving, fond—*farewell*.

PHIL. G. MISKLOW, '07.



Valedictory—'07.

As I look out over the audience here assembled, I behold good-will and kindly sympathy depicted on the faces of all. That these sentiments would fill your hearts we had indeed, and not rashly, anticipated. And now, keenly do we appreciate their manifestation. Our appreciation is much enhanced by the consideration that to many of you we are personally unknown. Be assured your kindness and your unselfish interest in our behalf, add, in no small degree, to our happiness on this occasion and to our honors.

You vividly realize, as is evident from the careful attention tendered the previous speakers, the many opportunities our *Alma Mater* has opened out before us; you rightly value the rich gifts, moral and religious, as well as intellectual, she has lavished upon us. We should certainly be ungrateful did we not esteem them most highly. But, to speak of them worthily, of their number, their variety, their preciousness, is all but impossible. And, in truth, words, be they ever so appropriate, be they ever so eloquently delivered, give but poor and feeble praise. Classmates, our after life must render the tribute to which the tongue refuses utterances. 'Tis only by deeds that we can fittingly eulogize our *Alma Mater* and bring merited honor to her name. Only then will our gratitude be real, when we extend her influence and augment her renown.

But other thoughts clamor for expression. Almost whilst I speak, we are parting; parting from our *Alma Mater*; from our dear fellow students; from our patient, faithful professors, to whom we bear so deep and well deserved affections; and finally, we are parting from one another. The years we have spent together in one common pursuit; the ideals for which we have all striven; the principles we have mutually imbibed; and above all, a happy congenialness of taste and of disposition have knit us all together in a manly, heartfelt, whole souled

friendship. Hence, parting cannot but bring pain. Still, for another reason, it brings joy. We are anxious all to show that we are not quite unworthy of the training we have received; of the numberless sacrifices made by those we love, for our advancement. Besides, with these many ties, our friendship shall not fail, even though bodily separation intervene. Distance is a feeble barrier to the soul.

But here, e'er we part, we loiter, as it were, for a brief space. Like explorers from a summit, reached at the cost of much time and toil, we sweep, with a lingering eye, the scene beneath; we measure the height we have ascended; we recall the labors undergone: but all is transformed in the joy of success.

Nevertheless, we know full well that the term of our journey is not yet: "Hills peep o'er hills and Alps on Alps arise." The boundaries of science, like the horizon, recede as we advance. We are still in the shallows of the sea of knowledge: the great deeps lie far beyond, though our *Alma Mater* has just crowned our efforts with her approbation. She has only launched us well equipped upon the sea.

To this end, she has taught us; and surely it is not the least valuable of her lessons, that labor, stern, steadfast, persevering labor is the royal road of success and of life; that cheerfully borne it becomes lightsome; that it never fails of reward.

Comrades, as we enter the broader arena of life, let no toil, no difficulty, dishearten or appall us. We enter a world which has, in great part, broken loose from the moorings of Faith; which reckons not that all things are made in number and weight and measure; which will not consider that life receives all its significance, labor its only real compliment, virtue its sole enduring reward, beyond the veil. Into this arena we shall step with calm confidence, with faith more inspiring than sight, with trust in God, simple, childlike, but for every event, for all time, unassailable. In the serenity of soul

begotten of this trust, we face the future unflinchingly. With exultation even, we begin to run our course, for we hope "so to run as those who win the prize;" "so to fight as not beating the air."

We have a mission in the world, each and every one of us, and we hasten to its accomplishment. Away with nameless, groundless fears. We are not drifting helplessly on an outgoing tide; we are nearing a certain shore,¹ and before us God "walks the wave," behind us, God "wings the sail."

Comrades, I know not what destinies await you, what myself. Various may they be. For one, long; for another, short, may be the term of years; for one, brimful may be the chalice of suffering; for another, overflowing the cup of joy. Some will enter this profession, some that; many, I know will enter the holy priesthood and "shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace, will carry the light of our Savior "to those who sit in the valley of the shadow of death," whether among our own teeming millions, or in far distant fields, in that Africa, which even now fulfills the ancient prophecy: "Ethiopia shall lift up her hands to God." But, whatever the destiny of each, I would fain, in parting, recall the earnestness of life. Let this be graven upon our foreheads and in the palms of our hands; let it be ever before our eyes. "Here, then, hand, eye, brain, lend your help." For the night cometh. "Swiftly the little circle" of our years "rounds to its close." Think not that this consideration is at all incompatible with happiness, but rather that it is its everlasting foundation. Above the din and turmoil of life let arise our songs of joy. The night indeed cometh, but with it, rest, and presently, the dawning of the perfect day.

A. G. JOHNS.





COLLEGE CHAPEL

The Catholic Scholar's Great Field.

(Speech, at the Commencement.)

The past few years have been marked by great progress in educational methods throughout the country. We see numerous institutions of learning rapidly working their way to the heights of fame and honor in these days of unrivalled prosperity. In consideration of this fact, we are prompted to investigate the opportunities awaiting those who devote their time and abilities to the acquisition of knowledge and true scholarship. Let me, therefore, in the brief time that has been allotted to me this evening, invite you to accompany me along the broad highways of that vast and fertile region that lies open for cultivation at the hands of Catholic scholars in the United States.

Wishing to give honor to whom honor is due, we must say that there are, in course of construction, magnificent monuments that, in future years, will bear witness to the ardent zeal and unflagging perseverance of lovers of Catholic education in this country. But, notwithstanding this, we must acknowledge that the offspring of American Catholic scholarship is still in its infancy. Great things have been accomplished, but greater things remain to be undertaken and completed. We point with pride to the fact that the ranks of the priesthood are being swelled with each succeeding year. Churches are being erected in large numbers throughout the country. The Catholic press is forging to the front in public affairs. American Catholics are conquering the domains of art, science and literature. The initial volume of the Catholic Encyclopedia reflects great credit on the laborious efforts of the board of editors engaged in this giant undertaking. But, as I have said, greater things remain to be done; grander opportunities await the American Catholic scholar.

Since it would require much time to properly discuss this subject, we will simply glance at a few leading

opportunities awaiting Catholic scholars in America. The world is crying for conscientious men to enter the legal and medical professions. The Catholic public is demanding daily newspapers that will give an impartial account of the affairs of their world-wide Church. Aspiring authors behold the youth of our schools eagerly awaiting the publication of Catholic text books.

A grand opportunity has been offered to Catholic scholars by the organization of the Catholic Church Extension Society. The object of this society is to foster the missionary spirit in the United States and to bring all of our good people under the elevating influence of the Catholic Church. That this movement is offering great privileges to scholars is apparent to all those who are acquainted with the nature of the undertaking. The exalted character of the work is amply vouched for by those distinguished persons who have affiliated themselves with the Extension Society.

Never in the history of the Church have we had more need of Churchmen than we have today. By Churchmen I do not mean simply priests and religious, but Catholics in general,—educated Catholic laymen in particular. The latter, while extremely willing, have not sufficiently taken their place in Catholic life. The magnificent foundation of our educational work has been laid deep and strong, but what, I ask you, is a foundation without a superstructure? We would not for a moment consider the words of a man who would tell us that a foundation is a suitable dwelling place. And is not the situation of Catholic education somewhat similar? The palace remains to be constructed and the erection of this palace is the work of the present century. The inward beauty and artistic adornment of the exterior of this structure depend entirely upon the unselfish co-operation of educated Catholic laymen with the noble, self-sacrificing priests and bishops who have been qualified and sent by God to carry on the divinely guided work of the propagation and extension of the Holy, Catholic Church.

Industrial Growth of the United States.

The industrial rise of the United States is one of the most recent and most conspicuous facts of the age. The suddenness with which our Republic has seized upon the leadership of the world has left the older nations bewildered and afraid. Her wonderful progress in manufactures and mining, her great accumulation of wealth, her energetic use of the forces of nature, which have characterized the later years of her national life,—seem as the trying efforts of a youth testing his newly attained manhood. The century just past marked the growth of the nation to adolescence; the present one bids fair to witness the perfection of its maturity.

Now the population of the United States is double that of France, of Great Britain, of Italy or of combined Spain and Scandinavia; her rate of growth still vastly exceeds that of any other country. In seventy years, we have added to our numbers almost as many as the present population of France, England and Scotland combined.

The unprecedented multiplication of our country's population, however, is but an imperfect index of her industrial growth. While the people have increased five times during the century, their productive power has multiplied about forty times. According to statistics, the daily mechanical energy of the nation has advanced from 4,293 million foot-tons in 1820 to 160,000 million foot-tons in 1902. Each unit of us has 2,000 foot-tons daily against 446 in 1820. In England the ratio is 1470—only what it was in United States about twenty-five years ago. So that man for man, industrially considered, the American is twenty years ahead of the Englishman. The difference is greater when other nations are compared; for, slow and conservative as is England in comparison with ourselves, she is still far ahead of her neighbors in Europe. In Germany, the ratio is only 952; in France, it is 930; in Spain, 600; in

Austria, 575; and finally, Italy comes with 390. So we have reached a point in social evolution when men and nations are being tested by their productive rather than their destructive power, the comparison must be considered a fair one.

At the present time, the increase in America's working power is so rapid that the next ten years will see an addition to her already large figures. Every factory built, every acre brought under cultivation, every waterfall utilized, every oil well discovered, every new railroad, new invention or patented device, adds to the grand total of man's power to work economically and efficiently.

To briefly indicate in one department of industry how this mechanical superiority works, it can be shown that, in agriculture, the product per capita of the hands employed in America is 350 bushels of grain, as against 119 in England, 98 in France, 75 in Germany, 65 in Austria and 39 in Italy. In the production of meat America also leads. The greater efficiency of the American as a food producer bears a direct relation to the continuity of his superiority, since, the more substantial is the food, the stronger the men, both physically and mentally. In manufactures, of course, the contrast is much more striking.

Qui non proficit, deficit, is surely the motto of the American manufacturer. The consular reports of our foreign trade show that we are actually sending cutlery to Sheffield, iron to Birmingham, ship-plates to Glasgow, silks and shoes to Paris, beer to Germany, even macaroni to Italy, and Spain may seriously ask herself if she may not expect to see American oranges in the markets of Valencia. In the industrial progress of this generation, the evolution of manufacture stands forth conspicuous and pre-eminent. There are many at present, no doubt, who can remember the tallow-dip, the spinning-wheel, the hand-loom and clothes of home-spun. The tallow-dip was replaced by sperm oil; afterward came the great industry of transporting and refining

petroleum; and artificial light was put at a price which made the homes of the poor as bright as those of the rich. Later, however, gas was introduced. Now the electric light has turned night into day in the streets of all the important towns of the country; and our police records show a direct and most important result, if not on morals, at least in the protection of lives and property. Where the spinning-wheel was running a single yarn, not many years ago, one hand to-day is making by machinery a thousand yards, and cotton cloth has been sold for less than three cents per yard. The farmer who was then capable of tilling a few acres, is to-day tilling a thousand acres.

When the Pilgrim Fathers landed on the desolate coast of Massachusetts, they were certainly in very destitute circumstances. At this period, the nations of the Old World had their cities, public dwellings, and industrial organizations, which had taken generations to build. But the American people are making such vast strides that a single decade now beholds an addition to their wealth greater than the entire capital value of some of these older nations, who were so well equipped, when our forefathers had little beyond the clothes they wore.

Yet, at the present day, there are many whose skeptical minds seem preoccupied with memories and regrets, who fancy we are passing from a better stage to a worse; and they reverence the past, because they have an unflinching dread, so to speak, of the unknown future. Whilst there have been, in our industrial march, some things, such as trusts and corporations of various kinds, which tend toward a certain retrogression, yet the triumph of the various industries has been to signal, that there can be little fear with regard to the near future.

F. J. TOOHILL, '08.



Politics and Business.

Naturally, the prime factor in the choice of any career should be personal taste or inclination; but many are wont to disregard their inclination or, as Dean Swift writes:

“ Brutes find out where their talents lie;
A bear will not attempt to fly,
A foundered horse will oft’ debate
Before he tries the five-barred gate.
A dog by instinct turns aside
Who sees the ditch too deep and wide.
But man we find the only creature
Who, led by folly, combats nature;
Who, when she fondly cries—forbear!
With obstinancy fixes there;
And where his genius least inclines,
Absurdly bends his whole designs.”

Be what nature intended you for, follow your natural capacities, and you will succeed; but, be anything else, and you will surely fail. Good old Roger Ascham, one of the first writers on education in the English language, said upon this subject, “the ignorance in men who know not for what time and to what thing they are fit, causeth some to wish themselves rich for whom it were better a great deal to be poor; some to desire to be in court, which be born and be fitter rather for the cart; some to be masters and rule others, who never yet began to rule themselves; and some to teach, which rather should learn.” Again, Dr. Mathews has well said: “To no other cause, perhaps, is failure in life so frequently to be traced, as to a mistaken calling.”

One choosing politics for a career should possess a strong constitution, firm will power, and be able to influence others by the power of oratory to think as he thinks. The necessity of a politician possessing a strong constitution perhaps cannot be more clearly exemplified than by the late death of James W. Clark, head of Pittsburgh Public Safety Department, whose death was attributed by some to the strenuous political life he led.

Those opposed to the choice of politics for a career, perhaps, use this as an argument to substantiate their views, but it is a known fact that the number of business and professional men who yearly succumb to nervous prostration, heart disease and similar complaints, far exceed the number of politicians who die from such complaints. Firm will power is an extremely necessary adjunct for a successful politician. It is said of Julius Caesar, who, it will be remembered, was a very successful politician, that his victories were attributed to his giant determination. The necessity of a politician being an orator cannot be overestimated. Perhaps no better example of a political orator could be found than William Gladstone, who had been in public life for over a quarter of a century. A peculiarity of Gladstone was the fact that he seldom wrote his speeches. The readiness with which he would reply to a speech just delivered was amazing; taking up one after another the arguments advanced, he would examine them with as much fluency and precision as though he had spent weeks in the preparation of an answer. In fact, Gladstone was never seen to better advantage than when, at the close of a long discussion, he arose to reply to his opponents.

The chief objection to the choice of a political career is the temptation to dishonesty such a career offers. True, there are dishonest politicians, as there are dishonest followers of other professions, yet these men are undoubtedly lacking the chief requisite of one choosing politics for a career—that is will power. The chief form of dishonesty in politics is bribery or acceptance of bribes, yet the laws of each state and of the many counties of the country provide for the punishment of all such offenders. Here it may not be amiss to quote a few laws of the State of Pennsylvania, referring to illegal procedure in elections: “It shall be unlawful for an officer of this Commonwealth, or of any county thereof, to make, or cause to be made, any assessment upon the pay, wages or salary of any officer or employe holding office under him

for any political or party purpose whatsoever. Any person guilty of such offense shall, upon conviction, be punished by imprisonment in the county prison for a term of not more than one year, and by fine of not more than one thousand dollars, either or both, as the court shall impose."

"Any person or persons found guilty of giving, or promising to give to any qualified voter, money, reward or other valuable consideration for his vote, shall pay a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars and undergo imprisonment not exceeding one year. Any person qualified to vote at any public election who shall be found guilty of accepting any reward for his vote shall be sentenced to pay a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars and undergo imprisonment not exceeding six months."

Thus we see how the laws protect both the voter and the office seeker.

It would be foolish to deny that politics is corrupt to a certain extent. But the corruption that shocks us in public affairs, we often practice ourselves in our private concerns. There is no essential difference between the "influence" that gets one's book a favorable review, and that "pull" which gets a heeler into office or a thief out of jail.

"Business is business" is not a political sentiment, yet some politicians have imbibed it. The typical business man is often a bad citizen; he is too busy. On the other hand, if he is a *big* business man, and *very* busy, he does not neglect, he is busy with *politics*. He has bought boodlers in St. Louis, he has defended grafters in Minneapolis, he has originated corruption in Philadelphia, and deplored reform in Chicago. He is often the chief source of corruption; and, it were a boon, if he would neglect politics. There is scarcely an office, from United States senator down to alderman, to which business men are not struggling or which they have not attained; yet politics remain corrupt. Many business





DAVID

GRADUATES FROM CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT

men continually criticise politics, because of its dishonest followers, but how would the criticism affect business, were the career of business equally assailed, because it also has many dishonest followers? We should not forget that it is part of the game of politics to blacken an opponent's reputation and to make the attack as loudly and publicly as possible: this, evidently, makes the politician look less venerable than he otherwise might.

A very important matter, furthermore, is that upright and competent men refrain not from politics, simply because of the moral shortcomings of many engaged therein. On the contrary, the worse the standard, the more solemn grows the duty of such as are best fitted to engage in the struggle for public welfare and not relinquish the management of the nation into the hands of the self-seeking, unpatriotic and unworthy.

JOHN McMAHON, '09.



America's Debt to Ireland.

[AN ADDRESS]

Blest by God with peace and abundance, with her possessions now scattered throughout the world, with her Stars and Stripes afloat upon the bosom of the deep, America receives homage from every land. Nations may strive in vain to impede her progress, to desecrate her altar of industry, to insult her Goddess of Freedom, but there is one friend she can always call her own,—Ireland!

As an infant, America has nestled on the bosom of Ireland, she has been constantly defended by the blood of its children, become a shrine for its love and protection, and a tomb for its fallen heroes. The poet may immortalize her victories, the painter may hand down to posterity her struggles with graphic precision, the art of the sculptor may place us at the feet of those who have championed the American cause, but it is beyond

the power of the human mind to conceive the price that Ireland has paid for American liberty.

So then, in honor of those whom a nation are about to commemorate, let us travel down the broad highway of History, and there we shall meet with the names of Irish men and the deeds of Irishmen, whose memories become dearer as ages pass away. In the first place, we see Ireland pleading for America in the person of Burke, whose Conciliation Speech still echoes throughout the British Halls of Parliament, we turn to our own Continental Congress, with the hearts of Thos. Fitzsimmons and the two Carrols beating in unison with those of Adams, Hancock, and Jefferson; we see George Washington crowned by the Irish with a diadem of glory, beset with such gems as Generals Montgomery, Sullivan, Green and Moylan whose luster has never been dimmed: we see the Continental Army face to face with the martial tread of the British foe; with starvation about to plunge the dagger of Despair into their very hearts, with the cruel hand of England about to crush them beneath the weight of distress, when the sons of St. Patrick stalk forth as heroes and place their resources at the feet of Congress. 'Tis then the final scene puts an end to the greatest tragedy ever enacted upon American soil. We see Ireland reach out across the deep, clasp hands with America, whilst John Barry tears asunder the British fleet and hurls it back in defiance into the very teeth of England; her sons then brave the perilous crests of the mountain, suffering untold hardships and fertilizing the very ground upon which they trod with their heart's blood; they have assisted in building up a powerful nation whose foundations are the trenches wherein lie the bones of a Dillon's, a Walsh's and a Mad Anthony's Brigade; the Irish priests and Archbishop Carroll have intoned Misereres in times of defeat, and Te Deums in the hour of victory; Irishmen have signed the Declaration of Independence, they have planned our beautiful city of Washington which the world looks upon today as the

Mecca of Liberty; the Irish have not only murtured America's soil with their blood but they have sown within its borders the seeds of Liberty, Patriotism and Christian Morality without which no nation can be secure.

At length, after a period of peace and contentment, we again see the storm of Rebellion sweeping over the land during that memorable period of '61-'65. Where is the American whose bosom does not heave with pride, whose very marrow does not thrill with patriotism, or where is the aged veteran who does not shed a tear at the very mention of Antietam, Mary's Height and Gettysburg? 'Tis on these very fields of battle where Corcoran's legion, Meagher's Zouaves, Maher's Brigade and whole regiments of Irishmen have fought and died in defense of what we now enjoy—Liberty.

Not only have the Irish fought and died, but they have given to America from among their ranks men who now occupy the pedestal of the truly great.

Sherman's name shall be honored as long as his March to the Sea, and his victories at Atlanta and Springfield are recorded in the annals of warfare; we see Winchester and Five Forks fall at the feet of Sheridan, whom Grant himself compared to Napoleon and Frederick the Great, for his valor and intrepidity as a soldier; we look upon our McClellan as an Horatius of old, for his stubborn resistance on the fields of Antietam, Fair Oaks and the Seven Days battle, whilst the only man to hurl Stonewall Jackson into the abyss of defeat was General Shields.

With the dead and wounded upon every side, whilst shrieks and moans were piercing the air, with no loving parent or kind relation to extend the hand of Friendship, we see, through the flame and smoke of cannon, the rosy cheeks, the angelic smiles and the modest forms of the Irish maidens, clothed in the humble garb of the Sisterhood. These were the ones who placed the drop of water upon the quivering lips; these were the

ones who cheered the last moments of those who were about to depart; these were the ones who closed the eyes of those who had fallen to rise no more and to place them in their winding sheet, ere they lay them down to take their last sleep.

Go back to the green hillsides of Erin, where sleep her sacred dead, move back the tender laurel from the moss covered slabs, for each has its tale of sadness. They tell of an aged mother deprived of her sole support, they tell of the infant in its mother's arms who knew not a father's cares, they tell of the maiden who has watched in vain for a loved one who sleeps unknown on the heights of Bunker Hill. Where is the price that can buy back those tears, that can bring back those moments of grief and anguish, that can bring back those days of joy to the young, and peace and repose to the aged? None; they have been given up to Liberty's cause, they cannot be returned. They were cheerfully given, and the Lord loveth a cheerful giver.

Let us hope that a time will come when Ireland shall assert her Independence; fling her green with its harp of gold to the free breeze of Liberty, call beneath its folds her brave sons and fair daughters in numbers that shall shake the throne of England to its foundations, rest upon the laurels of the past and strike to the bold anthem of *Erin go Bragh*.

J. J. MILLARD, '09.



October.

(N. B. Our Spring poets have been so distracted by the Fall weather inflicted during this Spring, that the following is one of the disastrous results.)

You ask the month that I like best:

October is the one.

It's fierce winds toss the ocean's crest

Beneath the waning sun.

The billows sailor lads like high—
A risky trip to run,
With howling breeze and dull, gray sky:
Yea, lads, 'tis lots of fun!

The winds are bleak, the billows break
Upon the rocky shore.
The lads are there and merry make
And mock the ocean's roar!
A hornpipe quick, a merry reel:
The sailor lads shout, "more!"
Behold the life that makes me feel
So proud of the "Yankee bore."

We relish not the summer's sun
Or showers of the Spring:
Then seldom meets each mother's son
To tell our yarns and sing;
But through the cold October day
Beneath the roof we stay
To smoke and joke—and sad, we say,
When it has passed away.

Before we part or say goodbye
To all the lads around,
We glory o'er "the times we've had"
Aboard the good ship, "Sound:"
A song, a dance, a shake, a sigh,
A, "Whither are you bound?"
We hope as, "An revoir!" we cry:
May this again come round.

Last year, we sought a meeting place—
A lively coasting town,
With many a shake and beaming face—
Yet missed we Davey Brown.
At last each cried: "Let good cheer reign:
Come, lads, let's smile it down,
For bold October's here again,
October wears the crown!"

A Graduate's Ambition to Serve His Country and Kind.

After college, what?

This is a question often asked by friends of the graduates; and, with all honesty, it may be answered, that we ourselves know only in general.

The city newspapers, a few weeks ago, sarcastically remarked that "the greater number of graduates of American colleges want to begin life at the top of the ladder and that, in order to do so, they seek the unwholesome atmosphere of law offices and operating rooms.

This may be true of some graduates, but we, the graduates of to-night, who have been trained in that true philosophy, which is true education, have one undoubted aim, and, that aim is, to become men, men in the Christian sense of the word, men who know their duty and who will do it.

Whether we become business men or professional men, we mean to fill our post in such a manner that we will be recognized as upright citizens of our grand United States of America.

A nation is made up of individuals; the united actions of the individuals determine the international standing of a country; since we form part of the body politic, we want to form an honorable part of it, to be examples of citizenship, industry and Christian manhood.

To be of service to our country does not necessarily imply that we must take up arms in defense of her, though at times this is necessary, but, it means that we be ready to fulfill a citizen's whole duty, to maintain purity of government and stability of the constitutional foundation of our freedom.

It may seem rather egotistical to say we intend to strive for political purity against the admitted corruption of the day; but if we are only a few, we can make ourselves a few of influence and leadership.

The wonderful strides of our country astound the statesmen of the world; they look upon it as mysterious, but if they would make a study of us, they would find that when election day comes around, millions of men with true love of country, cast their ballot rightly and overturn the plans of political treachery and bossism.

Through the ballot-box the United States, since her foundation, has maintained the title, "Home of Liberty," and such a home brings immigrants from all the ends of the earth; they study our institutions, learn our customs and habits; and, if they go back to their old home, they teach their countrymen what they have learned during their sojourn under the wings of the American Eagle, and mayhap they arouse in the breasts of people who have been in servitude for centuries a desire to be free, to be like the citizens of the Great Republic.

The States are really great in the true, world-wide sense; their influence is felt everywhere; therefore, it is imperative, that we educate good men in the colleges of the country, men whose individual aim will be, to have their country continue as a great nation and who will labor to have our elections, our legislatures, so good, so pure, that they will send around the world an echo of civic virtue and prosperity for all men; to do this, the rising generation must be taught to discern right from wrong in political, as well as in individual life; since we form part of this rising generation we will try, as far as in us lies, to see right done everywhere.

Thus, by being men, college graduates will be of service to themselves, to their country, of which they are so influential a part; and being part of a nation which realizes all that is best in law and government, they shall be of service to all mankind.

J. R. Cox, '07.



True Philosophy—True Education.

Happiness is manifestly a dominant note in a celebration like to-night's. And, if a graduate is happy on account of having passed triumphantly through the struggles of college life, how much greater must not his happiness be when he knows that his education is true and genuine. We, of to-night, are indeed happy in graduating from our college and happier in knowing how sound is the training we have there received. We can look back over our past lives and, at the same time, look forward to things of the future; for man, as he has been described, is a being who looks both backward and forward. This description must be especially true of graduates in philosophy. From time to time we all look back, in order that we may see, whether or not our opportunities have been fully appreciated. This evening we are looking forward to the things in store for us with the fervent hope that our best aspirations may be realized.

There is a satisfaction in having learned something new and the more we realize that things are true, as well as new, the greater will be our satisfaction. Indeed, the object of the human intellect is truth and to this it rightly tends under all circumstances. The more we apply ourselves to philosophic study the greater becomes the field of action for the intellect. If we follow up the truth of things natural, and at the same time, imbibe the revealed truths of religion, it must necessarily follow that our education will be solid and sterling. It is a great advantage to be able to see the truth of things; it is especially a great advantage to be able to see the truth of principles.

It need not be taken as a boast on our part if we say that our Catholic philosophy gives truth. In it we find the very best primitive reasoning, the best culture of natural reason, and the best of elevated Christian reasoning. By it we recognize the existence of the Supreme

Being, the splendor of His works, and the need of His sustaining hand. We are bound to seek and uphold truth to the utmost of our ability. If darkness is opposed to light, so also is falsehood opposed to truth. It is natural that we shed light wherever there is darkness, so it is natural that we displace falsehood by truth. There is a pleasure in being able to impart truth to those who are under the blight of falsehood. True philosophy is necessary if one wishes to enjoy this pleasure fully and to be the usefully educated man.

The mere acquisition of a true education is not, however, the final end we have in view. It is mainly instrumental in attaining the higher aspirations of life. There is a diversity of vocations among graduates, for each of whom, however, a true education is essential. By its means each one hopes to attain the end for which he has labored so long. And each of us, seeing the utility of a thorough education, must necessarily have a desire that others may enjoy its very estimable advantage. We experience the pleasure that is embodied in it and wish to have others participate in the joy afforded by the search for truth and by its acquisition, without which there can be no real happiness.

JOSEPH B. KEATING, '07.



Education in History.

Of the many studies which are comprised in a true and liberal education at the present time, none is dwelt on, or enforced more rigidly in the schools, than the study of history. We find its stories in the primary readers, delighting the minds of the young; the student of the grammar grades begins the real study by learning the history of his own country, the academy and high school students advance to general history, while the

college and post-graduate courses offer further and deeper lines of research.

In its most general signification, history is the narration of events with their causes and effects. Its importance lies, not only in its giving past events, but in its furnishing the means by which we may conjecture the future. But, with all its importance, no study offered in the schools is more liable to erroneous treatment, for it is based wholly on human authority, the weakest criterion of truth in matters of science. The student must simply accept the words of his book, and hence, the truth of his knowledge is entirely dependent of the veracity of the historian.

History, no doubt, can never become an exact science; the human element will inevitably assert itself and sympathies of race and religion will influence the writer's judgments. However, when we consider the attitudes of scholars toward the study of history, and find many of them agreeing with De Maistre, who looked upon the history of the last three centuries as a conspiracy against truth, we certainly find reason to look to our own safety.

The Church's solicitude for truth has at all times made her watchful lest error spring up. And, although her anxiety, must be first and foremost toward her own, who are always liable to error; yet, in the last three centuries, her scholars have worked unceasingly to change erroneous opinions of those outside her fold on mooted questions of history.

That historians should differ in recounting facts of ancient history, which must be deduced from rare hieroglyphics or dead languages, no one will wonder. And even much diversity of opinion on early middle age history can be excused. Errors, however, on facts of later medieval and modern history are, in many cases, unpardonable; their effect is truly lamentable; especially, when the falsity touches ecclesiastical matters, which naturally affect, to some extent, religious belief and practice.

The treatment of numerous events of middle age and modern history by many historians of the present time is unscholarly as well as uncatholic. One-sided views of what are wrongly named the "Dark Ages," of the "Reformation," the "Renaissance," the causes of the French Revolution, and the formation of the Italian Kingdom, views which would cause one to regard the Church as fully responsible for everything objectionable, are by no means uncommon. The history of those times and events is the history of the Church itself, and, therefore, her scholars are the first to whom we should look in studying that history.

Although the sympathies and disagreements of men will always cause this to be an inexact science; yet, we know, that it is too essential to a liberal education to be dropped from any curriculum. And we know further that that history will be best known which is studied most. Therefore, if we may use the common expression, that charity begins at home, it is the imperative duty of Catholics to educate themselves, as far as possible, in history as it is written by scholars of their own faith. It is also their duty to be able to enlighten others on Catholic history; and, finally, since they expose themselves to error, by studying under teachers and in authors that do not treat fully and fairly facts relating to their religion, it is their sacred duty to have for themselves and their children, both books and schools in which, as far as it is possible, historical truth permeates and pervades every grade of education.

F. J. STACK, '07.



A Self-Governing Ireland.

In the city of Dublin, a month ago, a convention composed of delegates representing United Ireland and Ireland in America flatly rejected the overtures of England to settle the question of Home Rule.

The manly action of this convention was the calm determination that indicated strength and for which action the men of Ireland have won admiration and sympathy.

The cause of Ireland is still before the world. Her story has been told from father to son, from one generation to another, picturing the centuries of misrule under an alien government which these eight centuries has resulted but in failure. So it is natural for these younger generations, breathing the atmosphere of liberty in America, to protest in the name of justice against the continuance of misrule in that Green Isle. The battle is still on, and it will never close as long as England insists on offering half-hearted, unworkable schemes, like the recent Birrell Bill. But the men who are at the helm of Erin's cause saw through the malicious designs and manfully repudiated this latest snare for long suffering Ireland.

The rejection of this impractical measure demonstrates the intense vitality of a liberty loving people and has caused England to realize that she is not dealing with a few millions of people in Ireland, but with a race, determined, united and loyal to their motherland. The development of England's colonial system has taught her that the abiding union of the Empire is to be found in that principle of domestic self-government which has made the Dominion of Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia and the New Zealand Islands so loyal and prosperous. As a colonial possession, why should the Boers, who were the sworn enemies of England less than three years ago, be treated in a better manner than Ireland? The Boers have been pacified by House Rule which Ireland has vainly demanded for years.

Since we know that liberty is paramount to all other advantages which this Republic has to give us, cannot we sympathize with the aspirations of the Irish race in their pursuit of freedom? Because, if we examine their grievances, we must find in them a cause of humanity, a

cause of kindred, a cause based upon moral grounds and historic recollections. When we consider that there are 20,000,000 of Irishmen in the U. S., we will about begin to realize that America does owe something to Ireland and can we pay the debt more honorably than by showing, by our unflagging efforts and sympathies, our real interest in their cause, for the realization, of the deepest longing of their hearts,—for self-government. Nothing will satisfy the national aspirations or content the people of Ireland except a government by the people and for the people. Home Rule is all that she asks as the price of her friendship.

We have seen that no sense of justice, no measures, no pledges, no morality, nothing will have the desired effect on England's policy, except evidence of real power.

We know that England respects our views more than those of any other nation. Now, if United America would join in and swell the chorus for the emancipation of Ireland, after she has shown her old spirit in resenting the latest insult to her national intelligence, this would do more than anything that I know of to further her claims for freedom. To admirers of justice, to lovers of liberty, history tells that this cause is just and now is the opportune time to cheer and support the generals of Irish liberty. For there has not been a time since the struggle began, when the cause was so strong as it is now, or when the prospects were so good. It is for this cause that I avail myself tonight of the opportunity to give expression to a Catholic graduate's enthusiastic admiration of this glorious struggle for emancipation which Catholic Ireland has waged for centuries.

I feel that you and I are bound to show the world that the people of America have not forgotten what Ireland has done for this country. I think that although Ireland retains her spirit, as of old, she needs our support.

I then suggest that we, as occasion offers, express our willingness to aid her cause, let us sympathize with

them in their afflictions; let us encourage them in their trials; let us cheer the generals of Irish liberty on to victory, that so we may aid in bringing present efforts to a successful termination, when America, proud as she is to-day, will be prouder still to recognize Ireland as a free, a glorious, and a friendly nation.

EDW. F. JACKSON, '07.



Graftless Greater Pittsburg.

Of the numerous matters which at present demand our attention, there is probably none which interests the people of Pittsburg and Allegheny more than the consolidation of these cities into one flourishing community, such as would command the respect and admiration, not only of this country, but of the whole world. Hence we are anxiously awaiting the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the matter of Greater Pittsburg.

That a Greater Pittsburg would be of benefit to both communities is doubted by but few, and by these few, either because they have not seriously reflected on the advantages accruing from such a union, or else because they have too hastily formed their opinion, which no argument to the contrary can change. It is not my object to discuss these advantages, because they have been treated at length by all the newspapers of our cities; but I intend to advocate a graftless Greater Pittsburg.

I do not mean to intimate that the management of public affairs in these communities has been conducted in a dishonest manner, but it is a matter of fact that cases of illegal dealings are met with, and are being exposed in many of the larger cities of this country, and surely it is not probable that Greater Pittsburg will be altogether exempt from them. It should therefore be our most earnest endeavor to discover the means by which such evils can be averted.

Politics at present are in such a state that a few, often unscrupulous men, direct the management of a whole city. They little concern themselves with the best interests of the people whom they represent, but desiring only their own benefit, shrink from no dishonest deed as long as their private interests are attained. These are the men who have brought our glorious Republic into disrepute and have stained its fair name, and their greed for money is the cause, and their office the occasion of graft. Indeed, too often they use their office simply as a means of gratifying their desires to acquire wealth by granting privileges to corporations, which privileges may be altogether detrimental to the public at large.

The power to remedy these evils, which deserve the most serious criticism and condemnation is in the hands of the people themselves. The factor most potent to counteract and destroy graft is the education of the masses. Only when our citizens become truly acquainted with the importance of casting their ballot for the cause of honesty and uprightness, and when they become fitted by a sound education to champion truth, then, and not before, will we have a graftless Greater Pittsburg.

If people were but to take a more active interest in political matters, we would have a more honest government. But too many are indifferent, professing that the choice of others will suit them. Whoever is guilty of such a criminal negligence is not worthy of the name of citizen.

At the elections, people should vote for the man who they think is best fitted to represent them. "It is better for a city to be governed by a good man than by good laws," said Aristotle, the master mind of the Greeks, more than 2,000 years ago. Many think that it is necessary only to vote for the supreme officer of this country, but that the election of municipal officers is of little importance. Oh! could people but be impressed with the fact that municipal elections are no less important than the election of a President! Every city is a government of its

own. If these smaller governments are all good, it cannot be otherwise than that the aggregate of them will be good. We will have an honest government when all our cities are managed by honest men. If every citizen would concern himself as he ought, there would be no chance and no opportunity for graft.

Graft would be the final ruin of this country. If it is then such an enemy to our prosperity, oh, let us not then rest till we have expelled it. Above all things let us have a graftless Greater Pittsburg. This is a prosperous community. Greater Pittsburg is the wealthiest city per capita in the world, and we cannot allow its fair name to be soiled by the grafts and ill-dealings of disreputable men. Only when Greater Pittsburg is managed in an honest and upright manner, will it be recognized by the world at large as an important and thriving community, and its government will reflect glory and fame on every individual citizen.

CHARLES F. FEHRENBACH, '07



Commercial Opportunities.

One of our foremost bishops has recently remarked that ours is the land of opportunity. It behooves the graduates of a Commercial Department to realize and appreciate the *commercial* opportunities of our land and age. Our own city, Pittsburg, is as splendid a type of commercial opportunity as any city in the world; but the entire nation basks in the sunlight of material and financial prosperity. Prosperity is the grandest token of commercial opportunity, for prosperity entails business, and presupposes an abundance of money, as well as a steady supply and demand. Long ago, the great Napoleon, having concluded the sale of the Louisiana Territory, that is the great valley of the Mississippi, with Jefferson and the United States, exclaimed: "I have





BULLETIN STAFF

now given England a commercial rival that will some day surpass her in the race for commercial supremacy." That far reaching statement of the sagacious statesman has already been accomplished. We have the largest and finest agricultural production and exportation of all lands. This is due to the vast extent of territory acquired by the Louisiana Purchase, and also to the tireless energy of our large population. Nor is our population a danger. We are in no manner overcrowded, like some countries. On the contrary, despite our eighty odd millions of people, there is a constant demand for laborers, and the demand is yearly increasing. According to the statistics of the national government, every person entering our country enriches us to the value of three hundred dollars each year. Consider the growth of our steel industries, of our railways, which entail a greater mileage than that of any other nation. Consider the growth of our mining operations. Consider our commerce with Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. Consider the future possibility of the Panama Canal.

Recently, Dr. McGee, says the New York *Sun*, has unfolded a project which dwarfs even the Panama project, namely, the canalization of the Mississippi River, so as to enable ocean steamers to come inland. These grand projects and industries mean money, labor, demand and supply. These together constitute commercial opportunities.

We have in this our land, money enough, strong arms enough, projects, resources and ambition sufficient to develop the largest and brightest commercial opportunities ever given to humanity. Are we young men with a thorough business education, prepared to meet these opportunities? Are we vigilant? Are we ambitious? Are we determined? Are we prudent and thoughtful? Will we profit of every opportunity? Well, we cannot be possessed of every quality, but we can at least resolve to do our best, and it is all important for us to know that the opportunity exists, and exists for us

as well as for others with our education. We may and should determine to take an active and honorable part in the competition of life, in the building up of the industrial and material welfare, which is useful, if not necessary, in all spheres of activity.



Thoughts at Napoleon's Grave on Helena.

No tolling of bells, no thunder of artillery, no magnificent funeral pageant, no costly sarcophagus marked his burial. His grave is a simple one. This mournful silence contrasts painfully with the noisy life he led. He who "bestrode the world like a Colossus," the pet child of fortune, the law-giver of nations, the greatest general, the most extraordinary man who, in the annals of the world, ever rose, reigned and fell, is at last humbled in a lowly grave, on a level with those whom he humbled. These few feet of earth are the only inheritance of the most hated, most feared and most loved of men, the final resting place of the man who changed the face of Europe and the history of the world. Such is the instability of human greatness!

Fortune comes in a boat not steered. Even her most petted child is not proof against her fickleness. When the last hour comes no man can say that he has basked in the sunlight of her smile forever. Fortune raises no one to a height whom she does not raise but to tear him down again. So it was with Napoleon. Thousands feared, thousands hated, thousands loved him. Death has avenged those who hated him; death has removed him from those who feared him; death has made him dearer to those who loved him.

When we look at his life we are astounded that so many achievements and so much action could have been crowded into so short a space of time. Endowed with uncommon brilliancy of genius as well as extra-

ordinary will power, he began life as a young man in a time of universal excitement and turmoil, but this was only the stepping stone to the long path of his achievements; it only quickened his latent powers. With ambition, that insatiable thirst for fame, burning in his breast, he made giant strides to the summit of his greatness. How he succeeded, we all know.

Lodi, Abukir, Marengo, Wagram, Austerlitz—all proclaim his heroic deeds. His genius for government is evidenced by the sudden peace which he brought to his unhappy country, and the dizzy height to which he raised his empire. The world heeded his every nod; Europe obeyed his every word of command. His name, like a magnet, attracted to it his country's love, the world's respect, and the conquered's hatred. It was potent to rally a nation in the time of thick, thronging calamities. It shone both in war and in peace; in peace, like a beacon light to cheer his country and guide her safe over the shoals of public disaster; in war it flared like a meteor to repel her foes. Millions died to make Napoleon great!

He might now have rested on his laurels, enjoyed the fruits of his labors, and by the gentle arts of peace, made his beautiful France happy. But the greatest truths are the simplest. So it is with the fall of Napoleon. His fall, his rise, his very life, in fact, can be told in the one word, ambition. It was his misfortune never to rest; his ambition knew no bounds. His one desire was to carry his arms and extend his sway unto the farthest limits of Europe. But every star must set; and Napoleon's was on the wane. Distant Moscow was the turning point in his career, the first decline toward his fall. In that memorable retreat he left his heart, his ambition, his glory on the bleak, snow-covered plains of Russia. "So far and no further!" the enraged goddess called out against his presumption. The fruits of all his conquests and labors dwindled away till he seemed to have nothing left but his own indomitable will.

But even now he could have maintained the greatness of his empire and wrought his country's welfare, if he could have done one thing; the hardest task ever given to man; the task accomplished by so few. That task was to conquer himself, his greatest foe, a foe more formidable than Austria's grenadiers or Russia's Cossacks. His power was broken anew at Leipsic, and hostile armies paraded the streets of Paris as he had once marched in triumph through Milan and Rome, Naples and Madrid, Lisbon and Vienna, Berlin and Moscow.

Elba was too narrow for this man of mighty spirit. Once more he essayed fortune; but the fickle goddess, after smiling on him for a moment, turned her face from him forever. At Waterloo, Wellington and Blucher hurled him down never to rise again. This little Island-rock, a stud in the emerald ring of the earth, became his home—the home of the prisoner, the exile. It is now his grave.

How great was he in his misfortune! Alone he withstood the strokes of adversity! Alone he died, reconciled with the God whom he had learned to love so late. This solitary death befitted one who had risen aided by no friends but his sword and no fortune but his talents, to rule not only the nation which had exiled him but half the world. Ambition and France were his life; exile caused his death.

Posterity will one day judge more justly of his great deeds, of his virtues and his vices. That he had great vices, only the blind hero worshipper will deny; that he had great, great virtues, none can gainsay; that he was great, the world admits. But so long as the influence of his meteoric career is felt in France, so long as his last resting place rises out of the sea, so long as his beloved country graces this earth, France will not forget her most famous men. Eternal rest to the soul of Napoleon!

W. JACOB, '10.



Originality and Natural Religion.

"I am as little able to think by any mind but my own as breathe with another's lungs."

The above sentence is extracted from the Chapter of the Grammar of Assent in which Cardinal Newman treats of Natural Religion. Natural Religion he considers comes to us through three different channels; conscience, voice of mankind and human affairs.

Conscience, as philosophy defines it, is that faculty of the soul by which we perceive affections and sensations proper to ourselves; from this definition, I shall not deviate, but amplify it. It is the voice of God speaking within us, that which makes us feel we should be subordinate to our Maker; it tells us that God is our Judge and that we all shall present ourselves to Him on the Last Day, that the good will enjoy eternal happiness and that the reprobate shall be condemned to eternal damnation.

Next comes the voice of mankind, it is the common admission, the universal agreement of the human family, to certain undeniable facts. This testimony of the human family has many opponents; no matter in what clime or on what subject a statement be made, there will always be found some one to dispute it. On questions in philosophy almost beyond the region of reason, the voice of mankind is considered a convincing argument for the ignorant as well as the learned. Take the example that all men admit, that objects external to us really exist; who would be the man to deny it? He would be an idiot, a madman, a fool.

The third channel to Natural Religion is human affairs; the order within which the world is directed. Who can look at the world and not see in it the work of God? He directs its destinies with a Hidden Hand. Who exists, then, who has not feelings, does not abide by opinion, or does not see something more than chance in the universe? These, then, are the three principal

informants of Natural Religion with which every human being is endowed at His creation. If man never heard of Revelation, but obeyed the means of Religion with which nature supplied him, Heaven would deal with him in merciful consideration; if he misuses these promptings, the fault is his and not of the Creator.

What Newman pointedly alludes to, according to the text, is, that each man has a religious life distinct from his neighbor's, that man by nature is religiously disposed and that God gives him facilities for ascertaining what is necessary. We can even go so far as to say that religion is inherent in man, even before he may have any knowledge of Revelation. It may be mentioned here appropriately that Newman does not intend to convey by this sentence anything like private judgment.

Taking the sentence independent of the text, let us see what practical use can be drawn therefrom. Newman, in order to give the absurdity of the idea of one man thinking with another's mind a greater imprint, takes the material example of one man breathing with another's lungs. Would we mortals not be in an awful predicament, if we had to depend on others for that which they absolutely need for their own subsistence? It would be nonsensical in the material order; and, therefore, it would be much more absurd in the spiritual order of things. As our bodies are separate and distinct, so also, are the views distinct which enlighten our minds.

Next in order comes the idea of self-dependence, reliance upon oneself, upon one's own ability, in performing the duty which our state of life enjoins upon us. This is a thought which students very often lose. They are timorous in attacking anything difficult. Fear, distrust, or laziness, takes the place of reflection. They forget that each man has his own talents, and be they superior or inferior, they are capable of being sharpened; we come to college to improve them through the aid of a professor. We are not blamed for failing in what is beyond our powers; all that is required, is, that we make

a brave attempt; and, by so doing, we will often surprise ourselves.

Self-reliance is a quality less developed in scholars of our age than in those of earlier ages. They depended on themselves necessarily; whereas we, more or less, depend on them. We cannot invent anything ourselves better than that which has stood the criticism of time. Man was made with the capability of improvement which has been steadily advancing since Christianity was planted, generation building on generation. Ancient volumes are prized more than modern. How is it that ancient writers have not been excelled, having had but few or no models? Those ancients who studied almost without the aid of books, are remarkable for their power of reasoning and intelligence. Without books their minds acted logically and, naturally, became highly developed. The reputed literarians of modern times have been all accused of being borrowers from the ancients; even Shakespeare has been styled the "Warwickshire thief;" he borrowed the outline of his Julius Caesar from Plutarch's Lives. But was this thievery to draw from a source which was common to all; to supply himself with matter which no faculty of his mind could give him; and more than that to make silver from copper and gold from silver? The human race had been a long time arriving at this stage of development, and is it not better to begin where they stopped than to reiterate their progression?

We cannot all expect to be original; this is the nineteenth century, and man's intellect has been in action during the past. The foundation has been laid by our predecessors, the walls are built, and the part which remains to be done by us, is, to roof the edifice. The use of too many books gives the memory more scope than is suited to it. Did we depend on ourselves, intelligence and reason would take its place. Faculties have their own proper objects; one will not fulfil the office of another; never memorize what you can reason. Therefore, when you use books, use them to your own

advantage, make ideas your own, understand well what you are studying; be unmindful who said such things, unless you are upholding some disputed question where authority prevails. We should never depend on others for what we can do ourselves; we can be dependent and independent at the same time without inconsistency.

DAVID PATRICK MURPHY, '07.



An Meine Schwester

(Auf ihren 21ten Geburtstag)

I.

Theure Schwester nimm dies Buechlein
Von deinem truen Bruder an
Der an diesem schoenen Feste
Doch deiner nicht vergessen kann.

II.

Bist ja heute ein und zwanzig
Und stehst als holde Blume da,
Gleich der Ros in vollster Bluethe
Die nie der Erde Mackel sah.

III.

Gluehend brennt die Liebesflamme
In Rosenblaettern voll und roth,
Du auch lieszest diese Gabe
Gewinnen Freunde dir in Noth.

IV.

Herrlich ist der Rose Unschuld
Die aus der Bluethe lacht hervor,
Wenn, bekueszt von Sonnenstrahlen,
Sie schoen das Koepfchen hebt empor.

V.

Leid und Freud so schnell vergehen
Und alles fuehrt dem Grabe zu
Unschuld nur wird ewig leben
Und oeffnen dir des Himmels Ruh.

VI.

Heute dann an deinem Feste
Dir bring ich meine Wuensche dar
Bleibe stets in Lieb und Unschuld
Der Rose gleich zum Tode fahr.

VII.

Dein ist dann der schoene Garten
Wo Gott mit seinen Engeln thront
Dort die Rosen niemals welken
Wo nur die wahre Freude wohnt.

J. C. SIMON.



LOCALS.

THE diocesan C. T. A. U. delegates held their May meeting in college hall. They were delighted with the reception, musical, elocutionary and social, tendered them. The College Temperance Union registered 220 members, for whose dues the Rev. President, Fr. Giblin, holds a receipt in full.

THAT our two plays were noteworthy successes, the public press testified: we simply record the fact here in corroboration and commendation.

DELEGATES of the Pennsylvania Federation met at the College, June 1, to elect officers and delegates to the National Convention, at Indianapolis. They dined at the College and, before departure, visited the Cathedral and Carnegie Institute.

Pittsburg College Bulletin

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

| | |
|--------------------|------------------------|
| EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, | J. R. COX, '07. |
| ASSISTANT EDITOR, | C. A. FEHRENBACH, '07. |
| EXCHANGES, . . . | P. G. MISKLOW, '07. |
| LOCALS, . . . | J. A. CARLOS, '08. |
| ATHLETICS, . . . | T. F. RYAN, '08. |
| ALUMNI, . . . | T. A. DUNN, '09. |
| SOCIETIES, . . . | GEO. J. BULLION, '09. |
| CONCERTS, . . . | R. A. BROWN, '09. |
| BUSINESS MANAGERS, | M. J. MINICK, '07. |
| | J. H. MCGRAW, '10. |
| | THOS. W. NOONAN, '07. |

PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

VOL. XIII.

JUNE, 1907.

No. 9.

EDITORIAL.

Retrospect of 1907.

The collegiate year of 1907 has been one of the most successful and busy in the history of our *Alma Mater*.

Every phase of college life has been well and zealously represented. The sodalities, under the guidance of the Fathers, have been increased both in numbers and in devotion to their patrons, proving that, to the Catholic heart the magic of the words, Infant Jesus, Holy Angels, Sacred Heart, Immaculate Heart of Mary, Holy Ghost, has power to move and keep glowing the coals of Faith implanted by fond parents and fostered by our adopted mother, the Church.

The conduct of the boys inside and outside of class

is a marvel; they have been true gentlemen always. Pittsburg College has not had her fair name stained by the so-called "class riots," nor personal brawls, the entire year; this has been a rule without exception.

Never before, in the history of the college, have we had a baseball team which equalled the one captained and managed by "Joe" Keating; it is the champion college team of Western Pennsylvania; its record is one of constant victories; not one defeat has been registered against it; the nearest it came to defeat was a twelve inning battle at Donora, which ended in a tie, 2 to 2.

A 'Varsity football team has wisely been, for the past two seasons, dispensed with, but the lighter teams have made enviable records—especially the Minims who have, like their much admired elders of baseball fame, an unstained record.

Polo was played to some extent, but under difficult circumstances; no definite battle ground could be obtained for the schools in the Polo league and they were disbanded several times; our team, during the last attempt at something like real business by the league managers, came out second in the pennant race.

We have had many entertainments in the college which have been greatly appreciated, the young debaters, elocutionists and musicians receiving unstinted praise at every appearance; one of the most notable affairs was the reception given at Central Turner Hall and was a complete success; all who participated thoroughly enjoyed themselves and we are positive all will attend our next.

The plays, "Vespers of Palermo," and a "Pair of Spectacles," given at the Gayety Theatre on Tuesday and Wednesday evening, June 4 and 5, were well attended by loyal friends of the college; this was a graceful acknowledgment of the high esteem and appreciation for faithful labor, which the people of Pittsburg and vicinity feel for the Holy Ghost Fathers.

The Alumni, under the leadership of Mr. E. S. Riley, is becoming a stronger organization every day of

its existence; it is an organization of sons of which any *Alma Mater* might be proud. This year's graduates have broken the record, as far as numerical superiority is concerned, there being nineteen from the Classical Department—which eclipses the former high mark of thirteen of the class of 1905.

The Commercial Department also had one of the largest classes ever given to the business world by the college.

The efforts of those on the BULLETIN staff, if not of the highest literary quality, have nevertheless, been earnest, persevering and harmonious; our record in the world of letters we submit to the criticisms of our honorable contemporaries in college journalistic life.

This retrospect is not made with the intention of flaunting the great deeds of 1907, but simply to let our friends know the true state of our affairs, to acquaint them with the great strides Pittsburg's only Catholic College is making, through the untiring patient, fatherly zeal of the Faculty, who labor not for the praise of the world and for ambition's sake, but for the greater honor and glory of God.

J. R. Cox, '07.



ATHLETICS.

Baseball.

Hip! Hip! Hooray! A season of victories! Not even an approach to a defeat! Every student in the college is of the opinion that the names of our diamond warriors this year should go down in history.

There is not another school or college team around which can lay claim to a like record. So well have our boys played, that league managers are endeavoring to get our boys to sign contracts for the remainder of the season.

Lack of space prohibits us from departing on too lengthy encomiums of the merits of the team; but we will try to give faithfully the individual record of each.

First deserving of mention is Captain Keating, for the efficient manner in which he drilled his team, himself showing the best of example by being in the midst of everything. His excellent fielding and heavy batting won praise for him in every game.

Miller's pitching was on the tip-top order. Many are the would-be batters who went down before his most puzzling delivery. And Ray can bat a few as well as pitch. He always helped win his own games and those of the other pitchers by his heavy wielding of the willow.

And when we come to the name of "John L" Sullivan, this year's tricky catcher, we scarcely feel able to do him full credit in a few cold words. He caught every game but one, and those in a manner highly gratifying to all. It is slightly owing to "John L's" "gift o' the gab" in a game that so many strike-outs have been recorded for our pitchers. He can also land on the ball, and, having once connected with the sphere, it is positively a treat to see him steal bases and generally worry the opponents.

Much can also be said of Frank Neilan's fine work on the initial sack. We all knew Frank was "some pumpkins" of a ball player, but he demonstrated that he is not only some pumpkins, but as well anything else than a *lemon*. He always gobbled up anything that came his way, and also went a few in swinging the stick, having a record of six hits in one game—and those not all singles,—and better still, he secured them from a real pitcher.

Jimmy Harkins may have anything that we have. For a steady, all-round player, Jimmy is "all to the mustard." His batting and base-running were always fine, but his fielding was superb. He executed some very sensational plays and always used the best of judgment and head work at critical stages.

Eddie McKnight played out in left garden this season, and his fielding was certainly fine. He always got under the long drives and pulled down some very

difficult chances. And he can hit the ball some, too. He always manages to connect well with the sphere. He put one over the fence in the game with Grove City.

Culp, when doing slab duty, always had the opponents at his mercy. In every game that he pitched, he gave few hits and always had a number of strike-outs to his credit, as well as many pretty assists.

Harry Murphy is also deserving of much praise. He always helped out in critical stages by some terrific batting, or some very neat fielding, coupled with some very pretty throws. He is also somewhat of a pitcher, having helped the college team to make this year's record by winning both games that he pitched.

"Danny Harrell was as tricky and as clever this year as he was in any previous season. Always a strong batter, a slick base-runner—having stolen home in the face of the pitcher—a sure thrower to any of the bags, and last, but not least, a good one to coach the base-runners.

Although Bulger was a new man, this year, he is new to none and an old friend to all now. He was one of the fastest men on the team, and swung his bat with telling effect. He gobbled up everything that came his way, and some seemingly impossible ones, far back of his territory.

Manning always put up a steady game. He gave us a pretty exhibition of catching in the game with the Ushers' Club. In the field, and at bat, he always came up to the highest expectations.

Although Schmoldt didn't get an opportunity very often to show his ability, when he did get in a game he was always in with both feet, and demonstrated to us that he is a real ball player.

Foley also showed us some pretty ball playing. In a game he covered very much territory in and around short-stop. He swung the bat effectively also.

P. C., 4; BETHANY, 1.

Miller again pitched our boys on to victory. He

allowed but 3 hits, had 12 strikeouts, and did not give one free ticket to first. Keating led at batting, while McKnight pulled down three seemingly impossible catches in deep left. Murphy, Harrell, Harkins and Sullivan showed some very fast fielding. The score:

| | R. H. E. | | | | | | | | | | |
|---------------|----------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|----|------|
| P. C..... | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | —4 | 11 2 |
| Bethany | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | —1 | 3 4 |

Two-base hits, R. Miller. Sacrifice hit, Harrell. Stolen bases, Harrell, Harkins, Keating. Bases on balls—off Long, 2. Struck out—by Miller, 12; by Long, 5. Umpire, Fowler.

P. C., 3; WESTINGHOUSE ATHLETICS, 1.

The College played two games with this team on Decoration Day. The morning game was easier than the score would lead one to believe. Culp pitched a nice game, ably supported by all the 'Varsity nine. The score:

FIRST GAME.

| | R. H. E. | | | | | | | | | | |
|-----------|----------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|----|-----|
| P. C..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | —3 | 4 2 |
| W. A..... | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | —1 | 5 3 |

Stolen bases, Sullivan, Ayers, Crommers, 2. Three-base hit, Sullivan. Double play, Harrell, Bulger and Neilan. Struck out—by Smith, 8; Culp, 7. Umpire, Marsh.

SECOND GAME.

Miller pitched his usual brilliant game. Harkins, Sullivan, Bulger, McKnight and Neilan played in fine form. This game was a regular frolic for our boys. The score:

| | R. H. E. | | | | | | | | | | |
|-----------|----------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|------|
| P. C..... | 2 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 3 | 2 | 0 | —11 | 13 3 |
| W. A..... | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | —1 | 4 4 |

Two-base hits, Harkins, Bulger. Three-base hits, Neilan, Sullivan. Double plays, Harkins and Neilan. Struck out—by Miller, 8; by Fulton, 1. Umpire, Marsh.

P. C., 3; CALIFORNIA NORMAL, 1.

Our boys, for the second time this season, defeated the team from California Normal. Culp had them at his

mercy, giving but three scattered hits. McKnight, Keating, Bulger and Sullivan performed well for the College. The score:

| | R. H. E. | | | | | | | | | | |
|------------------|----------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|----|---|
| P. C..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | *—3 | 12 | 3 |
| Cal. Normal..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0—1 | 3 | 1 |

Two-base hits, Bulger, Harkins, Murphy. Sacrifice hit, Sullivan, Murphy. Struck out—by Culp, 6; McAlpin, 5. Umpire, Shalley.

We would like to rectify a little error in last month's Athletics. We some how or other overlooked Dugan, of the Independents, who caught several pretty games, and at the time of the issue of last month's BULLETIN, led the team in batting. Last and not least, lest we forget, comes mention of Martin Gloeckler, mascot.

T. F. RYAN.



EXCHANGES.

Our college career is now ended; the goal of our ambitions has been attained and, with this issue, we sever our connections with College Journalism. While at this season we experience much joy, we cannot but regret our departure from such a bountiful source of instruction and enjoyment as the position of Exchange Editor.

During the past year we have become acquainted with the work of college men from various parts of the country. We have endeavored to profit by the defects as well as by the meritorious points of college composition, and we trust our efforts have not been in vain. This brings us to a consideration of criticism. A large number of ex-men are of the opinion that their position demands that they severely criticise everyone who has violated the rules of Journalism. Now, while we realize that criticism is the most efficient means that can be employed to perfect a writer and while we are always grateful to those who justly criticise us, we have not strictly acted as many would in our relations to others. We have



GRADUATES FROM COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

regulated our criticism according to the fact that:

"Ten censure wrong for one that writes amiss."

Our policy has been to bestow praise and ignore mistakes where it is possible. He is a poor student who cannot correct his own work when it is seen in print. Generally, a writer has recognized and regretted his blunders long before the crafty ex-man of another Journal has informed him of their existence. Many an aspiring young writer has had his fair hopes blighted by the venomous darts of an unmerciful critic and many fine specimens of college literature have been unrecognized because they were free from mistakes.

We never wished to become "knockers" and we never had the least desire to become distributors of "lemons," for we know that the adoption of just such a policy has been the cause of several prominent colleges discontinuing the exchange column of their respective Journals. This is much to be regretted and future ex-men should do all in their power to make their section of the college magazine a medium of friendly intercourse—a place of just and well intentioned criticism. They should strive to prevent all abusive, insulting remarks and endeavor to eliminate that intense, bitter feeling which appears to exist between certain individuals who have not met, and perhaps may never meet each other face to face.

The way of the world is a rough and thorny path for the most of us and why should we try to make matters worse? We consider it just and proper for a man to receive credit for what he has done and have acted accordingly, permitting slight mistakes to pass unheeded and telling a writer he has done well when we really think he has and, naturally, others will treat us as we have treated them. Whether we have followed the course of the wise remains for others to judge but, in any event, we are consoled by the fact that:

"To err is human; to forgive divine."

P. G. M., '07.

Twenty-ninth Annual Commencement.

The closing exercises of '07—conducted in the Bijou because of its great capacity, necessary for the multitude who assemble on such occasions,—were an educational treat. Forty graduates, besides three to whom were awarded post-graduate degrees and four under-graduates receiving medals, were seated upon the stage. The speeches—numerous and on weighty topics, as the program sets forth—were brief, each speaker being limited to five minutes.

Overture, Sir Nigel, *Vennuto*, College Orchestra; Latin Salutatory, Francis X. Roehrig; Oration, Commercial Opportunities, John J. Dean; Three-Part Chorus, Ring On, Ye Bells, *Abt*, Soprano Choir; Oration, True Philosophy, True Education, Joseph B. Keating; Oration, Education in History, Francis J. Stack; Cornet Solo, The Rosary, *Nevin*, J. Francis Neilan; Oration, The Graduate's Ambition to Serve Country and Kind, James R. Cox; Oration, A Graftless Greater Pittsburg, Charles F. Fehrenbach; Chorus, with Orchestral Accompaniment, Soldiers True in Grey or Blue, *Brooke*, College Choir; Oration, Sympathy for Self-Governing Ireland, Edward F. Jackson; Oration, The Catholic Scholar's Great Field, Philip G. Misklow; Orchestral Selection, Northern Lights, *Weidt*, College Orchestra; Master's Oration, Tuberculosis: Popular Knowledge and Duties, Lawrence R. Knorr, M. D.; Chorus, with Orchestral Accompaniment, I Saw a Vision Fair, *King*, Soprano Choir.

CONFERRING OF DIPLOMAS AND CLASS MEDALS.

Address, Right Rev. J. F. Regis Canevin, D. D., Bishop of Pittsburg; Valedictory, Amos P. Johns; Exit March, Invincible Eagle, *Sousa*, College Orchestra.

GRADUATES, 1907.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

Diplomas in the Commercial Department are award-

ed to Wendelin Joseph Boehm, Victor Emmet Bossart, Lawrence Henry Callahan, John Tobias Cawley, John Howard Cooper, John James Dean, Raymond Christopher Gaugler, Martin Albert Gloekler, Leo Aloysius Ivory, Michael Joseph Lally, John Anthony Mahon, Michael George Minick, John Camfield Moorhead, John Bernard McAuley, John Felix McKnight, Edward Joseph Neeson, Thomas William Noonan, George Philip Parker, Joseph George Smisko, Clement John Staud, Clarence Maurice Straessley.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

A Special Certificate is awarded to George Christopher Quinn.

The Degree of Bachelor of Arts is conferred on John Louis Buerkle, Thomas Aloysius Calnan, James Renshaw Cox, Patrick Aloysius Dooley, Charles Frederick Fehrenbach, Charles Bernard Hannigan, Edward Francis Jackson, Amos Paul Johns, Joseph Bernard Keating, Henry Grant Malone, Philip George Misklow, David Patrick Murphy, Albert Richard Neeson, Francis Xavier Roehrig, Francis Joseph Stack, August Francis Wingendorf, Leo Joseph Zindler, Gregory Ignatius Zsatkovich.

The Degree of Master of Arts is conferred on James Francis Neilan, B. A., '05, B. Sc., '06; Michael James Relihan, B. A., '04; Lawrence Raymond Knorr, B. A., '97, M. D.

MEDALISTS.

UNDER-GRADUATE MEDALISTS.

Silver Medal for Elocution, Division III., awarded to Otto H. Steedle; Silver Medal for Elocution, Division II., awarded to George J. Kurtz; Silver Medal for Elocution, Division I., awarded to John F. Corcoran; Gold Medal for Christian Doctrine in the Academic Classes, awarded to Charles E. Clair.

GRADUATE MEDALISTS.

Gold Medal for Excellence in Commercial Department, awarded to John J. Dean; Gold Medal for Book-keeping, awarded to Thomas W. Noonan; Gold Medal for Oratory, College Department, awarded Gregory I. Ksatskovich; Gold Medal for English and Modern Languages, awarded Francis X. Roehrig; Gold Medal for Mathematics and Sciences, awarded to Francis J. Stack; Gold Medal for Classics, awarded to August F. Wingendorf; Gold Medal for Philosophy, awarded to Amos P. Johns; Bishop Phelan Gold Medal for General Excellence, Charles F. Fehrenbach.

PRIZE-ESSAY MEDALISTS.

Gold Medal awarded by Catholic Church Extension Society to Philip G. Misklow.



Der Sendbote des Goettlichen Herzens Jesu

MONATSSCHRIFT DES
GEBETS - APOSTOLATS UND DER ANDACHT
ZUM HEILIGSTEN HERZEN.

REDAKTEUR: P. Jos. Kaettenschwiller, S. J.
Innsbruck, Universitaets Strasse, Nr. 8.

Auf den SENDBOTE kann zu jeder Zeit abonnirt werden; die bereits erschienenen Hefte werden nachgeliefert. Jeder Jahrgang besteht aus 12 Monatsheften, und kostet 2 k. 20 h. Um das Abonniren allen zu erleichtern, uebergebe man dem Befoerderer 70 Cents, oder 35 zwei cent post marken (stamps), nebst genauer Adresse.

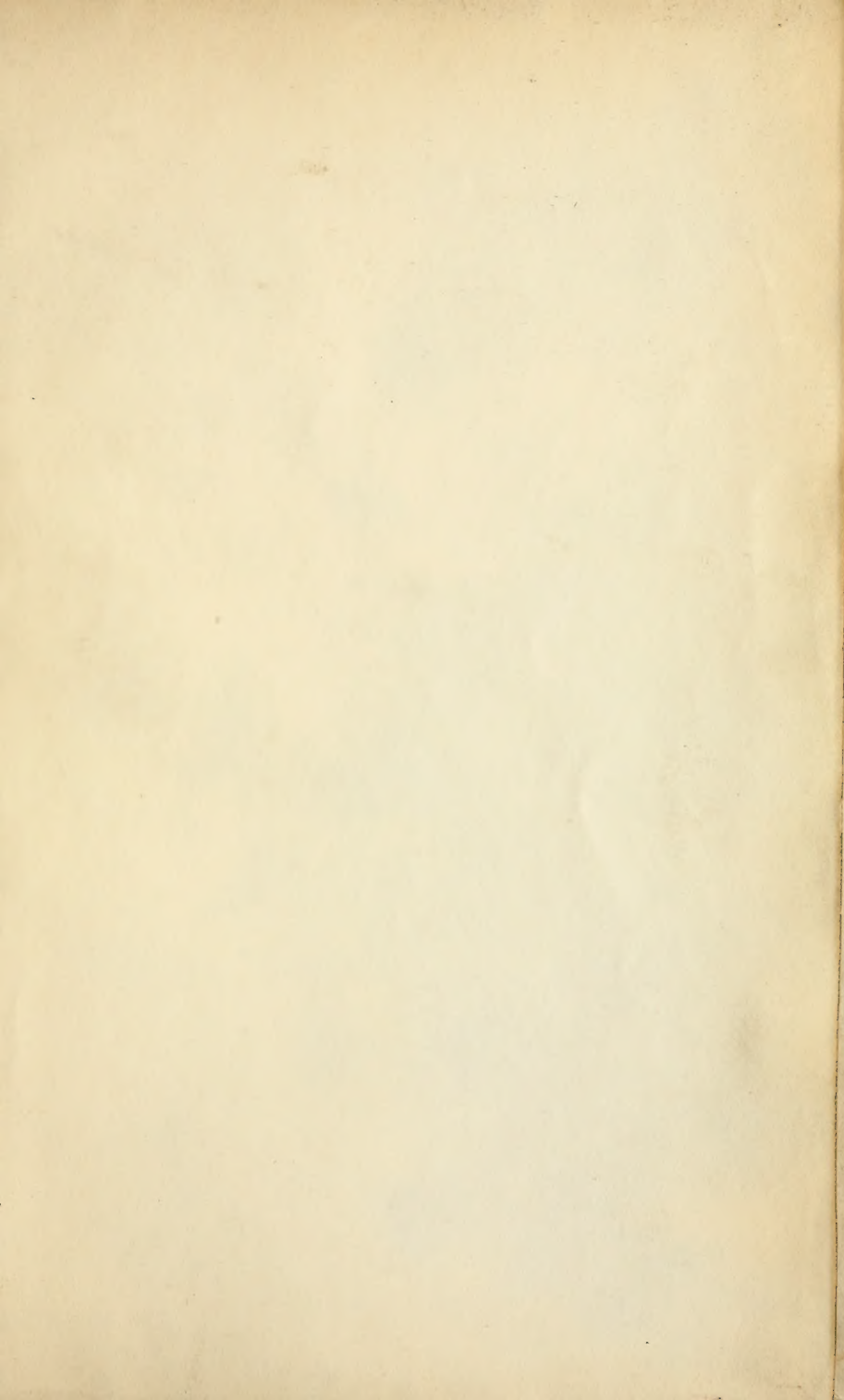
Nach Jahresfrist gebunden, wird aus dem SENDBOTE ein schoenes grosses Buch, reich an Wort und Bild.

Befoerderers Adresse:

BROTHER DANIEL, C. S. Sp.,

PITTSBURG CATHOLIC COLLEGE,

PITTSBURG, PA.



faci

